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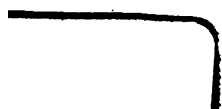
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Yale

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabant SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."



VOLUME THIRTY-THREE.

OCTOBER, 1867—JULY, 1868.

NEW HAVEN:
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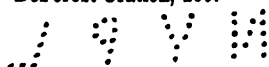
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VOL. XXXIII.

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THE
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CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



**"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."**

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**OCTOBER, 1867.**  
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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII.

OCTOBER, 1867.

No. 1.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '68.

RUSS. W. AYRES,

JOHN LEWIS,

WILLIAM A. LINN,

WILLIAM A. MCKINNEY,

ANSON PHELPS TINKER.

Literary Culture.

No subject is of more interest to the student than that of Literary Culture. When this art is properly joined to scholastic discipline, we have the truly educated man. No one will deny that this important part of our College education is too much neglected. We propose to trace, briefly, the course of literature, to show, that while we may not reach "that highest heaven of invention" which the ancients attained, still, high places in the art can be reached by the modern writer. The age of man and thought, taken in connection with the unchangableness of human nature, places an almost insurmountable barrier against any very decided or extensive originality of mind. How often do we find that what pleases us, to-day, as an eloquent thought or startling precedent, had passed into a "classic," or well-known custom, in the earliest ages of the race. An old Roman philosopher, in the last days of the Empire, struck with the idea, gave expression to a remarkable truism, "Nil sub sole novum." And Saxe, a poet of our own day, says, in the preface to his book, "The rest of the poems, for aught I can say, are as original as the verses of other men, who have the misfortune to write at this rather late day in the history of letters." Let us consider, then, the mode of literary culture in those days when the fairest and most beautiful flowers of poetry and philosophy were plucked, from the great garden of thought.

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Education, in all its forms was, at first, an expensive luxury. A few carefully executed manuscripts, formed the library of the Grecian student, that only a few, on account of the cost, could enjoy. A class of "Rhetors" arose who, in a great degree, took the place of the modern press, and who, in a great measure, instructed and moulded the mind of Greece. They imparted their learning by public lectures and readings, displaying a vigor and originality of thought, which modern times can never hope to rival. In this way, we are told that Heroditus gave to the world his beautiful history,—reading it before the assembled crowds at the Olympic games, and Prodicus, that prince of sophists, there engraved upon the mind of Greece his charming allegories. In such a way was the Athenian mind educated and refined. Not only did they excel in philosophy. They manifested an unremitting love for poetry and eloquence, and often in want of the reality, they pursued the shadow. There is poor, blind Homer, for whose immortal fame seven cities have contended, in default of the *real*, gave to the world the picture of an ideal war, in measures of such grandeur and earnestness, that he is justly styled the "King of verse." In Rome, this same plan of education was adopted, and thus did these great nations, by the combination of scholastic, with æsthetic culture, reach the highest places in literature. The emperors were willing patrons, and Nero, wicked in every other respect, has earned some thanks for the founding of schools, where authors could proclaim their knowledge to the people. In these chosen places Lucan recited his *Pharsalia*, Quintilian, his rhetorical treatise; and others, whose works refined and elevated the Roman mind. Their mission was two-fold,—it produced a magnificent race of orators and writers, that gave dignity and renown to the Republic and Empire. It also propagated a taste for literature, which preserved those literary traditions and works, for the want of which, modern eloquence and culture, might have been long delayed. It was indeed *delayed*, by that long night which rested upon the world, subsequent to the overthrow of the Roman Empire. It was an age where ignorance and superstition were the landmarks, and men's minds, darkened and held in thralldom by the chicanery of Catholicism, knew no other, but to suffer in silence and groan in secret. In the midst of this universal gloom, when society was pernicious, and culture neglected, because of that oppression which was antagonistic to everything good or noble,—a thunder-cloud burst over the world. Men disputed the divinity of the Pope, and Martin Luther, by one blast of that mighty theology forged in Heaven's foundry, broke forever the "fetters of the human mind."

This great fact, taken in connection with the discovery of the art of printing, forms the key-stone to the mighty arch of modern civilization. The one, was an anchor for the soul; the other, the greatest bulwark of human freedom. A new era in literature begins, in which we behold men devoting to it all their energies, and, since the reign of Henry the 8th, the press has been the means of giving to the world some of the noblest specimens of genius, that ever emanated from the mind of man. The name of Shakspeare alone, is sufficient to redeem the age, even were all else vicious; but when, in the same bright sky, we behold such shining lights as Bacon, Locke, Newton, Johnson and Milton, we must admit, that to William Caxton the world owes a mighty debt of gratitude. The history of Literature has been strange and eventful, at one time, rising into unwonted beauty, as in "Great Eliza's golden time," at another, falling into the opposite extreme, as in the profligate literature of Charles II's reign. In those days, dramatic composition took a bold step, and men were writing for the stage, whose talents could have shed undying lustre on any age; but the spirit of the times was averse to noble composition, and has caused works to be forgotten, which might otherwise have become classics. It is said, "that a thought once uttered is never lost;" thus books become links in that mighty chain of human progress, binding their own age fast to eternity. To each succeeding age, the ideas are new, and we to-day pour over the same charming works, that have interested those of the past. So that, if we could look abroad over the world, we could see thousands of faces, whose expression is but the reflection of our own; and when we indignantly protest against such a character as Uriah Heep, or the merciless Javert, we could hear a thousand murmurs, like our own. "This power of inspiration," is the charm of writing, since it creates a genuine sympathy throughout mankind. As a result of the literary culture of the past, we have the modern library, filled with the grandest thoughts, and choicest expressions of the ages. There Dante, with his majestic face, Milton and Johnson, Shakspeare, with his hundred plays, Lamb, with his humorous face, and a whole host of literary kings, all come to greet you. We should have a reverence for literature, and it should inspire us to action. We should revere it, not only for the toil that brought it forth, but because in it lies the soul of the whole past time. We should reverence books for their own sake,—for who does not find in them the voices which cheer, and a companionship which alleviates almost every sorrow.

"Books are men of higher stature,
And the only men that speak
Aloof for future times to hear."

No place in life offers better inducements, no place is so filled with incitements to literary effort and success, as our own College. It has always seemed to me, that too little attention was paid to it, and that things of a more trivial nature engrossed attention, at the expense of our literary improvement. Want of practice, and a neglect to think, tells the story for many a student. When President Johnson addressed us, at the close of last term, he said some very good things, and among others, he tried to impress on our minds the great importance of "learning to think." We again submit the sentiment to the College world, and add, that learning to read is of equal importance, for it is evident that we pay too little attention to *what* we read, and *how* we read, in College. A person, unobservant of nature, may spend his days in the midst of a beautiful landscape, without having a single noble thought or poetic feeling awakened, while another, who looks upon nature lovingly, will give to the world a "Principia," or weave chaplets of verse from a few simple flowers.

General reading is one of the chief sources of literary culture; it is the great store-house of illustration and precedent. We have but to open the door, and the choicest fruits of many years are ours. Every student feels the importance of reading, and spends much of his time in this occupation. There is a large class who read simply for the pleasure, as they term it. To these the novel is alone pleasing,—a different course must be adopted, if they would rise, for he

"Who reads incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsteady still remains,"

Another class read simply to obtain facts, and rely upon their memory to retain them; and still another, who read understandingly, and bring their judgment into play. The latter alone pursue the proper course. Memory is of no avail without judgment. If we have not in our mind re-modeled and elaborated those ideas which we have derived from the works of others, we cannot, in the very nature of things, be eloquent, or evince that soul in writing, which is the true glory of authorship. As to the selection of a course of reading, there is a wide range for our discriminating powers. It were better, however, to have a few well read manuscripts, better to be Franklin, diligently reading and copying the pages of a mutilated "Spectator," than to have a superficial knowledge of the whole College library. Our

composition should rest upon ideas; these are the materials of the writer; and to acquire them, one must adopt Milton's rule, "take labor and intense study for his position." If he would obtain the noble prize of a solid and lasting reputation, he must work. Like Pyrrhus, when Rome is at his feet; he must take Sicily, then Africa,—and not as the old Greek, who, in the midst of his success, demanded his friends to close the tomb over him, "Lest the sun should behold Polemon silent."

Another source of literary culture is afforded by the two Literary Societies of Brothers and Linonia. Why it is so much neglected, I shall not, at this time stop to show, but simply state, that there seems to be a growing tendency in Yale, to choose the bubble of a transient popularity, for the purpose of gaining what is called "honorable preferment." A dear whistle is *this* College popularity, in the end, for the world will not long persist in "giving to dust that is a little 'gilt', more praise than gilt o'er dusted." In the debate, mind is brought into collision with mind, the energies are aroused, the whole man is summoned up to the conflict, and "bright sparks of genius and eloquence are struck out by the collision." This thinking on one's feet, this struggle for the mastery, this grapple of mind with mind, develops the powers of the mind in a wonderful manner. To all our culture we should strive to blend the truth. This is the truest criterion of an author's merit. Truth, it may be said, stands in no need of an auxiliary. It is of itself attractive, and needs not this drapery of style and glittering tinsel of words, but truth, eternal truth, is like the granite block, just taken, a shapeless mass, from the quarry, which needs the chisel of a genuine culture to form it into the beautiful and symmetrical column. We stand upon the threshold of another College year; for a moment let us stop and think. If we fail to do our duty here, how can we expect others to act their part, who are less favored than we. It should be our aim, then, to combine scholastic with literary culture; to do our part in bringing the dawn of that auspicious day, when we shall realize the force of the sentiment,—"*vox populi, vox dei*."

R. W. A.

Household Gods.

[From the Note Book of a Medical Student.]

THE family at the Linden Place consists of Mr. Talcott and lady, and two maiden daughters of twenty or thereabout. We are a small household and a quiet one. Mrs. Talcott is an invalid, and keeps her room, seldom appearing below stairs. My host spends most of the day in his library—emerging at meal-times—or in wandering about the terraces with the gardener, superintending the grafting of his fruit trees and the cutting of his turf-borders. Here he may be seen of a fine day wielding a long pruning-hook, with which he snips away vigorously at stray bits of vegetation, in the full persuasion that he is doing a deal of useful work. During the daytime, the young ladies, when not abroad or busied in domestic duties, sit above stairs with their mother. Thus the lower part of the mansion is in a measure deserted, and the absence of life and sound—there are no children in the family, and we are up beyond the reach of noises from the street—gives a strange air of stillness and vacancy to the spacious halls and parlors. Reverie and speculation are twin-born of brooding silence, and I find my mind insensibly turning back to the past, as I sit by myself in the loneliness of the quiet apartments, or waken with my footstep the echoes along the broad colonnades.

This feeling is deepened by the flavor of antiquity that pervades the dwelling. Everything in the house has an old-world look, from the rose-wood harpsichord in the front drawing-room to the brass andirons on the study hearth, and the tall clock in the kitchen chimney. The heavy mahogany furniture belongs to a past generation. The straddle-legged tables, claw-footed sofas, and carven music stands, the narrow antique mirrors and prim family portraits in their massy gilt frames; the high-backed chairs and ottomans, covered with curious specimens of embroidery, by hands whose owners are long since under the daises; all these are redolent of long time ago. The upholstery is of an obsolete pattern; the very walls are out of date. One of the chambers is still hung with Flanders tapestry, and the dining-room is wainscotted in dingy oak. The doors are furnished with odd little brass knobs, and in the library corner there yet hangs a silken cord-and-tassel, anciently fastened to a bell-wire, a primitive

contrivance, which skirted the high ceiling, and with a slight vibration could call my lady's maid from the kitchen to the study fireside.

Among these venerable remnants of by-gone days, the new Steinway and the gas chandelier, which my host has by dint of perseverance been bullied or coaxed into importing, wear a sneaking, plebian expression, as conscious of their intrusion—vulgar modern things without lineage or history—upon so many worshipful, long-descended furnishings.

The place is full of heir-looms. Such superannuated matter as one stumbles upon in the dim recesses of an old garret, far in under beams and rafters, festooned with dusty cobwebs and neglected among the rubbish, are here to be found in every nook and corner. Foot stoves, baby-jumpers, warming-pans, and watchman's rattles; tambour-frames, spinning-wheels, and figured fire-screens; stringless guitars, broken-winded flutes, and half sets of ivory chessmen; riding-whips, and spurs, and old-fashioned side-saddles; rusty fowling pieces, empty powder-horns, and pairs of branching antlers; and all such odds and ends of antiquity are scattered through the roomy mansion. Other household stuff is of greater value—treasures of departed aunts and grandmothers; store of quaintly fashioned caskets and work-boxes; ebony cabinets and richly inlaid tea-chests; gems, too, that have sparkled in old time ball-rooms among the silk-stockinged gentry and cushion-haired belles of the Revolution; chains and rings and seals; necklaces, bracelets, and brooches; cameos and corals; amber and jet; "jewels of gold and jewels of silver." Then there is the ancestral plate, heavy of make and queer in form, the gifts of numberless weddings and christenings; and ancient services of porcelain and pictured china, high narrow tea-cups, and saucers at whose enchanted bottoms the fairy pagodas and marvellous bridges airily spanning impossible distances, seen through the wavering depths of the pale Bohea, set us dreaming as we sip. (For that comfortable custom of cooling the tea in saucers, in vogue among our rational fathers, but tabooed among ourselves, is not yet outlawed at the Linden Place.)

Three times a day our circle of four meets about the table in the little old dining-room. Now and then we are joined by Mrs. Talcott, whose presence, however, adds little to the hilarity of the festive board. A lifelong martyrdom to nervous headache has not gone far to sweeten her naturally fretful temper. She has that abstracted, self-centered air noticeable in confirmed invalids, whom much brooding over their own sufferings has rendered morbidly egotistical. She moves in an atmosphere of obstinate woe, "refusing to be comforted."

My host's good natured jokes, and her daughters' attempts to introduce lively subjects of talk, she resents as unfeeling, evidently regarding herself as deeply injured in having her claims upon our sympathy lost sight of in such heartless cheerfulness. Conversation, therefore, languishes in her presence, and there is a sensible relief on her departure, albeit we all pity the poor lady from our hearts, and indeed her family display toward her a gentle, considerate patience that never grows weary. Yet martyrs, however, deserving of commiseration are apt to be social wet blankets and intellectual non-conductors, dismal spoil-sports, best away.

My host himself is well turned of sixty, with scant gray locks and a fine scholarly face. The rheumatism keeping pace with his advancing years, has made him somewhat testy and whimsical, though to say the truth he was always passing odd. In nothing is he more stubbornly humorous than in his dress. He haunts the premises of a morning in a brilliantly flowered but now faded dressing-gown, and a pair of green morocco slippers, and from this unseemly apparel neither argument or entreaty can wean him. Another eccentricity of the old gentleman, and a sad thorn-in-the-flesh to his wife and daughters, is—shall I speak it?—a tincture of profanity! He was rather a wild lad when young, and once ran away to sea, and the nautical oaths which he picked up on board ship, he has never yet discarded. Though seemingly penitent under the remonstrances of his friends, he returns at intervals to his pet blasphemies, bringing out an untimely and sonorous “damn!” in the face of a room-full, shocking the company into silence, and mortifying his daughters beyond measure. And when, after the guests have retired, the latter enter upon a solemn rebuke, the incorrigible old sinner makes chucklingly for his book-shelves, and taking down a copy of Sweet William, turns to Henry Fourth, and reads as follows :

Hotspur—Come, Kate, I'll have your song, too.

Lady Percy—Not mine, in good sooth.

Hotspur—Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear

Like a comfit-maker's wife. Not yours, in good sooth!

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath; and leave *in sooth*,

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,

To velvet guards and Sunday citizens.

This with many triumphant nods and emphatic repetitions of the strong lines.

Yet under all his peculiarities, (and above them all too, in his Maker's eyes,) is a warm and chivalric heart. Moreover, he is a travelled man and a scholar, and as agreeable and instructive a talker as you will find in a long day's journey, having withal a rare vein of querulous humor delightfully original.

My host's daughters are quiet girls of a comely presence and lady-like demeanor. Their habits are domestic and retiring. They are much at home, ministering to their mother's wants, spending their time in study or in womanly household employments, going about with their kitchen aprons and bunches of housekeeping keys, looking and unlocking the queer out-of-the-way cupboards with which the mansion is stored. Yet their presence in the house is less seen or heard than felt, asserting itself not in noisy, obtrusive processes, but in results; in numberless little feminine refinements—a work basket on the table, an affghan on the sofa, a vase of flowers in the window seat. Books and pictures and busts are mere masculine elegancies. It is these graceful touches of a woman's hand which make of our studies and parlors "sweet homes wherein to live and die." Whether from choice or a sense of duty to their invalid mother, they seldom go into society so-called, yet they seem to be reasonably popular among the gentlemen, and are frequently summoned of an evening to quit a snug little game of whist with their father in the back parlor, to receive calls in the front parlor from the swallow-tailed sprigs of a neighboring "freshwater college," for whom the old gentleman—university bred—affects a great contempt, and upon whom he looks with an evil eye, as intruders upon his peaceful pursuit of cards.

The sons of the family have wandered away from the paternal threshold, and visit it only at rare intervals. One is a merchant in the West and another a planter in the South. The youngest—nearer his sisters' age—was lost at sea five years ago. He was the household favorite and his father's boy, whose erratic, sea-going propensities he had inherited, and who never speaks of "poor Jack" without a softening of voice and a gathering dimness in his eyes. His memory, like lingering echoes sad but sweet, still haunts the chambers where he played in childhood; the walls are vocal with his name, and grief for his loss hallows with a tender sanctity every object with which his life was associated. The mantle-pieces and what-nots are covered with trophies of his voyages—curiosities from India and the Spice Islands, and nick-nacks of China and Japan. In a dusky corner of the front hall, stands an old cabinet filled with these spoils of

the Orient, grotesque idols, ivory trinkets fantastically carved and gilt, small peaked Chinese shoes, sandal-wood boxes and fans, black Siamese books quaintly lettered and puzzling to open, strips of smooth bark covered with cabalistic writing, chop-sticks and the mother-of-pearl spoons of the Brahmins, birds of paradise with faded plumage, Sepoy knives and Malay ataghans, elephant tusks, bamboo cases, and painted Hindoo pottery. These are holy relics of the dead, bringing up, as we handle them, imaginings of the cheery sunburnt face and blue eyes of the lost sailor-boy.

I cannot close this random sketch without mention of Mr. Thomas Towzer—familiarily abbreviated into Tommy Towzy, or more frequently Towzy alone—a constant guest at the Linden Place, and, in fact, almost an inmate. He is the son of an old merchant—now deceased—who was a college friend of my host's—a Senior while the latter was a Freshman, and his councillor in numerous scrapes. Mr. Towzer, Jr., is an old bachelor of forty. Old bachelor, be it observed, (like Dr. Holmes' "yaller dog,") is a generic and not a specific term, implying not necessarily age in point of years, but simply a membership in the brotherhood of confirmed Benedicks. I have seen old bachelors of twenty and young bachelors of sixty as plainly defined as though actually classified and labelled by Destiny. Mr. Towzer is a plump little gentleman, of aristocratic mien, with soft white hands and a silky moustache. His broad-cloth is invariably as slick as himself, and his linen is always of the saintliest white. He is a famous epicure, in great request for his taste and judgment at all dinner-parties and tea-fights in the city. Here, pending the preparation of the good-cheer, he may be seen by such as penetrate into the regions lying aft of the parlor, mixing punches and concocting salads. Here he holds sway in a state of shirt-sleeves and tranquil bliss, ordering the women about with a twinkle of satisfaction in his eye.

The habits of a bon vivant have strengthened an hereditary tendency to gout, from which the little gentleman is a daily sufferer. From this circumstance, combined with a natural love of ease, he is rarely disposed to stir abroad, feeling most at home in an arm chair, with a novel and a cigar. In the street, he ambles gently, with the sidelong trot of a terrier, handling his cane daintily. He is ceremoniously gallant towards the ladies, conducting himself with the elaborate courtesy of the old school. Particularly amusing are his attentions toward two ten-year old cousins from a neighboring household, who pass many of

their holiday afternoons at the Talcott's, being pets of the young ladies and god-children of my host. One of these is a sweet sloven, a shy blue-eyed romp, with her shaker bonnet always hanging on her back, and her sunny hair perpetually escaping from its comb. The other is a coquettish little dame, slightly spoiled by a fond mother, and with a pretty pettishness lurking in the pout of her lips and the baby-lightnings of her imperious eyes. These are the dulcineas to whom Towzy does devoir as true knight; the fair enslavers who, as he swears, hold him enchained at their feet. Profoundly absurd is the gravity of mock-devotion with which he hands them to a seat, or presents them with a fan, winking sly asides to the company.

They take his homage demurely and in all good faith, now rewarding him with smiles and condescension, and anon punishing him with dignified disdain, at which latter times he affects to grovel in the depths of humiliation and despair.

On the first call which I made at the house, I found him seated on the front piazza in a wicker chair, resigning himself to be fed with clustered black-hearts from a china basket which Alice was holding between her hands, while Bessie dangled the ripe bunches before his face, forcing him to make pounces at them with his mouth, his hands being tied helplessly together by a faded blue ribbon, erstwhiles the pennon of a hoop-stick.

The little maiden's graceful attitudes and earnest looks gave a quiet picturesqueness to the group that pleased my fancy, as I came up the terrace walk. It was a choice bit of still life, richly tinted, and set in a summer frame of verandah pillars and woodbine leaves. I have hung it in a corner of Memory's spacious gallery, where among sad portraits of lost friends and the fierce battle-pieces of life's long conflict, the mental eye still turns for relief to such etchings of sunny wayside scenes.

At all events, it may serve me here as the *tableau vivant* which closes up a parlor charade, whereupon if you have looked to your desire, I will drop the curtain.

H. A. B.

The Eclectic System of Education as a means of Mental Discipline.

THE subject takes it for granted that the object of all correct systems of education is mental discipline and limits me to the consideration of the means by which that end may best be attained. This view has the weight of authority on its side and its advocates claim, with much truth, that the duty of educators is performed when they have developed the mental forces so that they may be prepared to encounter the difficulties which will be met with when the mind comes to act independently of teachers and text-books. Education, in its various forms, does silently and steadily what wars and unusual excitement do suddenly,—it supplies the impetus of that intellectual activity which is conspicuous in the most distinguished nations. The wonderful strength and versatility of the Athenian mind was produced by the training of her schools, her philosophical sects, her exciting politics. Athens during the period of her greatness was an arena for intellectual exercise. On the other hand, we have in the conservative, mechanical modes of Spartan thought, an example of the result of a system of instilment enforced by vetoing and corrective rules.

To show the adaptation of the eclectic system to this purpose and its superiority over the plan which relies upon an arbitrary, enforced curriculum to accomplish its design, will be the primary object of my essay; but if I am drawn into considering some subordinate questions I hope not to be thought too discursive; and would urge in extenuation the difficulty of limiting the exact range of inquiry upon any topic connected with a theme so widely discussed and so variously treated upon as is that of Education at the present day.

Before discussing the merits of either system, it is necessary to settle a few definitions upon which to base my arguments and to provide some latitude in their application. An eclectic system within the scope of this subject would be one in which the student, keeping in view discipline as an end, would be allowed to choose his own studies as a means. For an illustration of the system, we at once point to the Universities of Germany, with their comprehensive range of studies open to the selection of students. Its practical general application would of course be subject to the limitation that in any partic-

ular institution the number of branches taught might be limited so that opportunity for choice might be restricted, not by dictation, but by scanty endowment, or inability to procure competent instructors. It is also necessary to settle the period of an educational course at which such a system ought to commence.

There are three stages of instruction: the primary, during which the child is taught those rudiments which are of nearly as much practical importance as speech itself; the secondary, during which preparation is made for a higher course of study; and the superior, in which the graduate of the first two is enabled to make a beginning and some progress in the real work of mental culture.

To be able to enter upon this third stage, presupposes a certain degree of training. This is the rank which the Athenian youths attained, when, after remaining under the instruction of the pedagogues until the sixteenth or eighteenth year,—about the average age of Freshman classes in American Colleges,—they began to attend the lectures of teachers of a higher order,—the philosophers, rhetoricians and sophists. The students who complete the course of the Gymnasium in Germany, or the preparatory schools in England, are somewhat older, but still come within the same classification.

It is here, then, that the "routinists" and "eclectics" properly take issue; when the young man is about to enter upon the stage of superior education; for the former maintain that experienced educators alone are competent to devise a scheme of studies which shall properly discipline and improve the powers of the mind, and that all capacities should be subjected to the same drill. This idea is adopted almost without exception in American Colleges, and is the basis of the educational schemes in English and Scotch Universities; though in England much concession is made to the principle of "election" by making the curriculum or "pass course" quite easy, and giving opportunity for special effort; and in Scotland, though strict attention to a curriculum is exacted, the end which is sought is, that there should be considerable instilment along with discipline, and it is maintained that the "information of the mind and the strengthening of the reason must be carried on simultaneously, and in intense exercise."

Admitting then, that in the earlier stages of education a routine system may be judiciously adopted, I assert that when the judgment of the student becomes sufficiently mature to appreciate the different kinds of studies, and their uses, it would be better, in order to a sound

development of his mind, to allow him the choice of those he will pursue.

In the first place it would tend to promote a feeling of independence and self-accountability, much more favorable to intellectual development than the leading-strings of an arbitrary curriculum. The pursuit of education, or rather of that culture which is the result of education, may be compared to the pursuit of wealth. It is important of course that the merchant should have at some time served in a subordinate capacity and have learned the rudiments of his business before he is intrusted with responsibilities; but the man who always stands behind the book-keeper's desk or continually performs the duties of salesman, rarely gets rich; so the student, when he has mastered elementary knowledge enough to have an insight into the nature of the business of learning, and has years enough withal, should be promoted at once from a position of drudgery, where he constantly feels that he is working at the behest of another, to the responsibilities of partner, yes, senior partner, (for his interests certainly are the greatest), and be allowed a controlling influence in the pursuits of the educational "firm." This feeling that one is working for himself in the path of his own choosing is that which would be particularly valuable in promoting in the student an active scrutiny of the subjects of his studies. That there is much need of this spirit of inquiry among the students, even the best, of our curriculum course, is evident to any one who notices the listlessness and inattention to the practical bearings of studies so prevalent. Many study the classics and the mathematics for years, because they are "down" in the Catalogue without dreaming of their usefulness or beauty. The vague idea of the connection between themselves and the great branches of learning into contact with which they are brought every day, which is evinced by so large a number of students, reminds one of one of the characters of Molière. "Indeed," says Monsieur Jourdain, 'when I say Nicolas! bring me my slippers and hand me my night cap' is that *prose*?"

* * * Upon my word, for more than forty years have I been speaking prose without knowing it, I am "extremely obliged to you for telling me of it."

It is a cause for frequent surprise that inferior scholars, become, when brought into active life, prominent and successful men, because they are soon taught habits of investigation and self-reliance; which

habits I think could just as well be acquired earlier at the university or college, by the system of election in studies. On the other hand, men who graduate high up among "the orations" frequently sink into obscurity because they allowed themselves to trust too much to some vague good, the curriculum of itself is supposed to be able to confer, and to the notion that the College diploma would be accepted by the public as an evidence of mental capacity.

There is need among students of a livelier conception of the manliness of hard study, and of the duty one owes to oneself to improve his opportunities.

I do not deny that under the curriculum system, there is much commendable sense of duty which prompts many to the faithful performance of allotted tasks. The right thinking young man disdains being a shirk and an idler in College, as much as he would in a hardware store. But how much greater would be the zeal which he would bring to the prosecution of his studies, were he allowed to judge for himself, at each step of his progress, of the utility of this branch or the desirableness of that, rather than compelled to yield to a system, which, with the positiveness of Papacy, demands unquestioning submission; and upon which the work expended is as devoid of the true spirit, as are the fastings and vigils and labored ceremonials of a church which insists upon its own infallibility.

Even supposing that a student would omit, or neglect certain studies now deemed essential, I think that with most men extensive special attainment is preferable to moderate general attainment. Symmetry and roundness are desirable, but not so much so as effectiveness and strength. In artillery it takes a large piece and a heavy charge to make the round shot as accurate, or destructive as the elongated, sharpened projectile of the smaller rifled gun. There is a consciousness of strength which positive and decided success in any one pursuit, gives a man which cannot be gained by mediocre attainment in several. The lion-hearted Richard, wielding his heavy sword, with two handed sweep, could cut through a bar of solid iron; but the polite Saladin, severed a cushion of silk and down and cut into pieces a delicate gossamer veil with the flashing strokes of his Damascus blade. If either had attempted to excel in the specialty of the other, the result must have been a loss of preeminence in his own department.

"Men of one idea" after all, though they may at times be prone to narrowness and bigotry, are the men who contribute most by their

sustained efforts in particular directions, to our intellectual and physical progress and comfort. These ought to be then a point at which the mind should begin to be cultivated with reference to its bent, in order to secure its greatest strength. This idea, we have seen, is recognized to a certain extent by the English Universities, in that they have a low standard for general attainment; but afford abundant opportunities and encouragement to excel in the classics or mathematics by more extensive studies. Though a man of quick apprehension may attain considerable preeminence in many branches, the strength he acquires will be *durable*, so far as my experience goes, only in the direction of his peculiar talents. If you wish to travel up to high mental power with a mathematical mind, you must grade and level with a view to its nature. The attainment of the object is much less certain when you attempt to build upon it too high a superstructure of the "humanities." A few years ago the engineers at West Point constructed a broad Carriage way, along the side of a steep declivity, from the river up to the plain; but by and by the frost came and the rain and searched out the weak places, and in the Spring the whole road-bed slid down into the Hudson. They had piled to much earth upon a smooth and slanting rock.

In this connection, it is worthy of note that many illustrious men have disappointed the intentions originally entertained in respect to them by friends. Says Edward Everett, "I do not recollect one, among the master minds of our race, for whom a kind and judicious father would have prescribed from first to last that course of education and life, which, as the event proved, was prescribed by Providence." Those educated for the church have acquired military renown; others prepared for the law or the pursuits of business, have gained preeminence in literary walks. Every example of this kind goes to show that training can do but little in the attempt to change nature. The mind naturally seeks for the kind of intellectual nurture best adapted for it and which is most congenial.

Another not unimportant consideration in favor of the eclectic system, is the tendency which it would have to elevate the standard of scholarship in separate branches. We have especial need here in American Colleges, where the Curriculum system is most rigidly adhered to, not of particular prizes and scholarships—very good things though they may be—nor a sudden raising of the standard of admission; but an appreciation of what high scholarship is among the students. And we conceive that this can be best done by giving a good

"Greek" man a chance to distance the unclassical men and allowing the keynote of mathematics to be pitched by the most proficient. The pride and interest which men, having deliberately chosen a certain course of studies would feel in their prosecution would, I am certain, gradually bring up the standard of excellence in any institution without the artificial stimulus of the faculty. They would soon come to feel impatient at the loss of time occasioned by waiting for the dull and negligent—the very ones who in a curriculum system establish the standard of scholarship—and would have it in their power to create a standard which would eliminate both the drones and the incompetents. And when we elevate the standard of scholarship, we take an important and long step towards diminishing that smattering superficiality which is one of the distinctive features of the curriculum system—and therefore in the direction of effective discipline. For the best ten or fifteen of a class would come to have more definite ideas of their powers in particular directions than they now have after completing the scheme of mental gymnastics so nicely adjusted to the weaker intellects and which is least of all calculated to give to a young graduate, the virtue so essential to an earnest student—humility.

In urging the merits of the eclectic system, indirect allusion has been made to objections to the curriculum system. The more particular notice which they deserve can best be obtained by grouping them together. I have accordingly arranged in this place those objections which seem to me the strongest and the most pertinent to the subject.

This system claims that a body of experienced teachers are competent to devise a scheme of instruction which will suit all capacities; and that it is equally applicable to classes of a thousand as to those of fifty or a hundred. Indeed a movement on the part of instructors to adapt instruction to particular minds, though they should reserve the right to decide upon particular wants and capacities, would be a surrender of its distinctive features and could with propriety be claimed as an eclectic system; for the chief end of the latter would be gained, that of conforming the system to the mind, not the mind to the system.

It is then an attempt to put all men through the same machine, and to finish them as nearly as possible after the same pattern—a Procrustean system of lopping and stretching which may be found convenient in the lower kinds of instruction but which fails in the superior.

Like the system of protection in Commerce, it is of use only in the infancy of a mind and when it comes to be applied to the education of a man in the studies of a University it is much of a piece with a proposal to foster the growth of pine apples in Labrador or the artificial production of ice in Florida, by the aid of governmental interference. Schooling has a hard task and I think a useless one, in endeavoring to make intellects to order. Napoleon, it is said, never could understand political economy. He certainly would not have figured high in our senior class. It is even supposed that he failed to perfect some of his profoundest schemes of policy through lack of knowledge of its principles. We are disposed to believe that Hannibal had a similar defect. There must have been some mental deficiency in the greatest general of the world who could not provide against the arts of a scheming politician at home—and who failed to understand the motives of his own people however well he might divine the schemes of his military adversaries. Cicero the statesman and philosopher, being asked by his friend Atticus to write a book on Geography, receiving at the same time a work on the subject full of diagrams and figures, excused himself from what he called a "*magnum opus*," by saying that he did not understand the thousandth part of it. But it is not necessary to observe the characters of the greatest commanders or the consummate orators to find examples of the variety of talents and disparity of minds. Any class in college will give specimens of widely diverse intellects, and though it is sometimes claimed that it does, I have not noticed that as a class advances there is any nearer approach to homogeneity.

Another objection to the system as I have seen it in operation, is that it does not go far enough for the good scholars and does not sufficiently develop the poor ones. The superior scholars can do more, (and do it better), than our curriculum allows; the bad ones have long ago given up the hope of comprehending any considerable portion of it. Fifteen men, possibly twenty, in the writer's class mastered the demonstration of the Binomial Theorem. It may be that thirty have comprehended the relations between equations and lines in the perplexing mazes of "Puckle." On the other hand the numbers are equally few who could tell what a "potential optative" is, or could be communicative upon the subject of "hypothetical relative clause." Of the rest there are many who have not the ability, nor, which amounts to the same thing, the inclination to master these things and who get along superficially and dishonestly, a drag to those who have capacity and willingness to move faster, and weakening rather than

improving their own intellectual powers. There are too, men of low average standing, who might stand higher if attention were paid to peculiar capabilities, but there are many persons sent to College whose minds seem unable to rise above a feeble comprehension of some of the most essential studies. Like the Asymptote to its curve, their intellects may be constantly brought closer and closer to a subject and yet there will be no coincidence. We hear much of the "diffusion of knowledge" and of "popular education," as if all that was necessary to promote learning was to enlarge the facilities for procuring it. The truth is that if a copy of Euclid's Elements were placed in every house in the land, only a small percentage of the population would master the *pons asinorum*;—probably not many more than do now—and Latin grammars in the same situation would be as little read as Patent-office reports. No! there is diversity of mind, and we would be skeptical of the statement that there were one hundred men in our college whose needs any curriculum would fully meet.

We think too that the evils of the marking system may justly be charged upon this idea of the necessity of forcing different minds through the same disciplinary process. Though there may exist some sometimes—as at some of the Polytechnic schools, a marking system in connection with an eclectic course, it is foreign to the real idea of election and is borrowed from the system to which it most naturally belongs. A young man is directed to pursue a plan which others have marked out for him and he is goaded up to the work by a daily testing of his proficiency in the recitation room. And the result is superficialness and dishonesty. Years ago when the Legrees controlled the labor systems of the South, the plantation slaves brought in at the close of the day, their bundles of cotton which must all come up to a certain weight under penalty of the lash. It was a common artifice of the poor slaves to make up the weight by putting into thier packages, stones and dirt. It is to the interest of a student to profess a knowledge of a subject which he does not possess and to leave to the instructor the task of detecting the imposition. Certainly this kind of discipline in cunning is not what is desired by the advocates of the enforced system.

Another objection we can express in the words of Herbert Spencer, written in reference to classical learning: that under any enforced routine, "the constant attitude of the mind is that of submission to dogmatic teaching." To be constantly told that one must pursue certain particular studies tends to promote an undue respect for au-

thority, which may be, and often is, quite different from deference to experience.

It even tends to defeat its own avowed purpose of "development," and to substitute in its stead "instilment, whose means are the power of never doubted authority and ever strengthening habit." The consequence, too, of a course whose end is merely instilment, is in our opinion precisely that which is the result of routine teaching—that our impressions concerning facts and principles shall become so fixed and deep that in after life we shall come to regard them as instincts, "which it were sinful to doubt, needless to prove, and impossible to modify for the better," and this naturally introduces our last objection, the excessive conservatism of the curriculum system. The scanty concessions made by faculties to any desire to change, seem to show that they are jealous and exclusive—often unreasonably so. The boast of a panegyrist of Harvard is that she is not compelled to seek for instructors outside of her own alumni. If such a statement is a subject for boasting, Yale is of course entitled to make the same vaunt. But herein is a weak place in the system. Men go through the "course," are "disciplined," and in turn "discipline" others by exactly the same methods, and filled with pretty much the same theories that their predecessors had, until the system becomes like the Chinese civilization, very hard to move forward, and unable to appreciate the good which is not exactly of its own sort, and regards those who attain to high intellectual power by means outside of the prescribed methods, as strange accidents and exceptions to the natural course of things.

And having thus noticed by themselves the objections to the routine system, let us consider a few of the objections to the eclectic system, which are urged most frequently. They are—that it does not aim at mental discipline, but would tend to debase scholarship, by bringing all studies at once to the test of utility; that it would not develop the mind symmetrically, but would tend to create abnormal and eccentric strength; and that it would destroy to a considerable extent that mental discipline which arises from uniting men in the same classes in various studies.

We have thus far spoken of the eclectic system as if its object were discipline as much as it is the object of the curriculum system. But grant that knowledge and attainment are the objects which a man would have when left to his own choice, would not discipline follow, just as real, though kept in a subordinate place? "It would be utterly

contrary," says Herbert Spencer, "to the beautiful economy of nature, if one kind of culture were needed for the gaining of information, and another kind was needed as a mental gymnastic." The effort to master Latin for the sake of the knowledge of the language, brings with it mental exercise, just as the sailor accustomed to scan the horizon from the mast-head, acquires a keen eyesight. He watches for sails and signals and headlands without dreaming that what he does is merely for practice.

"*Non athletarum toros sed militum lacertos*," is as applicable to a general superior education as to the training of an orator. But it would depress scholarship to the vulgar standard of utilitarianism.

This seems to be a grave cause for alarm to the routinists. They seem to forget that by allowing men to choose their own studies, they do not at all interfere with the standard of learning.

This is established by cultivated men throughout the world—not perhaps as accurately defined as the units of weight and measure, but still by the increasing facilities for intercommunication tending to uniformity among civilized nations. Men must have a knowledge of certain branches before they can lay any claim to what is generally called a "polite education," which will be recognized among men of letters. And as long as men have time, money and inclination, there will always be found students who will maintain this standard—ready torch-bearers of learning, who will pass from one to another in succeeding generations the well filled lamp of knowledge.

But any branch of learning which can only be kept alive by the galvanism of an arbitrary curriculum, is but a dead weight at best upon the cause of sound education.

And we have almost the same answer to the second objection, that the mind would not be developed symmetrically. Real students would study, with a different motive, nearly the same course pursued in colleges now, and the discipline would be a necessary incidental; "practical men" would follow their bent, and the result would be that there would be more and healthier development than where "students" and "practical men" are forced over the same road, a plan by which only about a dozen men out of over a hundred are "symmetrically developed" now.

To the third objection, that the benefits of class discipline would be destroyed, we can urge that classes ought to be formed only of those who have community of taste and inclination, and all the real advantages of combination would be as readily gained by the eclectic sys-

tem in this way as by the other—even though men who recited or listened to lectures in one study, might be separated in others; and men newest at the institution might occasionally sit beside the oldest.

Before closing, I cannot refrain from asking whether, after all, the idea that discipline should be the aim of all correct systems, is not dwelt upon with too much stress by many who discuss the questions connected with the great topic of Education. Has it been established that if education confers mental discipline at all, the amount of discipline is not directly proportioned to the amount of knowledge? And will not more good be done by fostering the love of learning for its own sake—for the increased intellectual enjoyment which it brings and the enlarged powers of the imagination, and not merely for the sake of the mental discipline?

A thoroughly "disciplined" mind, certainly one "disciplined" by our modern *curriculum*, is no more the best able to appreciate the full enjoyment of intellectual life, than is the thoroughly disciplined soldier to comprehend his relations to the State when acting in the peaceful capacity of a citizen.

Then, too, in regard to the tendency to utilitarianism, which we have noticed, and which is so much lamented by some, a tendency shown by the steadily increasing numbers who attend our "scientific" schools in preference to the "academic" departments, and by the bequests and donations which are made to promote studies and investigations of a scientific nature—is it not the result of the demand for "practical" men and knowledge, which is now greater than ever before, and which is constantly increasing, especially in this country? The American mind is being stimulated to the very highest capacity by the competition of the thousands of foreigners who, urged by the desire "to get on in the world," come every year to fill up our country. Are educators, then, doing the best thing when they make a stubborn stand in behalf of a system of education, which those who have time and money will find much better attended to in older countries, and not using more of the means at their disposal to train American talent in scientific and practical channels?

If the two objects, information and culture, cannot be together attained, why cannot classical learning and the higher branches of literature well wait until the physical resources of the country are more fully developed.

Is it charged that Americans are too practical and dollar-loving already? The answer is that in no other country to-day is it more

honorable and necessary for the people to accumulate substance and wealth, and hasten to reëstablish the national credit.

But whether we are ready for it now, or whether the period for high mental culture is delayed until our people find more leisure, I am convinced that the institutions which undertake to represent the superior stage of education, ought to be founded upon the broad, catholic basis of election in studies.

E. H.

An Excuse Paper.

My friends are often asking me
Why I so little work,
And loath responsibility,
And every duty shirk.
In answering them I'll only say,
(And this twixt me and you,)
That I'm a true philosopher
With nothing else to do.

"Why do you come to College, then,"
You earnestly inquire,
"Unless there's some ambitious scheme
To which you may aspire?"
To which I make reply, my friend,
When man to thought proves true,
Except in thinking all the time
He's nothing else to do.

Did Sophocles pore over books,
And Mathematics study,
Or stir his brains with tedious trash
That only made them muddy?
Why not at all. He merely thought
And taught his pupils, too,
That if they'd only think enough
They'd have nothing else to do.

Diogenes lived in a tub
With mind his only tutor;
And yet Minerva oft declared
He did exactly suit her.
Now had he labored all his life
His thoughts must have been few.
So he was wise in thinking deep
With nothing else to do.

So, at a later day, Carlyle
Is called a Theorizer,
And yet were Athena on earth
His learning would surprise her.
His grammar's bad, his English poor,
His thought's his *passé-partout*.
So while his reason is at work
He's nothing else to do.

Then though I smoke in glorious ease,
My life is not a cipher.
Though I am but an empty reed
I'm still a practiced fifer.
My eyes are shut: you think I doze;
My friend that wrong eschew,
I'm thinking so of future things
I've nothing else to do.

I have my crosses in this life
Which oft my soul do vex.
And many an act, I'm forced to do,
Almost my reason wrecks.
Examinations are my bane;
They'r but a kind of Loo.
I play no cards. My theories leave
Me nothing else to do.

I came to College, for here men
Spend hours on unknown things,
And future lawyers and divines
Get flunked on Newton's rings.
Just here comes my philosophy,
You'd see the point, I knew,
Which teaches, study well your thoughts,
You've nothing else to do.

Then if I sit upon the fence,
Or doze beneath a tree,
Or shade myself in clouds of smoke
To set my spirits free,
Don't call me sluggard, lazy mope;
Remember thus I grew
By so much inward thinking that
I've nothing else to do.

I Critical Criticism.

There were three crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as crows could be.
Said one old crow unto his mate,
"What shall we do for bread to ate ?
There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who there has fully three days lain;
We'll perch upon his bare-back bone,
And pick his eyes out one by one."

It is a sad thing for the human race that all the good intentions put forth in its behalf do not reach their destined end; that all the good deeds done are not received; that all the wise words written, spoken, and sung do not reach and enlarge the souls for which they were intended. Flowers are not alone in wasting their sweetness on the desert air. The apple rotting beneath its fostering tree, the cucumber ripening unsought for on its natal vine, the pumpkin yellow with the juices of a delicious maturity, yet hidden beneath the loftier but more verdant banners of the unripened corn, *all* give a silent yet impressive assent to our assertion. Nor is it in nature alone that we see these wastes and losses. Man himself, after putting forth some of his mightiest efforts, sees his labors disregarded by the world and himself unknown to those whose approbation he desires.

Among these unfortunates no one stands higher on the scale of noble and disinterested greatness than the author of the lines with which we have headed this critique. What was his name, his residence, his calling, we are not permitted to know; but that his spirit was noble, his intellect untarnished, and his mind true and powerful to advance the truth, we fortunately need only his own words to convince us.

"There were three crows sat on a tree."

With these humbly spoken yet expressive words the writer commences his poem. There is no sentimental thunder, no dramatized lightning, no scene-shifting of clouds and sunshine. We are tired with no tedious introduction, no geological discussion, no multitudinous complexity of irrational hypotheses. The one

sentiment which over-rides all others, stamping the words with the pathos of a Tennyson and the sadness of a Hood, is the ineffable melancholy, which like some soothing salve upon a running sore overspreads its features, evincing that thoughtful regard to the futility of human greatness which appears throughout the lines. "*There were.*" Alas! By this we know they are no longer. The shadowy wings of fate flapping wildly about some withered treetop, have snapped asunder the cords which bound them to the earth. Whether in noble battle for some savory carcase or by the shot of some cold hearted hunter, whether by age, disease or accident they winged their way to other spheres, the poet tells us not. The sad, sad words ring in our ears only the knell of their departure, preaching no sermon, pronouncing no eulogy upon their life and actions.

Then too the idea of the *three* crows is most significant. Trinities have always been held of great import in both divine and human affairs. Almost every nation combines *three* colors in its national emblem; eggs are hatched in *three* weeks; classes return to their alma-mater at *triennial*, and Cæsar *triumphant* in many battles. The *three* crows also provide their own means of safety, looking out in all directions for evil comers, thus affording us a mute but impressive lesson of mutual dependance and protection. This idea of security is farther elucidated by the announcement that they *sat*. They are not pictured to us standing with outstretched necks and eagle eyes watching for an evil which their instinct might have warned them to expect. No. The same security which mantled their brows with a serenity that philosophers have sought in vain, doubled their limbs, folded their agile joints, and placed them in positions of repose. The next words evince one of those qualities most desirable in any writer, viz., clearness. He tells us in simple words that they sat on a tree. Surely this is an evidence of the writer's kindheartedness. Every perplexity which might have harrassed our minds is removed, for we know they were on a lofty perch; that a landscape might be spread before their view, that their feet were far removed from fever-bearing moisture, in a word that they were in a state of jubilantly congratulatory safety. Thus with the first line does the curtain drop over a picture of grace, peace and security, long to be remembered to the artist's praise. Still we expect some farther climax to this

scene, nor are our expectations to be left in a state of ungratified uncertainty.

"And they were black as crows could be."

"And they." The author has no intention of seeking any farther subject for his thoughts, nor does he acknowledge that more perfect subjects could be found. Still he is conscientious, and while telling us that they were black, he only claims for them that intensity of discoloration to which the crow tribe is naturally heir.

Carlyle tells us that every great thinker should be a hero and receive a hero's honors. Now no one will deny that Tennyson is a true thinker, yet even he, hero though he be, is not proof against temptation, for what an open plagiarism do we find in his line, *"As the many wintered crows that leads the clanging rookery home."*—Then too, this poet, seeking doubtless the overthrow of his pattern that his theft may be the better concealed, writes

"This truth within thy mind rehearse,
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse."

Has not our author written that these crows have attained the summation of blackness? Does he attempt to locate them out of the universe? We answer, assuredly no. What sense of propriety then does our author exhibit, who, in maudlin verse attempts with a dash of his pen to overthrow a doctrine, the advocate of which, like his principle, is grey with the assent of ages!

"Said one old crow unto his mate."

Many of our finest writers, especially our novelists, fall into a greivous error by being entrapped by the alluring and seductive but by no means profitable, indeed we might almost say reprehensible habit of profuseness. Thus Carlyle binds up his philosophy in words and parentheses as a surgeon does a wounded limb in cloths. Stewart falls into the same error, while the lighter writers, if we may so call them, the poets, novelists, etc., always dilute their ideas with a coagulated verbosity, assuming according to their own peculiar egotism, either that an elaborate explanation is necessary to enable ordinary minds to grasp their ideas, or that these ideas must be diluted like the oxygen of the air before they are fit for man's mental respiration. What a lesson of rebuke do these *autoscripts* receive in the above line! The author has presented three birds sitting on a tree. He now in seven words informs us that two of these birds are mates, and that of course the other is their offspring: he shows us that they are birds aged and full of

wisdom. He exhibits to us again their mutual dependence and security, and tells us, without writing a word on the subject, that the younger one has received the instruction due to its youth, and now sits listening to its parents' earnest queries with silent voice and downcast eyes. All this seems the more wonderful when in the next verse, he discloses the vital importance of the subject at hand.

“ *What shall we do for bread to ate?*”

A question on which has hung the destiny of nations, a question which exiled the immortal Napoleon to the most circumambient and the salt water surrounded island known to the charts of modern navigators, a question on the solution of which has depended the existence alike of states and individuals, of man and all creation, is thus put forth with the quiet calmness of a hero and the unaffected resignation of a philosopher. They wished for bread. Not the weak mixture of flour and water commonly known by that appellation, but food; anything to ate. We might remark *en passant* that this word “ate” show the birds to have been of Hibernian origin, and leads us to imagine that the lines may be ascribed to Spenser, written probably during his second visit to Ireland.

But the question was not put to kindle an appetite which could not be gratified, and so the male bird at once proceeds to say,

“ *There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who there has fully three days lain.*”

Here is “Death with most grim and griesley visage seene.” A horse has fallen. That neck so often arched in haughty pride and beauty is arched no longer. That active tail that wrought destruction to so many flies, trails in the dust and minds the flies no more. Those transparent hoofs that once spurned turf and mud hole, left miles behind them and grew strong in tiring, now as the eyelids of the evening close over the face of nature, rest in a never-to-be-broken repose.

“Beneath the gripe
Of the remorseless monster, stretched at length
He lies with neck extended, head hard pressed
Upon the very turf where once he fed.”

How beautiful is the thought that while we poor men here see only the hand of death and a useless carcase, the crow finds in death's victim his sweet food!

The horse has not lain long. Three days ago he died. His form

may yet be perfect. Decay may not have placed upon him its effacing finger. Do we so find it? No. We are again to be reminded that we are dealing with no ordinary crow. The plain is distant and the horse is newly dead. Neither by ocular inspection nor olfactory inspiration is its presence made known to our bird. How then, do you ask is he made intelligibly cognizant of the definite location of its existence? We reply, by memory. Three days ago he had visited the spot, seen the prostrate beast, and, probably with his friends, made a hearty meal. Else how could he with assurance say,

"We'll light upon his bare back bone,"

It is well known to those versed in the epicurianistic habits of the crow that the entrails of a victim afford the daintiest morsels to his taste. Were the skin and outward flesh still untouched it would be a weary task to gain the more delicate bits. Now any anatomist would tell you that when the back bone has become bare, all the other bony organizations will present the same appearance, and we only see in the great mind of our ideal crow the same hesitancy about mentioning in the presence of others the word bones which characterizes many of those who to-day dwell in the higher streets of life.

There is very little sympathy felt or expressed between men and the corvixial family. Poets sing of the ill omened crow, orators accuse their opponents of crowing over their country's disasters, and farmers class crows with snakes, toward which they only owe destruction.

Ill then would it become our poet to choose such a bird as the subject of his thoughts, unless he should discover some one bird far exceeding its fellows in purity and characteristic loveliness, unwarped in intellect and unalloyed in its ethereal development. Should such an one appear, he need hesitate no more to use it than to pick a diamond from out a coal heap. Perhaps we have already shown that such a crow is the burden of his song. But he himself seems to feel the necessity of bringing out this idea, and so closes with these words:

"And pick his eyes out one by one."

What greater proof of a noble nature could be disclosed than by this proposal, so unselfish. They were in turn, "one by one" to taste these most delicious of all morsels. We say no more of praise. Surely no one will lisp aught against this noble trio. But

let us all grant each our mite of respect to an author at once so worthy and so ill rewarded, remembering that we ourselves may have to thank some little sonnet like the above for all that will remain of us, our works, and our memories.

W. A. L.

The Disaster of July 19th.

On the day of the disaster we stationed ourselves at the main stand, on the bank of Lake Quinsigamond, prepared, by days of severe training, to shout *Yale!* when the race should begin. We came late, so as to be fresh, and had barely time to learn the moral situation. By moral situation, we mean the betting. The moral condition of the coming race, then, was two to one offered by Harvard on the Freshman race, and three to two on both races. The latter was the condition accepted by most Yale men, and was the means by which Harvard lost more money than her defeated rival. While affairs were settling to this position, a pistol-shot abruptly announces the start of the Freshman crews. Every eye turns toward the quarter from which the crews are to approach, and so intense is the excitement, that no diversion is occasioned by the breaking of a prop beneath the elevated seats, and the screams of a dilapidated young lady, who had fallen through, and was impersonating an inverted umbrella. The crews suddenly shoot into sight. Harvard is evidently at work, but our '70 has staked its reputation on a crew who will not be defeated, however well the other may pull. A single glance shows, that the plucky stroke oar of the Yale boat has the qualification defined by Tom Hughes, as the element of victory in every contest,—the spunk that will take the most risk of a sprained limb or broken blood-vessel. But this is not all that is to be seen. That Leary, who has put to shame the system of training in the university crew, is just in sight, up the Lake, in a four-oared shell, watching his crew, like a tutor his pet, bound that they shall gain a mark of four to-day.

By this time, the boats have arrived at a point directly in front of the crowd, and the cheering is redoubled. A battery of a thousand

guns might have been roaring in our rear, or a thunder-cloud, playing a stream of lightning like a fire-engine overhead, but not a breath of its noise would have been heard at that instant. There is a sound of good omen in the roar of voices, and we feel sure that Yale is to win. When, therefore, the contest has passed out of sight, up the Lake, and five or ten minutes have elapsed, we are confident that the boat that is first seen returning, bears the blue caps. A few minutes more, and the crowd feel confident of it too, and YALE! is the chorus, sung in base, tenor, alto, and soprano. There now seems to be something acidulous in the air, for red ribbons suddenly change to blue, and the ladies become assiduous in declaring, that Yale was their first and only love. Oh woman, wherefore! and if so, how long? Fair deceiver, can we win the next race, and complete this good fortune?

But Fortune turns the cold shoulder, in the final crisis. The second gun announces the start of the University crews. This, of course, is *the* race. The boats come into sight. They are as yet side by side, truly, but one contains six long backs, oscillating to and fro with the regularity of a pendulum; each one seems to be connected with the one in front, by invisible rods, so parallel and uniform is their motion. The crew look like six statues cast in the same mould. The oars rise and move back, enter the water and emerge, without seeming to be wet. Beside this boat is another, pitching, like a canoe in a wet sea. The backs, here, seem actuated with an electrical repulsion; the oars sink and come out with the agony of a drowning man, scattering the water like sand. Alas, this is our crew. Yet they are pulling nobly, and as they hear the cheers, they are doing their best. Too well, in fact; for the stroke suddenly quickens, from the incitement, and the tub that Ill Fate has placed them in, shoots ahead for a moment. The place is held just long enough to revive the courage of some who think such a variable stroke can win, over the living machine beside it. Confidence is turned into the deepest despair before the boats are out of sight. Yale is seen gradually to fall behind, while Harvard moves with the same uniform speed with which she had started. The course taken, however, is not so true as in the last race. Our view of the disappearing crews is prolonged, by the bend toward the right hand shore. But at length they drop out of sight, and now comes the misery of the Yale sympathizers on the shore. A crowd of Harvard boys, snobbishly dressed, and of Boston butterflies, gather on the bank, face the spectators, and begin to tantalize their prey by offers of enormous odds. They heap on insult by their conceited effrontery. Puny hands, that could not lift the blade of an oar out of

water, flout a roll of bills in the air, and effeminate voices demand,—“Ah Yaale, why don't yah bet?” The comparison between this knot of boys, and the crew they are applauding, suggests the Roman dandies patting the brazen sinews of Rome's gladiators.

A few minutes of this, and all eyes turn again up the Lake, to see the red caps returning. They are moving with just the same precision, but seem to have no rival. Where is the Yale crew? A full half minute elapses before this question can be answered, and then we see that all is over. As the Harvard passes the stand, a shout from three-quarters of the crowd, and a murmur of admiration from the remaining fourth, welcome the winners. One cheer is given for the defeated boat, more from a painful sense of duty, than a spirit of approval, for they are crawling along the farther, bank like a snail. No spurt; no final effort to improve the time; on the contrary, the stroke is slower than at the start, by ten to the minute.

Of what ensued after this moment, we are not prepared to state. The crews, undoubtedly, gathered on shore, and from the hands of affectionate friends, received their respective congratulations or condolence. Probably the banks of the Lake finally became clear of people, and probably the scene shifted, in the evening, to the Bay State House, where, undoubtedly, the scene of Vandalism, Barbarism, and Gothicism occurred, as stated by the N. Y. Press,—at least, everybody seems to hope it did, for the sake of the hotel,—and, probably, the Harvard crew reached home that night, to receive praise on every side. We hope so,—and probably the Harvard boys and the butterflies arrived in Boston, with a hard head-ache, and weary limbs, after their over-exertion, relieving, by their return, the anxious suspense of parents. Probably all this occurred, but we are not prepared to vouch for it, as, five minutes after the race found an humble individual (not A. Johnson) on the comfortable train of the Springfield road hasting to put time and space betwixt Worcester and a mixture of humility, indignation, and foreboding, in lieu of supper. That indignation was one element, will probably appear in what remains of this article, and will present a favorable excuse for those of tender feelings to skip.

Shall we sustain a similar defeat next year? The spirit of Elihu Yale seems to cry forth from the outside of this Magazine, in tones not of confidence, but of entreaty, No! One hand was thought to be struggling to conceal something in the left hand pocket, which justice demanded should be known abroad, and entreaty finally extorted from him sentiments to the following effect. His motto, in the first place,

is, "*De mortuis non-nihil nisi bonum*," which, being interpreted, means, "let not by-gones be by-gones," and if any errors were committed last year in the preparation for the race, let them not be overlooked this. After this, he proceeds to say, that he, together with the *Soboles Yalenses* (sobbing sons of Yale) and *Unanimi Patres*, (and the faculty, are in the same state of mind,) has been agonizingly mortified by the result of the last two races at Worcester. He deems these races of higher importance to the glory of his name than any other reputation the College may have. He even condescends to argue a point, that he deems almost a maxim. 'For,' says he, 'while about two hundred people come to New Haven, Commencement Day, to listen, with sleepy interest, to the Academical attainments of Yale students, on the following day, about twenty thousand gather at Worcester, with the deepest interest in the results of the physical training; and while the attention paid to the name of Yale by the newspapers on other occasions occupies only a few columns on the inside page, this festival on Lake Quinsigamond demands editorial controversies and extended reports for months.

'Now,' says he, 'this event must absorb more interest in College, among the students, or must be abandoned by them. The causes of defeat, this year and last, was the lack of general enthusiasm. Interest in the regatta yields to interest in studies. Men, in refusing to join the crew, neglect a duty. Last term, when a crew was formed, its members were misplaced; personal feeling prevailed over patriotism, and thus changes occurred, when they gave mortal wounds to our success.' Mr. Yale declares that he is something like the Carthagenians, who hung unsuccessful generals, but says, that such feelings do not argue ill nature, but only the warmest interest, and declares, that until such shall become the universal feeling of College, we shall never win another race. 'For,' says he, 'in the two regattas when we have been victorious, the success was gained as much by enthusiasm, as by skill or strength. The crew of 1865 was a good crew physically, but the personal enthusiasm of the members was the cause of that time of 17.42. It was an enthusiasm that made victory the idol of the heart, and merged all outside considerations into that one. This must be the feeling this year, and must be felt not only by the crew, but by all College. The Freshman Class furnished a good example, last year, in their support of their crew; but this time, all class interest must be invested in the university race.'

We cannot find a word of objection to what Mr. Yale urges above, and further thought only makes it appear the correct sentiment. It is a personal matter with every one, and if he does not realize it enough to put his hearty enthusiasm into the subject, now, his hearty shame, after the race, will remind him of the neglect. There is not a student or alumnus of Yale, who has not been put to the blush more than once, in the last vacation, by harrowing remarks about the disaster at Worcester, July 19th.

For encouragement, reflection, and the future historian, the times of the several races are given:—

1859, Harvard, 19:18	Yale, 20:10
1860, Harvard, 18:53	Yale, 19:10
1864, Yale, 19:01	Harvard, 19:43½
1865, Yale, 17:42½	Harvard, 18:09
1866, Harvard, 18:43½	Yale, 19:10
1867, Harvard, 18:12½	Yale, 19:25½

Time in Freshman Race, this year, Yale, 19:38½—Harvard, 20:06.

Notices.

We have received Steiger's Catalogue of German and English Books and periodicals on Chemistry, Pharmacy, Chemical Technology, Photography, etc. It may be obtained gratis of E. Steiger, 17 North William St., N. Y.

THE CHURCH UNION, which claims to be the "freest organ of thought in the world," has been enlarged to double its original size, and is one of the largest, best, and most liberal of family Newspapers. It is published by C. Albertson, 103 Fulton St., N. Y.

We briefly noticed in our last issue, the then three newest publications, of Messrs. Leyboldt and Holt, viz., FATHERS AND SONS, THE MAN WITH THE BROKEN EAR, and CRITICAL AND SOCIAL ESSAYS.

Our space will not allow an extended criticism of these works: but we would again call attention to them as being marks of Yale talent. *FATHERS AND SONS* is a translation from the Russian, by Eugene Schuyler, Ph. D., (Yale '59) now Minister to Moscow. Although the story in itself may seem rather tame compared to some of our sensation literature, still it is interesting as the first of its kind ever given to an American reader, and as illustrating many customs of a comparatively unknown people.

THE MAN WITH A BROKEN EAR is a translation from the French by Henry Holt (Yale '62.) The story is odd in novelty and novel in oddness, frenchly seasoned, and in every respect palatable. A sketch of the plot would add nothing to the enjoyment of those who may read it, so we will only venture to promise something entirely worthy of perusal to any under whose notice it will come.

The third work, *CRITICAL AND SOCIAL ESSAYS*, needs no farther notice than the fact that is compiled from *THE NATION*. Of it *THE ATLANTIC* says, "We like all these articles from *THE NATION*, for the reason that we like *THE NATION* itself, which has been, in a degree singular among newspapers, conscientious and candid in literary matters; while in affairs of social and political interest it has shown itself friendly to everything that could advance civilization, and notably indifferent to the claims of persons and parties."

LOOK! We call attention to the advertisement of S. R. Smith & Co., Coal Dealers, 203 State St.

Exchanges.

Our usual College exchanges seem to be delayed. Perhaps some find difficulty in starting a new year. We are sadly aware that College publication is one of those pursuits the profit of which must be sought out of the limits of the filthy lucre. Number two of the second volume of "the Hamilton Literary Monthly" is received. Its four articles compare favorably with the generality of college literature, but we would suggest that less space be taken up with the "table," and more given to the less statistical portions of the magazine. We have received also the *MONMOUTH COLLEGE CLIPPER*, *ATLANTIC*, *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL* and *NATION*. Perhaps we may be pardoned for inserting the following from the *MONMOUTH CLIPPER*. "When we approach *THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE*, and observe that we get hold of No. eight, Vol. thirty-four, we cross our legs piously, and are almost persuaded that our very youth is a crime. Oh what an old Gray-beard for a college magazine! We read it in the calm hour of twilight, with sacred and sober feelings, and laid it away reverently; because we were oppressed with a sense of the present antiquity. But its merits—to say nothing of its age—entitles it to a place among the leading magazines of the day; and we could name some, that would do well to take lessons, not only in style, but even in morals, from this time-honored college organ."

Since writing the above we have received *THE DARTMOUTH*, *THE MIAMI STUDENT* and *THE HARVARD ADVOCATE*.

I SAY!!!

Rathgeber wants to see you. He speaks in his advertisement, and is the king of his line of trade.

Our Advertisements.

We can assure members of the Freshman class and all the rest of college that our advertisers are leading business men of N. Haven, and our advertising pages may be made a regular business directory. Don't fail to examine them carefully.

THE NATION.

We call the attention of students to the advertisement of the Nation in this number. After the praises there bestowed upon it nothing we can say would serve to increase its popularity. It is a paper especially adapted to a student's wants, and a bound volume would be worth a library to many a prize writer. Subscriptions received and information given at 73 North Middle.

MUSICAL JOURNAL.

We have received this month's Journal from Mr. Loomis. He will be happy to give you a copy.

Memorabilia Yalensia.**The Baccalaureate.**

The Baccalaureate sermon was delivered by President Woolsey on the afternoon of July 14th, from the text "*For they say the Lord seeth us not. The Lord has forsaken us.*" The sermon was in reference to the doubts of age, and the simple but impressive language of our President could not fail to impress every hearer.

Concio ad Clerum.

On Tuesday evening, July 16th, the sermon before the clergy was preached in the North church by Rev. Stephen Fenn of South Cornwall. The text chosen was from Job xxviii, 12-28 verses; the subject, wisdom.

The Anniversary

in honor of the establishment of Yale College in New Haven one hundred and fifty years ago was celebrated in Center Church, in the afternoon of July 16th.

Alumni Meeting.

The alumni of Yale assembled in Alumni Hall, on Wednesday morning, July 17th. Professor Newton called the meeting to order, nominating Hon. Alphonso Taft as chairman. J. P. Jackson, Esq., was appointed Assistant Secretary. By the obituary record fifty-nine deaths were reported. A note from President Day, asking permission to resign his position as member of the corporation was read. The corporation replied:

Resolved, That we regret that the increasing infirmities of old age lead President Day to resign his seat in the Board.

Resolved, That we recognize the goodness of God in giving to this College, for the space of nearly seventy years, first as Tutor and Professor, then as President, and for just half a century as a member of this Corporation, the services and counsels of such a man as President Day, so pure, so calm, so wise, so universally beloved and honored.

The alumni were urged to greater activity in raising funds for the new chapel; reports from the various Yale clubs called for; short addresses were made by the class of 1817, when the meeting adjourned to Center Church to listen to an oration by Dr. Adams.

Died, August 22d, 1867, at his residence in New Haven, JEREMIAH DAY, D.D., LL.D., Ex-president of Yale College, aged 94 years and 19 days.

Phi Beta Kappa.

Thirty-six elections were given out to the members of '68, to this society, hoary with age, hoary with members, hoary with neglect. As the members of the incoming class may desire information in regard to this ancient brotherhood, we quote from a speech of the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D., delivered at the centennial celebration of Linonia in 1853. "In my time there were no other societies in College but the Lionian and the Brothers in Unity, except the *Moral Society*, which has now I believe become extinct, to which, however, should be added Phi Beta Kappa. I never heard of any good coming from Phi Beta Kappa; and on the whole I am rather ashamed of belonging to it." The Poet for this year was absent. The oration was delivered by Hon. O. S. Ferry. It has been variously commented on. The Rev. Joseph P. Thompson of New York, was elected as next orator, and Dr. Geo. P. Dole of Cambridge, Mass. as Poet.

Silver Cup.

The class of '64 presented a silver cup to Fletcher W. Battershall, son of Rev. Walton W. Battershall, of N. Y. City. The Triennial meeting of this class was unusually delightful and harmonious.

Commencement.

FORENOON.

1. Music: *Adante Allo conbrio*, 2d Symphony.—Beethoven.
2. Prayer.
3. Salutatory Oration in Latin, by Theodore Lansing Day, Newton, Mass.
4. Oration, "Protection," by Geo. Preston Sheldon, Rutland, Vt.
5. Oration, "The Acrostic in the Oracles," by James Magoffin Spencer, Brooklyn, N. Y.

6. Music: Introduction and Aria.—Stöckel.
7. Oration, "Nature," by George Henry Perkins, Galesburg, Ill.
8. Oration, "Rousseauism," by Alfred E. Nolen, Woonsocket, R. I.
9. Music: Morgenblätter.—Strauss.
10. Oration, "The Man for our Times," by Charles Swan Walker, Cincinnati, O.
11. Dissertation, "The Courage of Moderation," by George Cotton Brainerd, St. Albans, Vt.
12. Music: Larghetto, 2d Symphony.—Beethoven.
13. Oration, "The Independence of the Judiciary," by Charles Kinsey Cannon, Bordentown, N. J.
14. Dissertation, "The Statesmanship of Patrick Henry," by Boyd Vincent,*
15. Music: Krönungsmarsch.—Meyerbeer.
16. Dissertation, "The Statesman's Philosophy," by Edgar Abel Turrell, Montrose, Pa.
17. Oration, "Mental Labor," by Charles Terry Collins, Hartford.
18. Music: Der Blitz.—Halévy.
19. Dissertation, "The Relation of Law to Liberty," by James Fiske Merriam, Springfield, Mass.
20. Philosophical Oration, "Chemical Eras," by Arthur Herman Adams, Sandusky, O.
21. Music: Vestalin, Overture.—Spontini.

AFTERNOON.

1. Music: Mahomet, Overture.—Stöckel.
2. Oration, "Macaulay's Philosophy," by Charles Goodrich Coe, Ridgefield.
3. Dissertation, "Manhood—as it was—as it is," by Henry Turner Eddy, North Bridgewater, Mass.
4. Music: Scherzo, 2d Symphony.—Beethoven.
5. Oration, "The Veto," by Leonard Treat Brown, New Haven.
6. Oration, "The Swiss Republic," by Luther Hart Kitchell, Middlebury, Vt.
7. Music: Lied.—Weidt.
8. Oration, "Sir Phillip Sydney," by Peter Brynberg Porter, Wilmington, Del.
9. Dissertation, "The English Rebellion of 1640," by Henry Morton Dexter, Boston, Mass.
10. Music: Aurora.—Lanner.
11. Oration, "The Power behind the throne," by Richard William Woodward, Franklin.
12. Dissertation, "Modern English Poetry compared with the Poetry of the 17th Century," by Albert Elijah Dunning, New Haven.
13. Music: March.—Stöckel.
14. Dissertation, "The Political future of the Northwest," by James Greeley Flanders, Milwaukee, Wis.
15. Oration, "Fate and Faith," by Wallace Bruce, Hillsdale, N. Y.
16. Oration, "Milton in his Old Age," by David James Burrell, Freeport, Ill.
17. Music: Brauteng, Mohengrin.—Wagner.
18. Philosophical Oration, "The Jesuits:—Advantages and Errors of their System," by Henry Clay Sheldon, Lowville, N. Y.

*Excused.

19. Oration, "Success in Life," with the Valedictory address, by Peter Rawson Taft, Cincinnati, O.
20. Music: *Allo molto*, 2d Symphony.—Beethoven.
21. Degrees conferred.
22. Prayer by the President.

Additions to the Faculty.

Prof. Coe has returned from Europe, and is giving the Senior and Sophomore classes the benefit of his tuition. Messrs. Keep and Smith of '65, are acting as Freshman Tutors.

Navy Elections.

The following officers have been chosen for the ensuing year:—

Commodore,	Samuel Parry,	'68.
1st Fleet Captain,	W. A. Copp,	'69.
2d Fleet Captain,	A. Renick,	S. S. S.

Worcester.

The numerous accounts of the week's contests at Worcester, already written, render any extensive notice of them useless here. Suffice it to say that of the four great contests, YALE WON THREE, two of which were gained by the class of '71, viz., a boat race and a ball match.

Base Ball.

There have as yet been no matches of importance. The selection of a university nine is in good hands, and a series of matches for the State championship will take place soon. The University Nine will play the Monitors of Waterbury, on Saturday, Oct. 5th.

Several games between the two divisions of the Senior class have taken place. The score of one has been recorded. 1st Div. 52. 2d Div. 6.

Statement of Facts.

The records of the various contests by which Brothers in Unity and Lionian obtain their Freshmen members would not be uninteresting. We can remember the old Depot electioneering, when every Sophomore was on a committee to spot newly arrived applicants, when campaign elections were the climaxes of political contests of all absorbing interest, furnishing the successful competitors with keys to all future ambitions. Then came the lottery system, rapid as the brain from which it took its origin. When College assembled again this year no course of action was decided upon. The freshmen were all unpledged, waiting the action of maturer intellects in whose power they lay. A joint meeting of the two societies was held in Brothers Hall on the evening of Sept. 18th, when after a spirited debate, a resolution was passed that a joint statement of facts be presented to the class of '71, and that they then choose their society.

Both societies held special meetings on the noon of the 20th. Brothers choosing as her orators Messrs. Ayres and Hume of the Senior class, and Mr. Sperry

of the Junior; Linonian choosing Messrs. Brewster and Coats of the Senior class and Mr. Heaton of the Junior. The debate took place in Brothers Hall on the 25th of September, before a large audience. The speeches were well prepared and finely delivered, bringing into view all those good qualities of both Societies which, as they are never seen, can be the better relished when heard. At the close of the debate the Freshmen cast their votes as their inclinations lead them. By the announcement in the Banner, Brothers is six ahead. The whole debate was thoroughly enjoyable, the good order being disturbed by a few senseless sophomores, who seemed to have substituted beans for brains.

Editor's Table.

The sanctum of the "Lit" is again thrown open and we are seated beside that famous old "table" which for the last thirty-three years has had its monthly chat with college. Vainly do we ransack its drawers for something of interest, for the drawer of wisdom and advice has been unlocked for your profit, and the witty box is closed against me. In due time however it shall be opened for your gratification. Unyielding fate has brought us again to this place of trial and pleasure, and the summer vacation, alas too quickly ended, sadly reminds us that it is the last for '68. At first when we passed under these time-honored elms, a feeling of sadness crept over us as we thought that "67," that "rare old class," had departed forever from college life.

"'Tis hard to part when friends are dear."

We were aroused from this gloomy state of mind by the sight of an unsophisticated young man looking up at old south middle with a sort of reverential awe. A freshman! I exclaimed; and he with his class have come to take the place of "67." To this class we extend a welcome to the toils and pleasures, the rushing and flunking of Yale. "68" has at last reached the far famed "senior dignity," and they seem to fill that ancient position most fittingly.

Some however cling to that junior ease, which during our last semester manifested itself in that eloquent phrase, "Not prepared" uttered so euphoniously that a tutor could hardly forbear giving them "2." The base ball fever, broke out amongst us early in the term, which resulted in a series of games between the two divisions, resulting by some unexplainable cause in favor of the second division. Chemistry, that science with puzzling nomenclature; endeavors to win

us over to her as votaries, and we confess that the pleasure of the study is much enhanced by Prof. Barker's admirable and instructive course of lectures. In accordance with a wise decision of the faculty our course of study is becoming more elective, and for the first time in the history of the college, German is among the senior studies. From the large number who have enlisted under the banner of Prof. Coe, we argue both the popularity of the language and the Professor. "Sixty-nine" just released from the grasp of Sophomore mathematics, and having reached the conclusion that "too much study is a weariness" seem to be enjoying themselves in genuine Junior style. In smoking away their cares they but follow in the track of the whole line of junior classes. In singing the old songs they seem to add new zest, which must be appreciated by all those who believe in the poetical lines—

"How music charms
How meter warms
Parent of actions good and kind;
How vice it tames
And worth inflames
And holds proud empire o'er the mind."

Junior, is the great political year of college and soon that monster politics, will gallop up and down your lines, creating ill feelings and blasting cherished hopes. It is evident that our system of class elections has become so corrupt that the honors of the "spoon committee" are at least questioned ones to-day. We trust that "69" will revive a really worthy institution, by electing her best men to office. They should be guided by the "heart" in their choice, for

"That's the standard of the man."

The sophmores are unusually happy owing I presume to their great but merited success at Worcester last July. Your plucky oarsmen, and victorious "Nine" cannot be honored too much, for they saved by their efforts a great deal of honor for "Yale" and I may add a considerable amount of "spondulics" for Yalensians. "70" has kept up the custom of rushing, and a genuine old fashioned rush took place at Hamilton Park the other day, in which the "Sophs" did nobly and the "Fresh and Juniors" as well as could be expected. Occasionally we hear in the dim twilight and sometimes in the deep midnight that old war song of "Bingo" which always strikes so dismally on Freshman ears.

In these days it has a "world of meaning." It tells of scared Freshmen, of smoked and sick Freshmen, of Euclid scanned with Homeric precision. Never mind all this "71!" It will soon be your turn, and you have only to remember that the men who are now "putting you through" were half dead with fear and smoke a year ago. I have but little advice for "71," for your Tutors have already pointed out to you the path of wisdom and pleasure. We will state that it will be necessary for the large number in the class who are going to take the "Valedictory, and DeForest" to apply themselves studiously during their Freshman year and to beware of Eli's.

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Remember to avoid being seen on Chapel St., after 7 o'clock in the evening. It is regarded as a very suspicious thing. Your attention during the "Statement of Facts was highly commendable" and although many of you on that occasion

expressed your inability to ever reach such "flights of eloquence" let me say that should you be constant in your attendance to those old fraternities, and faithful in supporting them, you will soon be able to surpass any eloquence to which you have yet listened. An article of considerable interest was brought to my attention during the vacation. Among other things said about our "Alma Mater" was the following,—

"The marking system is almost equally detrimental. Its actual effects would startle many parents if they could fully understand them. A young man now enters Yale—or almost any other of our colleges—and is shown a code of rules to which he is obliged often by oath, to promise obedience. Many of these rules are such as it is virtually impossible to obey, and the fact is well known to the faculty, who, with no compunctions of conscience, see the newly matriculated student commit what almost always turns out to be perjury. For disobedience of these rules marks are given—a certain number of which results in the expulsion of the person receiving them. Proper excuses for absence from recitation, from chapel, from church or other offences against the college code will prevent the imposition of these marks, and the student, therefore, when he has infringed any of the rules at once presents an excuse. If he has none he invents one, and the number of falsehoods and deceptions of which a single student is guilty during his college life would make a pretty figure if reckoned up. The members of the faculty have made the matter worse by a lack of uniformity in enforcing the laws, some regarding scarcely any excuse as sufficient to pardon a violation, while others accept the most trivial ones. The majority of students, however much they may hesitate at first, soon learn that to commit the crimes of perjury and falsehood and the misdemeanor of deceiving the College officers, is regarded as scarcely a deviation from rectitude, and before their second semester begins they have acquired the art of lying with an unblushing face. Such is the influence of marking system upon our college youth. Why has not Yale long since abandoned it?"

Soc.—For what reason do you quote such wisdom?

Gor.—For some reason or a reason.

Soc.—Which is it, answer quickly, O Sophist?

Gor.—For a reason; that in the college Yale of great renown where students from all parts do congregate, it may serve to invite a purchase of the "Lit" that ancient "maga" to be sent *εὔρεσθαι* to ease the paternal mind when letters of dire import sent by the remorseless faculty reach their astonished eyes.

Soc.—'Tis well, O Gorgias? such a motive should be nobly patronized.

Our task is done, the table is finished. May the year upon which we all have entered be as full of success as our friends have predicted for us, and may we enjoy all their good wishes.

Nov. 14. 1892.

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NO. III.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



**"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimesque PATRES."**

DECEMBER, 1867.

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J. G. SMITH,

E. L. AUSTIN

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII. DECEMBER, 1867. No. 3.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '68.

RUSS. W. AYRES,

JOHN LEWIS,

WILLIAM A. LINN,

WILLIAM A. MCKINNEY,

ANSON PHELPS TINKER.

Future Prospects.

I HAVE chosen a subject somewhat indefinite, for the purpose of giving expression to a few ideas, which have been suggested by the present position of my class. The sands of Sixty-eight's College course are well nigh run. The gloomy apprehensions of the Freshman, the exuberant exultation of the Sophomore, the unrestrained jollity of the Junior have all been experienced, and the more substantial joys of Senior year are fast flying away. The three years have passed by "as a tale that is told." Our course thus far, undisturbed by that petty political chicanery, which has often made implacable enemies of those who in taste and disposition were calculated to be friends, has glided on as placidly as the unruffled bosom of a stream. So harmonious have been the relations between the members of the class, that the closing of each short year, has

"Seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."

We now stand as it were on the boundary line between youth and manhood. Our College days, with all their work and discipline, we look upon as a pleasant protraction of our boyish life, but with the Presentation exercises, the gay period ends abruptly, and we seem as if by some sudden transition, to spring to the stature of perfect men.

VOL. XXXIII.

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It is not surprising that we look back upon these three years, which have flown forever, with feelings of regret, yet joy withal as we consider the many strong friendships, which have been formed beneath the shade of these venerable elms. It is not surprising that the most thoughtless of us are rendered unusually reflective, as the stern realities of the life upon which we are soon to enter, force themselves upon our attention. It would be quite strange indeed if the mind did not engage in serious musings, as we are about to cut loose from our College moorings and set sail upon life's great ocean, little knowing what is to be the character of our respective voyages, or how long they are destined to continue.

The idea of the responsibility and solemnity of life often dawns upon a student with peculiar significance. Other men pass gradually from youth to manhood, and on that very account do not experience those vivid flashes of thought which a sudden change from the one to the other must of necessity inspire.

Four years ago, we were looking forward to College life as a means for fitting us to accomplish those ambitious schemes which floated through our imaginations. Who is there here, whose fancy has never been dazzled by visions of victories won, successes achieved, and laurels gathered? The words of Horace are still true—

*"Sed fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru,
Non minus ignotos generosis."*

Despite all that is said of the emptiness of renown, it charms us all by the variety of its fascinations. "The crumbling tombstones and the gorgeous mausoleum, the sculptured marble and the venerable cathedral, all bear evidence to the instructive desire within us to be remembered by coming generations." As we advance in life, the hardships which throng every avenue to eminence rear their unsightly forms, and we look back upon our early fancies as wild childish vagaries. Such, doubtless, many of them are, but it need not be so of all. If, as is often said, great circumstances make great men, then assuredly some of these six-score students, now in the full vigor of early manhood, ought to win distinction in the several professions rather than be content to remain forever "unknown, unhonored, and unsung."

The prospects of the class for the future are far from being gloomy. Never were the different spheres of life more in need of sound and energetic men. The country at no period in its history has been more

in want of statesmen. Of ranting politicians, there is now, as always, a superabundance, but in upright, intelligent legislators, the country is woefully deficient. The Ministry is calling loudly for devoted workers. Medicine holds out its usual inducements. Law alone is courted by a throng of youthful aspirants, but even here the attainment of a good reputation is not an impossibility.

In what way is success to be gained? In the first place, by earnest application to the various branches of business, which we shall decide to pursue. No man has a right to expect prosperity who does not enter with energy upon his profession. Many waste half a life-time in dabbling with one kind of work and another, and spend the remainder of their existence in finding fault with their ill-starred fortunes. Many, too, begin their labors with a listless indifference, as if they expected success to come to them as the needle flies to a magnet. If one wishes to be a statesman, he wants the earnest spirit of fidelity, and love to his country, the true enthusiasm in his work, or else, unusual abilities will be comparatively worthless. So if one choose the Law, he must make himself an unwearying investigator of its principles, and a complete master of its difficulties. In the Ministry, especially, this earnestness is absolutely indispensable. Without it, this profession would be cold glare, without heat, like a painting of sunbeams.

Without this depth of interest, there are very few motives to exertion, and all activity put forth is forced and unsatisfactory. An ardent lover of nature climbs up the sides of a mountain without giving way to fatigue, since as he rises from point to point, the prospect before him grows wider and wider, and new objects and scenes of beauty spring up on every hand; while he who sees nothing of grandeur in the matchless handiwork of God, finds nothing in such an ascent but the highest type of toil. So he who starts upon a profession, determined to find enjoyment in it, will find as he advances, that its beauties are unfolding themselves to his eager gaze in endlessly varying succession; but he who engages in any kind of employment from a conviction, simply, that he must do something, will not fail to discover that the way he has chosen is thickly beset with impediments.

Industry is another requisite for success. The momentary promptings of impulse, are no adequate substitute for untiring patience of pursuit. Neither the brilliant flash of lightning, nor the fiery trail of a shooting star, nor yet the evanescent splendor of an auroral steamer is fitted to replace the constant light of a planet. The unflinching purpose, the indomitable will, the steady persevering effort, are able to

surmount the most formidable barriers. Some of the greatest men of the world have acquired their power by the tenacity with which they have pursued some favorite object in the face of all temporary discouragements. Without this determination, which nothing could conquer, Demosthenes never would have thrilled the world with his eloquence, Sheridan would never have won immortal renown, nor would the brow of Pope ever have been decked with the choicest garlands of song. This number might be indefinitely multiplied, but the cases cited are sufficient to show how much perseverance can accomplish.

Laziness is the bane of progress. It stupefies every faculty of the soul. Industry brightens every mental power, and gives a healthy tone to the whole nature.

Integrity is also essential to success. There is a tendency in man to rush forward in his business with little regard to the rights of others. We are all apt to be indifferent to the ultimate results of actions. Nothing is more common than to see men entirely engrossed in the things of the present to the utter neglect of the future. Such a course reveals the blindness of ignorance, as well as a want of principle. We are all bound to have respect to our highest good. We are to shun injustice in whatever garb it appears. From a want of integrity, business has in many cases been degraded from the high ground of legitimate exchange, and transformed into a systematic practice of deception. Politics, from the same cause, has become a field for the exercise of the basest arts, and the favorite pursuit of demagogues. Many of the leading men in our country are like the character mentioned in Skakpeare, who

"having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts, i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear."

Instead of honor and fidelity, deceit and treachery, are rampant. Every profession suffers from the shameless debasement of the highest mental qualities, to the dictates of fraud and avarice. The love of money, and the strife for office, seem hurrying the people of the United States into all those selfish measures, which are incompatible with national prosperity. Looking out upon the future, one often feels like exclaiming with the melancholy muse of Tennyson—

"What is that which I should turn to lighting upon days like these,
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys."

The welfare of the country now demands that the young men should be true to themselves, true to the voice of honor, true to duty. We are all called upon to be honest men, and "to be honest as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand." By cultivating the sterling virtue of integrity, much may be done to avert the calamities which threaten the life of the Republic.

Earnestness, industry and integrity, are the main conditions of success. Any life which does not develop these three things, is a failure. The obligation rests upon every man to develop his every faculty by a faithful adherence to these principles. The symmetrical development of all the powers constitutes beauty of character. There is no essential diversity of endowments. All have the same qualities but not in the same degree.

We are wont to look upon great men with admiration, but it is in the power of every one of us to develop a character as harmonious as any that has ever been the object of our veneration. The little model, which the architect fashions "by the cunning labor of the chisel," is just as perfect in its every detail as the magnificent mansion. The miniature craft, which the delighted child floats on a shallow stream, may be as complete from keel to topmast, as the stately ship which cleaves the waters of the ocean. Man, in a certain sense, is his own architect, and with the materials which the great Master builder has furnished him, can rear up a structure whose parts shall be in harmony from basement to turret. All can do this much, none can do more.

"The little bell that a babe can hold in its fingers, may strike the same note as the great bell of Moscow. Its note may be soft as a bird's whisper, and yet it is the same." So the ordinary and great minds may strike the same note, and though the melody produced by the one may soon die away, while that of the other sweeps triumphantly forever along the shore of time, yet the chords are similar, and the quality is one. There has been many a "mute inglorious Milton." The same entrancing visions, which floated before the fancy of Raphael and Michael Angelo, have probably enraptured the senses of other artists, who will ever remain—

"to fortune and to fame unknown."

How many such there have been, can only be revealed in the last great day, when "the books shall be opened," and "every man's work shall be tried.

It is our duty and privilege to cultivate all our powers, and suffer none to waste away in idleness, and as youth with us is now passing into manhood, the advice of the great poet comes sounding down to each of us through the ages,—

“to thine ownself be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

A. P. T.

The Rolling Stone.

ONLY a short distance interior from the western shore of the Narragansett Bay, one may see a curiosity of nature, known as the “Rolling Stone.” There is nothing particularly impressive in its appearance, or picturesque in its surroundings, and the interest with which it is viewed by visitors, is owing, not so much to its internal attractions as to the traditions with which it is associated. It is surrounded by a thick forest, whose wide spreading branches and dense summer foliage almost eclipse the sky, and cast, even at noon-day, a gloom like night. Such a place is eminently adapted to legendary associations. Isolated from the busy world around, it is a place, also, where one loves to repair when his soul “thought-burdened and thought-saddened,” demands a more substantial nutriment than this every-day life affords.

The Rolling Stone consists of two prodigious rocks, one of which is so firmly imbedded in the other, its twin in size and shape, as to render its dislodgement almost impossible; and the peculiarity of its construction is, that, although of immense bulk and weight, the swaying to and fro of a man upon the top of the upper rock will produce a sound, as the rumbling of an earthquake, that can be heard for several miles. Though, for years, these rocks have been subjected to this swaying process, they have never deviated a single jot, so far as is known, from their original equilibrium; the joint which has always connected them has never been impaired. Various are the conjectures with regard to this stone’s use. The prime settlers in this unfrequented neighborhood, either from excessive credulity, or a love of the marvellous, thought it an Indian sentinel to warn the Narragansetts of their

danger, or a trumpet to sound them to war. No inconsiderable apprehension did those ill-boding sounds occasion the white settlers. They were regarded as almost the knell of their earthly hopes, the premonition of impending death. At the sound, they fancied themselves doomed, and if they escaped destruction of property and loss of life, they attributed their escape, as men always have, and always will, to some special interposition of Providence. Is it not, at times, vastly convenient to have a Providence by whose watchfulness and favor, it is true, our mundane affairs are regulated, but to whose manifest partiality and opportune intervention, we can attribute our rescue from harm. We know not the use, if any, to which this rock was formerly put, but doubtless it was not used as a war-signal, though that such an idea gained credence is not to be wondered at. To be aroused at mid-night by a sound whose origin we scarcely know, and whose meaning we only half comprehend; a sound which, even at noon-day, would create the most fearful of suspicions, excites a dread and apprehension of consequences from which the bravest would recoil. The imagination gains an uncurbed ascendancy over reason, and is affrighted in anticipation of the most alarming results. That which may be merely "the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the woods," or the howling of a blast through the forest, can then, with little effort, be taken as portentous of evil, and will conspire to induce our alarm. It is not at all surprising, however, that such an idea was entertained, for the country abounded in Indians, and their hostility to the white settlers was undisguised and implacable. Suddenly, and to all appearance without any preconceived arrangement, they would fall *en masse* upon the white man, and despoil him of his property, perhaps of his family and his life. How could this arrangement and raid have been so universally understood, unless there had been some pre-arranged signal,—unless by hearing and heeding the voice of the Rolling Stone! Thus reasoned the settlers, and hence arose the tradition. And it is grand to sit beside that mountain rock, and to reflect upon this singular tradition; to so metamorphose your reason into fancy, that you can see the red man there, impervious alike to wind and rain, to heat and cold, animated only by a desire for plunder and revenge, creeping stealthily to the top of the rock, and then, balancing himself for a moment, with a look of malignity and triumph which he could not, if he would, repress,—he rings his hideous war-cry through the Indian villages at midnight. As the sound dies away in the distance, you see the hardy warriors rushing toward the rock, their common

rendezvous, whetting their tomahawks for murder, sallying forth upon your weak and defenceless brethren, whom your heart yearns to inform of their fate and rescue from danger, or to stem, for a time, with your own life-blood those fearful odds. At length, surcharged with its own eagle flight of fancy, your reverie is broken, your indignation relents, and you shed a warm tear over the sad fate of that over populous and powerful tribe. How might they exclaim in the language of the Prophet, "our inheritance is turned to strangers, and our houses to aliens. We are orphans and fatherless ; our mothers are as widows. The elders have ceased from the gate and the young man from their music. The joy of our hearts is ceased ; our dance is turned into mourning."

There is an appalling story related in connection with this place, which inspires the visitor with a feeling akin to horror. A lady of respectability, fortune, and remarkable personal attractions, (so runs the stereotyped tale,) was beguiled into a clandestine meeting with a whilom lover, who, enraged by the rejection of his suit, dragged her to this unfrequented spot, and stabbed her through the heart. There she lay for days, her friends meanwhile being ignorant of her whereabouts, until some one, chancing to stroll that way, stumbled upon her mis-shapen corpse. There she lay, with her eyes turned heavenward, as if in search of her disembodied soul—or engaged, she might have been, in an apotheosis of the Dryad Nymphs, who tuned the music of their woodland Nature into soft, sad songs of sympathy and regret. The Rolling Stone served to mark the spot where she fell,—her monument,—and the breeze that gently murmured through the tree-tops, chanted a mournful requiem. What a death ! and yet who would say that it were not a fitting place in which to die. The world is no participant in *that* death-bed-scene ; and by the world, we comprehend its hurrying cares, its hourly excitements, its joys, and sorrows, and passions, and all that goes to make up the allotment of this life's happiness and pain. There, in that forest, nature seems to mourn spontaneously. A sombre gloom, like a funeral pall, pervades her abode, and the suppressed murmuring of the breeze seems like the heaving of sighs.

Here, too, a little way from the Rolling Stone, General Washington stationed a camp. The huge old barn which he appropriated to the accommodation of his army, could be seen still standing two or three years ago, offering a feeble resistance to wind and weather. It has since fallen, like all relics of Revolutionary times. As one looked

on that dilapidated old building, whose only tenure on life was secured by the props that supported it in the assaults of the wind, he could hardly help fancying that it symbolized the destitution and extremity to which the army was then reduced. A short distance from this old building, on an elevation of ground, stands an old stone house which served as Washington's head-quarters; its roof, windows, and inner parts, the *penetralia*, have entirely disappeared, but the walls remain, and will remain for years; and visitors, out of a reverential curiosity, will approach the place with mingled feelings of pride and sorrow—for the struggle of which this old ruin is a memento was successfully ended; but of all the participants in, and relics of it, scarcely one survives. The old building, crumbling to ruins, surrounded with briars and covered with moss, still stands and serves as a landmark of Revolutionary times—a link to connect the past with the present. Such is the Rolling Stone and its surroundings. It is a place where one can sit and muse for hours without fatigue. Below him he sees the plain where the army encamped; at his side, the Rolling Stone, with its forest scenery and romantic tales, and before him the blue waters of the Bay stand out in bold relief. Yonder lies Mt. Hope, the residence of Philip, rearing its head in lofty pride and with graceful proportions, as if conscious of its right to be associated with history. The breeze from the Bay comes laden with freshness, and plays among the ruins. It circuits within the walls in its summer state of drowsy life, as quiet and soothing as the refrain from some distant drum, or

——“the invisible rain that ever sings
A silver music on the mossy lawn,”

and when the wintry blasts are violent, it rumbles around the enclosure, and seems like the winds of Æolus, indignant at confinement. But in twilight, is such a place eminently calculated for retirement and reflection; as he,

“Who would view fair Melrose aright,
Must visit it by the pale moonlight,”

so he who would enjoy the more profound and salutary influences which this place is fitted to impart, must repair to it when the receding sun is galvanizing earth with evanescent gold, or when Diana is bathing the wilderness in silver light. At such a time even the most prosaic will realize the presence of the Muses.

T. W. S.

Bull Doggerel.*

BY L. H. BAGG.

- 'Tis doubtless fit, as I begin to-night,
 That I should speak a word of introduction,
 So that this screed of mine be viewed aright,
 Free from the mist of any misconstruction.
 The preface, furthermore, is "customary;"
 Which is itself an all-sufficient reason
 Why my now using it is exemplary,
 And rightly to be thought a thing in season.
 For "custom" is omnipotent at Yale,
10. And seems to give sufficient explanation
 For many things, which most of us bewail,—
 Like hazing Freshmen, or matriculation.
 Most rhymsters have to talk about the "muse,"
 And "inspiration," and that sort of thing,
 That they may satisfy the common views,
 And "mystery" about their verses fling:
 They never mention old John Walker's name,
 Nor yet his rhyming lexicon so true,
 Though on his help hang all their hopes for fame,
20. And, like enough, their "inspiration," too.
 I, on the other hand, never make pretence
 Of calling on the happy "sisters nine;"
 I never grind verse save in self-defence,
 And always at a stated price per line;
 I place the plain facts fairly into view;
 Of rightly giving praise I ne'er am chary;
 And so the credit of my verse is due
 My Bull Dorg and my rhyming dictionary.
 If you would know how much I get to-night
30. For this ten-foot attempt at being witty,
 My employees would doubtless tell you right,—
 By which I mean the Jubilee committee.
 They hired me to do the needful verse,
 And to the job I thoughtlessly consented;
 And now it's on my hands, for bad or worse,
 While vain it is I long ago repented
 So, just like Disraeli, I'll use my pen
 Much as one does his horse when he drives out;
 I'll guide it, that it stumble in no fen,
40. But let it work to carry me about.
 The theory of this, I know, is bad:
 'Twould never do for Junior Exhibition;
 Nor would it haul in, I may further add,

* Nothing Sirius intended.

- The Townsend prize for English composition.
 But yet, in practice, it does very well ;
 "Dizzy" wrote better than most "prize men" do,
 Who in the rules of rhetoric excel,
 Or rush Dick Whately's "logic," on review.
 Not that such rules I always would despise,
 50. But that from them to-night I would be free,
 Since I am told there's none to criticize
 What's written for Thanksgiving Jubilee.
 But now I may as well end my preamble,
 Since it has served its purpose and its aim,
 And I've shown clearly by this little ramble
 That I despise the "poet's" very name.
 That's all I meant to say when I begun :
 I had to spread it out to keep the rhyme ;
 Which gave my pen the chance away to run,
 60. Regardless of my feelings, and your time.
- Our College may be called a microcosm ;—
 Though the simile, I own, is somewhat trite,—
 The flower that within it seems to blossom,
 Oft-times outside may meet the earliest blight.
 And those who, measured by their "stand" in College,
 Are big men, oft are quickly downward hurled
 By outside rivals, and at last acknowledge
 'Tis a different thing to stand before the world.
 However, I don't now intend to preach,
 70. But this microcosm simply to look o'er,
 In tracing an inhabitant, till he reach
 The end, e'en from the entrance door.
- This entrance way to College is Alumni Hall,
 Through whose grim portals meekly creeps the Fresh .
 He glares upon the portraits on the wall,—
 But feels at once the force of power's mesh.
 For something quickly grabs him by the arm,
 And of his "character" desires the scope ;
 He searches his coat pocket, in alarm,
 80. And drags it forth, sealed in an envelope.
- I've often thought there might be a grim joke,
 In asking for this proof of our morality,
 And that, beneath its dim, official cloak,
 The Faculty enjoys a comicality.
 For "moral character," and all that, you know,
 Our College life is sure to suffocate ;
 And, that we may no trouble undergo,
 We leave it, in an envelope, at the gate.
- But now our Fresh is seated at his table,
 90. And telling who he is, and when he's born ;
 So, having filled his blank as best he's able,

- He stares about him with a gaze forlorn,
 And, as he waits the dread examination,
 If he to speak his thoughts should be allowed,
 You'd hear from him the frank asseveration
 That he never did see quite so green a crowd.
 But when that fearful day ends with the night,
 And he is free to cut his usual caper,
 Let's hope he gets a double sheet of white,
100. Since that's the luckiest color for a paper.
 The blue is typical of melancholy,
 Which holds a man when he's in bad condition;
 And Freshmen are quite given to the folly
 Of mourning over a deferred admission.
- A week goes by and he's initiated,
 And swings a badge pin from his manly breast;
 Whereat he feels much puffed up and elated,
 And of unpledged sub-Freshmen goes in quest.
 He stops to make his bow at Chapel prayers,
110. But feels the heavy hand of high authority
 Which shoves him out, and in so doing scares
 Him into seeing his own want of seniority.
 He pays obedience to the great They Say,
 Which tells him he must hasten to the rush;
 So he goes forward to the desperate fray,
 And bears his portion in the awful crush.
 Yet while he on this rushing surge embarks,
 And for a cap and glory makes a clutch,
 He shivers lest some one may give him marks,
120. Or report him to the Faculty "as such."
- Perhaps our Fresh's already been smoked out;
 And while he's out the Sophs go through his room,
 And steal whatever chance to lie about,
 Be it a Latin dictionary or a broom.
 Quite possibly he may regard this wrong;
 But next year he will quickly change his belief,
 For then he'll see the way is very long
 Between a common and a College thief.
- Perhaps he tries his luck at lifting gates,
130. Or stealing street signs from the city lamps,
 Whereby he tempts both peelers and the fates,
 Who lock him up until he pays the stamps.
 Or, if he chance to believe in printer's ink,
 He gets up handbills, frightfully severe.
 From reading which the awe-struck Soph'mores shrink,
 And turn away, subdued with shame and fear.
- The second term he drags about a club,
 That's called a banger in our dialect,
 And on his cranium sports the festive plug,
140. When he can do it safely, with effect.

Of course the cane is stolen, and the hat is smashed,
 But for each loss some gains indemnify,
 And soon our Fresh is pleasantly abashed,
 By getting chosen to the Lambda Chi.

- With third term comes the earliest chance for glory,
 The love of which in most men is innate;
 Some seek it on the field of battle, gory,
 But Freshmen strive for it in "prize debate."
 I hope they get it, as't's the only good
 150. Connected with the thing, I e'er could see;
 And on this point I wish it understood
 That Bishop Whately quite agrees with me.
 That's the one thing I learned from out his books:
 For sure, thought I, 'twas cause enough to get it,
 That Northrop didn't seem to like the looks,
 And so told the division to omit it.

- The "annual hat" now crowns the closing year,
 The price whereof occasions angry talk.
 That it is large is not so very queer,
 160. For each committee man must have his fork.
 The others share the glory just the same:
 Though fork-men velvet wear and live in clover,
 They say the rabble have an equal fame
 In wearing cotton, and in forking over.
 Great Zeus, or some one, to our voice give heed;
 And let the laurel and the holm oak twine
 About his fame, who, in its hour of need,
 Got up that annual fork for 'Sixty-nine!
 For that one action, may his glory be
 170. As indestructible as Kirby's brass;
 As unexceptionable as his pedigree;
 As verdant as the greenest kind of grass!

- The Soph'more is a kind of animal
 Whose general character is somewhat bad:
 To Fresh he seems a very cannibal,
 Who's lost what human tastes he may have had.
 The Faculty apply the *talionis lex*,
 And for his evil deeds they do decree
 That he atone, and so his brain perplex,
 180. By deforming it with fiendish formulæ.
 The terrors of that room in the Lyceum:
 (Shades of departed skimmers gone before!)
 'Tis well the Freshmen can't in truth foresee'em,
 Or there'd never be a class called Sophomore.
 Those cob-web diagrams, outlined on the black;
 Those points, which from infinity do go,—
 And show their want of taste by coming back
 Upon the other side, "or nearly so."
 These horrid visions of the buried past

190. I shudder to recall, and yet I chuckle
 To think that Junior year has come at last,
 And I am free from "Whysos?" and from "Puckle."
 Why don't the Faculty call the thing elective,
 And make a rule that only those schismatics
 Who chop off Freshmen's hair, and trouble give,
 Shall have to grind through Soph'more mathematics?
 How quickly all these things would disappear,
 Should my suggestion chance to meet their praise,
 And be adopted: not through Freshmen year
200. O'er pleasure's sky would fall the slightest haze.
 But while I've moralized, our Soph has gone
 To get some beer, for he is awful dry.
 Perhaps he only takes it in a horn,
 Like several bummers of the Nu Tau Phi;
 Which song he sings with loud, melodious voice;
 Its music hath charms to soothe his savage breast:—
 Or to make all College savage, when its choice
 Lies in the way of quiet sleep and rest.
 But if our Soph'more wants a "higher stand,"
210. He mounts the summit of the nigher tower,
 Which overlooks this edifice so grand,
 And swears his midnight roost is his "right bower."
 Thus, to make up for flunks in recitation,
 He "makes believe" watch the fiery meteor;
 And by handing in a good enumeration
 Of what he don't see, gets his "mark" to "four."
 Perhaps 'twould hardly be polite
 To tell what's done last year by those below,
 Who on the meteor subject wanted light,
220. And so set fire to the Old North Co [al Yard.]
 But meteors only come one year in thirty-three,—
 That is to say if nobody has blundered,—
 And, if alive, I mean to come and see
 If "stand" is raised that way in nineteen-hundred.
 For on the subject I am somewhat curious;
 And often set about to analyze
 The ratio of the genuine to the spurious
 In the composition of a College "prize."
 Especially, in the thing called "scholarship;"
230. As't how far "stand" goes in its definition,
 Among a Faculty who would *my* name skip,
 And leave *me* out of Junior Exhibition!
 And here I may as well take up the Junior,
 Who takes his nomen from the month of June.
 Some say that it is then that he grows spoonier,
 Because he's troubled with the "wooden-spoon."
 But that's a lie; encouraged by some chap
 Who grows quite moral, if his chance you balk,

- Or contradict his theory, mayhap,
 240. That the spoon's at all analogous to the fork.
 Who could find fault with that great exhibition?
 Who would not be a Junior and a "coch"?
 And who can think them going to perdition
 Because the "sign they conquer in" is "hoc"?
 But I've a personal interest in one reform:
 I think 'tis wrong with scorn to so enwrap
 The symbol of a brotherhood so warm,—
 That is to say, the key Phi Beta Kap.
 As regards the bloated Junior Exhibish,
250. Which comes so very near the first of April,
 To tell the truth, I never had a wish
 About the thing, except for "memorabil"
 I always keep the programs, true and mock,
 As both to me are interesting in their way:
 But to the nice young men who like to knock
 And stab a classmate in the dark, I say:
 Clear out! vamose the ranch! git up and git!
 Don't hesitate at once your stick to cut!
 And don't hereafter show your want of wit
260. By printing "jokes" whose only point is smut.
 Last comes the Senior, trim and debonair,—
 The "grave and reverend" dodge's been long forsaken,—
 His highest aspiration is to raise some hair,
 And have it show when his class picture's taken.
 His best amusement is in pitching cents,
 Or teaching youngsters in "prize fights" to grapple;
 And Freshmen think his power is immense
 To see him stalk in late at Sunday chapel.
 But even in his high, exalted station
270. He don't seem to get wise, sad to relate,
 And says that now to "keep his reputation"
 He goes the fourth time into "prize debate:"
 Or makes a wild clutch for the "Townsend prize,"
 Or the "DeForest," price a hundred dollars;
 But this last strike I won't now criticize,
 As it is worth the while for gents and scholars
 To take it, for the value of the money,
 Which quite outweighs the fame, as I opine,
 And, if it wouldn't seem so very funny,
280. I believe I'd bag the thing in 'sixty-nine.
 About the medal offered by the Lit,
 Which once was thought to be the Senior's, too,
 I havn't spoken, lest on facts I twit,
 Which, for the world, you know, I'd never do.
 That great and awful day called "Presentation,"
 Comes on at last, and sets our Senior free.
 He hears the Latin, Poem, and Oration,

- Which sound so much alike, we all agree.
 He eats his dinner in Alumni Hall,
 290. Then listens to the wit, or fun, or folly
 Of those who jokes of by-gone days recall,
 And, in a word, he tries hard to be jolly.
 It's rather sorry work; but yet he swears
 That come what may "he ain't a going to cry."
 In spite of which the tears come, unawares,
 When to old Yale he cheers his last good-bye.
 Why should I mention the "Commencement" day,
 That colophon like, rear end frontispiece?
 About it let it be enough to say:
 300. There's no chance then for me to "speak a piece."
 Perhaps, though, I may come and hang around,
 And bitterly repent me of my station,
 That my poor head is with no laurel crowned,
 As his is, who skinned Fame of an oration.
 And now my part is played, and I am through
 With this most truthful kind of apologue.
 But yet, before I bid you all adieu,
 For the "sacred influence of Home"—and Dorg,
 I must say one more word in duty bound,
 310. And for my song ask you this compensation:
 That you won't force me now to be "renowned,"
 Or to drag about a College "reputation."
 For of getting one I always have fought shy,
 And won't take up the load at this late day;
 So, if this doggerel about "Yale and I"
 Has given pleasure, in return I say:
 Read that tenth item of the decalogue;
 And if covetous you are, please now don't show it
 By trying to abduct my old Bull Dorg:
 320. And by great Zeus, *don't* say that I'm a "poet"!

Kathrina.

THE first essential for reality in any story is adherence to nature. So far as we trace in each character, actions and manners not over-drawn, but natural, doing in every case what we ourselves would do under similar circumstances, so far we pronounce the author's delineations felicitous, and his pictures real.

In this poem we are first introduced to the mother of the hero—gentle as a dove, full of love and tenderness, or as the words express it,

"My Mother's pale, fond face and tearful eyes,
Bent upon me in love's absorbing trance."

She has all the qualities of a true woman; commanding the respect and reverence of her son, she even possesses for him the attributes of the Infinite.

"Taught to be true, I played the hypocrite
In truthfulness to her. I had no God,
Nor penitence, nor loyalty, nor love,
For any being higher than herself.
Jealous of all to whom she gave her hand,
I clung to her with fond idolatry.
I sat with her; where'er she walked I walked;
I kissed away her tears; I strove to fill,
With strange precocity of manly pride,
And more than boyish tenderness, the void
Which death had made."

Her weakness in the shadow of his strength is a master stroke. How often do we see mothers, as old age grows upon them, giving up everything in supreme trust to their children. No thoughts, no opinions, which are independent of the thoughts and opinions, of those they cling to.

It is the closing scene of her life, the final catastrophe that seems irrational. We can easily understand why, in the common course of events, the father should pass off by suicide, but seldom do we find such a coincidence as here exists between husband and wife—to follow out the same law—and one, which it was her constant prayer, might be averted. We are not allowed to account for her death as the result of her madness, but as the result of a fate which hung over her and led her on slowly, but surely to the dreadful end.

Kathrina, the heroine, who gives the highest coloring to the poem, we are next introduced to. After grief and sorrow have borne sway in the heart of Paul, she is chosen to fill the place of a mother's love and satisfy the vain longings of an empty soul.

Nothing can be more impressive than the circumstances under which she is first seen. A beautiful maiden in a country church, with the plain, rustic people around her, bowing before her Maker with all the fervency of an heartfelt faith.

On that quiet, secluded spot, removed from pomp and pride and vanity, she consecrates herself to God. Henceforth He is to be her guide, the beacon light which is to lead her through life's vicis-

situdes unto a perfect rest. This christian character so happily bestowed at the outset is well maintained throughout. It grows deeper and deeper day by day, ennobling the wife and sanctifying the mother.

It is her simple religious faith, which is intended to impress and be prominent, and finally lead her husband into the true path, but in part third she becomes the subtle enquirer. The author forgets her proper office, as a christian light and example, and endows her with power of reasoning and arguing, which quite lead us away and cause us to forget her religion, though in reality her love for God glows with no less fervor under the intellectual veil which he has thrown over her.

Notwithstanding this metamorphosing, her life is pure and beautiful, and, were it not for a view of spiritualism which the author gives us at its close, we should say that the character intended, had been successfully maintained to the end.

On her death bed, however, her power of vision is more than supernatural, it is a grand humbug. If we are seated at a table of mediums, the most that we can expect, is a few dozen raps from the dwellers in the other world; but here she sees all things and all persons, discovers one hitherto unknown, who proves to be Paul's mother, and not only sees, but converses with her, touches her hand, receiving a "burning kiss" from the spiritual visitant in return, the first, I dare say, ever administered by one of the intangible, immaterial inhabitants beyond the river. We have heard of dying persons catching glimpses, apparently of the other world, and we have all due respect and reverence for the visions of those on the mysterious border between life and death, but we think Kathrina's array of angels is without a parallel in the history of any person either real or imaginary.

While there are unreal elements in the nature of two of his personages,—the consistency of Paul's is perfect. His is a mind such as we frequently meet with. Strong in intellectual attainments, speculative, it holds within itself all the happiness of the man. He,—led by circumstances in early life to doubt the goodness of the Divine Being, fosters a disposition which carries him farther and farther from His presence, until each favorite scheme wrought out from the resources of a fertile mind, and requiring nearly a whole lifetime for testing, fails, and at last he seeks for the strength that never grows weak. How truthfully is here shown the

fact that the strongest minds are the greatest doubters in the beginning, and the best christians in the end.

On the quality of the poetry we have but little to say. It abounds in some fine descriptions, as when he speaks of the Connecticut valley and his native village,

"Thou lovely vale of sweetest stream that flows,
Winding and willow fringed Connecticut,"

And again,

"Queen village of the meads
Fronting the sunrise and in beauty throned
With jeweled homes around her lifted brow,
And coronal of ancient forest trees,
Northampton sits, and rules her pleasant realm."

The poem is not classical, nor throughout smooth in language; it rather interests us by giving us, in the thoughts it embodies, glimpses of daily life, every day thinking and every day acting. There is a gentleness pervading the whole which the author in the beginning seems to announce, is to be a prevailing element. The sentiment of the passage referred to is a beautiful one. It is the expression of the Mother, on Paul's return from the mountain height, whither he had been led by a lamb.

"My Paul has climbed the noblest mountain height
In all his little world, and gazed on scenes
As beautiful as rest beneath the sun.
I trust he will remember all his life,
That to his best achievement and the spot
Nearest to heaven his youthful feet have trod,
He has been guided by a guileless lamb.
It is an omen which his mother's heart
Will treasure with her jewels."

They were among the first words treasured up as his first dreams of manhood were assuming shape and reality. They were among the last that he recalled as he laid aside his confidence in himself and entered upon a higher life and higher trust in God.

No one can read the poem without feeling its salutary effects. It is a continual exhortation to withdraw from a life of sin to one of holiness. It shows the bright side of Christianity and presents in the life of its characters paths of pleasantness and ways of peace.

T. F. W.

Hymns of the Middle Ages.

The Christian Church has traveled a long and melancholy journey, through a woody and sometimes almost trackless wilderness. But from out the darkness of those far-off and hidden recesses, there comes to us at times sweet voices and harmonious notes, often from unknown singers, which linger in our ears, and with their simple melodies charm the heart. Hymns of the Middle Ages! truly, songs in the night—for a night it was in literature as well as in society, in which

“Morn came and went—and came and brought no day.”

At one time a single hymn breaks the stillness, and again there are bursts of song from many voices. And all these were treasured up and sung in the lofty cathedral and in the humble chapel; in the court and in the lonely abode of the monk; in the grand councils of the church and in the marching armies of the Crusaders. And they have come down to us, a rich collection of precious stones gleaned from the sands of ages.

Turn not away from our subject, Reader, because it appears religious rather than literary. The history of Lyric poetry forms an important part of the history of literature; and may we not expect to find in Sacred lyrics, inspired as they are by the grandest and loveliest themes, some of the finest and sweetest specimens of that species of composition? If the critic dwells with rapture upon the hymns which Pindar wrote to heathen deities, if he praises so highly the odes which Horace inscribed to Roman gods and goddesses, how much more noble must be his admiration and praise of those songs which the poet sings in honor of the one only living and true God.

Our subject is one of much importance in the literary history of Europe, but in so brief an essay upon it, we have time to notice only a few of the great hymns that have come down to us; and these we shall take up somewhat in historical order.

Severe criticisms have been passed upon the style of Latin employed in these hymns; and it is true that we discover in the mediæval poetry, a very great decline from the Latinity of the poets of the Augustan age. The style is often rude and almost barbarous; and yet it always possesses a kind of fervor and force, frequently rising into majesty and even sublimity which we perceive and feel the more we become acquainted with it.

Its rhyme also has been classed among the literary barbarisms of the age; and yet this feature in the construction of the Latin hymns has won the admiration of the greatest minds, and has especially endeared them to all hearts. The artlessness of movement, and the music of rhyme and rhythm delight the ear, and might impress the mind of the listener to whom even the sense is unintelligible. The Latin tongue has a natural sonorousness, which peculiarly adapts it to at least the musical part of christian service.

It would be interesting to dwell upon the Ambrosian hymns which appear in the fourth and fifth centuries, as introductory to those of the Middle Ages, and as being a part of the link between the Latin as the language of the Roman empire and Roman law, and the Latin as an ecclesiastical language; as being a part of the link—if a period of transition can be called a link—which joined the forensic eloquence of Cicero with the pulpit eloquence of St. Augustine. But we must confine ourselves to those which properly fall within the Middle Ages. The great hymn of the sixth century is the *Vexilla Regis*, written by Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers. This hymn beginning

Vexilla Regis prodeunt
Fulgét crucis mysterium;

"The royal banners forward go,
"The Cross shines forth in mystic glow,"

is perhaps the grandest of all the old battle songs of the Church. Like the *Pange Lingua* of the same author, it has a truly martial opening, and it maintains a thrilling movement throughout, being written in the same iambic dimeter which the great war song of the French, *La Marseillaise*, follows. The *Vexilla* in its very origin was designed for a processional hymn. The event that inspired it was the reception of a supposed piece of the real cross into one of the churches of Fortunatus' diocese. And so noble a composition soon became enshrined in the hearts of all Europe, and became a channel for religious enthusiasm for many centuries afterwards. It became the song of the saint rejoicing in the triumphs of his faith, and the song of the soldier as he marched forth to the great battles of the Church. And as those vast armies of the Crusaders entered the land of the cross, with such grand processions, led by bishops and priests in their robes bearing crosses, relics, and banners, while the entire army were

chanting hymns, it is beyond the imagination to conceive of the effect when this whole body, as with one voice raised this ancient hymn

Vexilla Regis prodeunt.

The principal hymns of the seventh century are those of Gregory, and of the eighth, those of the Venerable Bede. Of this former the sweetest perhaps are the *Rex Christe* and the *Andi Benigne*. They are but a breathing forth of the simple fervor that characterized Gregory's life. There is in them a child-like artlessness, and at the same time a melodious flow of devotion. The *Rex Christe* begins thus :

Rex Chris- | -te, fac- | -tor om- | -nium
Redemp- | -tor et | creden- | -tium,
Placare votis supplicum,
Te landibus colentium.

And another verse runs thus :

Ligatus es, ut solveres
Mundi ruentis complices,
Per probra tergens crimina,
Quæ mundus anxio, plurima.

The most distinguished of Bede's hymns is one upon the Ascension, beginning "Hymnum canamus gloriæ."

The ninth century brings us to the famous *Veni Creator*, which most scholars ascribe to the Emperor Charlemagne, rather than to an earlier writer. However plain the language of this old hymn, however imperfect its versification, there are in it notwithstanding, a tongue of fire, and a loftiness of spirit which not only have preserved it amid the destruction of ages, but also have kept it echoing and re-echoing in the christian service. Dryden has a very elegant translation of it, a few lines from the opening of which will foretoken the general character of the hymn. He begins thus :

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The World's foundations first were laid,
* * * * *
O source of uncreated light
The Father's promised paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire.

With the *Veni Creator* we very naturally associate the *Veni Sancte*, a most exquisite lyric written about a century later by

King Robert of France. The beauty, the sweetness, and the gentle melody of the *Veni Sancte*, can be fully felt only when we sing it to the same old tune sung by its author; when we recite it in the same old language and in the same old measure. It has in all ages called forth the highest admiration and the most careful labor of the translator, and has served to express the tenderest earnestness of the worshiper. Trench calls it the "loveliest of all the hymns in the whole range of Latin sacred poetry." We have space to quote only a few lines, which are too disconnected to give much more than an idea of the music of this old composition.

O lux beatissima
 Reple cordis intima
 Tuorum fidelium !
 * * * * *

In labore requies,
 In aestu temperies,
 In fletu solatium.
 * * * * *

Between these two hymns to the Spirit, the *Veni Creator* and the *Veni Sancte*, there is a striking contrast—a contrast growing out of the characters of their authors. Charlemagne was a warrior saint, Robert a saintly warrior. And so on the one hand the *Veni Creator* is inspired even in its gentlest passages, with an underlying yet all-pervading conception of the power and grandeur of the Being addressed; while on the other hand the *Veni Sancte* is a constant flow of simple affection and reverence.

With the twelfth century arises what may be called the bright noon-day of mediæval hymnology. It was then that "tides of rich music"—of full and prolonged choruses flowed throughout christendom from Bernard of Clugny, Adam of St. Victor, Hildebert, St. Bernard, Peter "the Venerable," and Abelard. It was then that treasures of faith, love, and purity were stored up for the use of the Church, till the end of time. Of all this grand array of lyrics, we shall, however, notice but one—one which in glory towers far above all its contemporaries—the *Lans Patræ Coelestis*, by Bernard of Clugny. This hymn is really but the introduction to a long poem entitled *De contemptu mundi*, and written in a variation of the Leonine verse.

The beauty, the fervid imagery and the delicacy of feeling, which characterize this matchless composition, render it one of the dearest legacies of antiquity to the Christian Church. The whole hymn is a bright view of the joys and glories of Paradise, and the breathing forth of a soul earnestly longing for the rest and peace of the celestial country. An English version is now exten-

sively used as a processional hymn, both in the Cathedral services of England, and in the ritualistic churches of our own country. Dr. Neal, a translator who has in everything except form, fully reproduced this hymn of Bernard in English, regards it as the "most lovely, in the same way that the *Dies Irae* is the most sublime, and the *Stabat Mater* the most pathetic of mediæval poems." We must content ourselves with citing only two or three stray lines, such as the following :

Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur :
 Non breve vivere, non breve plangere, retribuatur
 * * * * *
 Urbs Syon incluta, turre et edita littore tuto
 Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto, saluto :
 * * * * *
 O bona patria, num tua gaudia, teque videbo ?
 O bona patria, num tua præmia plena tenebo ?

Upon the *Dies Irae* of the thirteenth century we would make but a single remark. Beginning in a low, mournful note, with solemn cadences,

Dies Irae, Dies Illa
Solvat seaculum in favilla,

it ranges through all the depths of awe, of terror, of pathos, and of earnest supplication, with such power and majesty, yet with such simplicity, that the once trembling utterances of the monk of Celano have gone out into all the world, and the *Dies Irae* is now universally acknowledged as the grandest sacred lyric ever composed. I cannot forbear to add, that while Dryden and Scott and Jeremy Taylor, and a host of others have laboured to translate this great hymn, the truest and best translation ever effected was achieved by our own General Dix, at Fortress Monroe in the early part of the Rebellion. Fit time to indite the translation of such a poem.

The *Stabat Mater*, which in fame many place next to the *Dies Irae*, we must leave unnoticed, as we have been obliged to leave a multitude of others. As we bring to a close so cursory a view of so wide and interesting a field, we feel that we have been able to unfold but a very imperfect conception of the extent and richness of mediæval hymnology. But it is a region into which each must penetrate for himself; it is one of nature's own pictures, with all the variety of the grand, the beautiful, the rich, the awful, the gentle, and the eloquent, which man can see and feel fully, not by

contemplating the work of the painter, but by dwelling in and studying nature itself. It is a picture, too, thronging with memories of the past. How many hallowed associations cling to these old songs of the monks. As they float down the "dim path of years" they bring to us thoughts of the cloister, with its Gothic arch and its many colored window; thoughts of holy and humble men who in the deep retirement of the wilderness, gave themselves to prayer and penance, and of those who in the battle of life fought nobly the temptations and miseries of their time; thoughts of martyrs who chanted these songs of triumph while death loosed the last cord that bound them to the persecutions of enemies; thoughts of stern reformers; thoughts of high and grand ceremonials; and thoughts of the struggles, the victories, and the hopes, of the great host of the faithful who have gone before,—aye, and they bring to us thoughts and foretokenings of the great future, when we with all these out of all nations, shall join in still more exalted songs.

I. T. B.

The Minor Moralities of Poetry.

THE province of Poetry is the creation of beauty. An element of beauty is symmetry—the proportion of parts—an attention to details that they may accord with and heighten the effect of the whole. Much good poetry has been written which lacks this quality, warm, rugged poetry like that of Burns—real heart-poetry, which will always endure in the popular favor. In such poetry, we do not miss the art so much, because *nature* is so present, yet to say that the absence of art is a virtue in the poem is nonsense. The end of all art is to further nature, indeed to *imitate* nature. "The highest art" says some one "is in concealing art." At any rate it is in subordinating it to nature and in making it an undertone accompanying but not drowning the subject theme. I have no patience with those shallow sentimentalists who profess to find in a slovenly versification and a want of poetical finish, evidences of the "divine afflatus." They would degrade Poesy which is a science to the level of mere impulse. "Away with this heartless, artificial method of hammering out a poem!" says Mr. Shelly Byron

Proctor Alexander Smith Jones, with "his eye in a fine phrenzy rolling;" "give us passion; give us fire!" "Of course," says the critical Public, "give us fire, we like fire very well. At all events Mr. Jones, its better than the milk and water which you usually give us." But what are melody and originality of rythm, a nice and novel choice of words and the invention of *minutiæ* in keeping with the spirit of the whole poem; what are these, but the numerous fine touches which aid in the depicting of the "passion" and "fire?" In truth it is not only in descriptive poetry, but in poetry the most impassioned or the most purely ideal that the general spirit is abetted by the particular properties of single words or images. In poetry professedly descriptive, such as a great part of Moore's, the lavish and gorgeous imagery often overlies and smothers the emotional portion of the piece, while in poetry of the feelings, the conceits and elaborations of art being less crowded are bolder in outline, having each sometimes an almost solitary effect.

I desire in this paper, to draw your attention to that phase only of poetical art which I may call the upholsterings or furnishings of poetry, by which I mean the selections of objects, forms, colors, materials, odors, sounds—all sensuous things which the poet makes to help along the impression which his poem produces. And I shall dwell chiefly and almost entirely upon the poetical uses of *colors*—a trivial thing perhaps, and quite unworthy the notice of the soaring Mr. Shelly Byron Proctor Alexander Smith Jones, and yet just because it is so trivial, showing best of what slender sums the total amount of a grand poem is made up.

There are hundreds of passages in the poets, where the cunning blending of colors has painted pictures before the mind's eye almost as vivid as in the world of sense. All my readers have read and remember that scene in St. Agnes' Eve which steals suddenly over the bewildered reader like some holy rainbow shedding the still richness of its tints on the page before him, that

Casement high and triple arched, *
 * * * * *
 Innumerable of stains and spendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep damasked wings;
 And in the midst 'mong thousand heraldries
 And twilight saints and dim emblazonings
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands together pressed,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint.

Here we have both contrast and correspondence of color: the crimson "scutcheon," standing out in its bravery from the "twilight saints and dim emblazonings;" "the wintry moon" over against the "warm gules" and the "rosy bloom" on the white hands. Then for matched colors the "silver cross" and the ethereal faint purple of the "soft amethyst," and the saintlike golden halo on the golden hair. Here is another finely contrasted bit of coloring from the same poem.

"Now by the bed-side where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table and half anguished threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold and jet."

"Crimson, gold, and jet"! Intense and fierce colors that seem fairly to burn through the "dim, silver twilight." Tennyson, observe, uses these same three colors in his description of Cleopatra and with superb effect, suiting the dark brilliancy of the combination to the character of the Egyptian queen.

"Turning I saw, throned on a flowery rise
One sitting on a *crimson* scarf unrolled,
A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold *black* eyes
Brow-bound with burning *gold*."

You see that there is a typical significance in colors, a correspondence between them and qualities of mind or temper. This extends somewhat farther and has more delicate shades of meaning than the common well known symbolisms of color, such as red for passion, white for purity, black for sorrow, and purple for royalty. Coleridge, whose sense in such matters was very nice, makes constant use of this significance to enhance the impressiveness of his descriptions. For instance some lines from the *Ancient Mariner*—

"About, about, in reel and rout the death-fires danced at night.
The water like a witch's oils burned blue and green and white."

All these are wan colors without any warmth or brightness, and make the effect more ghastly and pallid. Here again is a picture of water-snakes from the same poem, still cold and eerie but re-

lieved by the "golden fire," and not quite so pale as the former, black being put for the white :

" Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire ;
Blue, glossy green and velvet black.
They swam and coiled, and every track
Was a flash of golden fire."

Even where we cannot see why Coleridge hits upon some particular color more than another, we yet confess a half-seen propriety in the choice, as in the following :

" And at evening evermore,
In a chapel by the shore
Shall the chanter sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere Domine."

Yellow, I might say, in passing, combines the pallor of white with some warmth and glow from scarlet, and may, therefore, according as it is faint or bright, have entirely opposite uses. In what I have just quoted it has its former character, but here is a perfect *burst* of color in which it plays the sole part. The passage is from Poe.

" Banners *yellow*, glorious golden
On its roof did float and flow."

Poe, indeed, who may be called the American Coleridge, has the same delicate sense of the meanings and powers of color. I quote two lines from the Raven, in which there is a very pretty marriage of hues.

" On the cushion's velvet lining which the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet *violet* lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press ah! nevermore.

The ancient poets were very bright and rich in their coloring. Here is a line from Ovid, containing a fine contrast between the duskiness of purple and the glitter of gold.

"Sunt mihi similes longis in vitibus uvæ:
Sunt et purpuræ tibi et has servamus et illas,"

which I will render somewhat freely, thus :

On my grape-vines clusters golden,
Clusters purple grow for me :
These and those in store are holden,
Sweet, for thee.

I will close my remarks on the poetic uses of color, by a quaint little conceit of Virgil's, touching the second golden age. I have paraphrased the original as follows:

In those fair, plenteous days of peace
No vats shall dye the snowy fleece,
But all the grazing flocks a-field
Shall colored wool to sheares yield,
And horned rams in purple hues
Breed scarlet lambs from saffron ewes.

I shall have something to say about the poetic employment of *material* and *shape* at some future time. I will give here an instance of the former, however, not so much for its own sake as for the sake of quoting in full a little piece of Poe's which does not appear in his published poems, and which, unless you should hear here, you might die without having heard at all, which would be a pity. The word to which I wish to call your attention as being an example of the "minute philosophies" of poetry is *agate*. The *material* is so rare and so strange in this connection that it heightens the statuesqueness and antique charm of the poem.

"Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicaean barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Grace
To the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand
The agate lamp within thy hand
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land."

Is not this an exquisite bit of chiselling? This shows what *art* can do. The story is a simple tale of first love, such as is common to all the poets—a dream of his boyhood, but like a fly in amber, it is embalmed and crystallized for all ages in a stuff at once fragrant and pellucid.

HENRY A. BEERS.

Literary Notes.

We have received from the publisher, *Geo. W. Childs, Phil.*, the "American Literary Gazette and Publisher's Circular," with its usual valuable information and announcements.

We call attention to the advertisement of *Littell's Living Age*. No periodical now published gives such a valuable condensation of foreign literary productions, and its bound volumes are, in themselves, a library.

We can furnish the *Living Age* and the "*Lit.*" together, for \$9.00 a year.

A new College publication is to appear before the close of this College year. The full announcement is not made, but we know enough of the intentions of the persons in whose hands it is, to say that it is to be a collection of writings culled from every depository of College literature. For this purpose, the thirty-three Volumes of the *Lit.*, the old *Quarterly*, and all Class productions now extant, will be drawn upon, and the work will be published in such form as will make it an ornament to any table. The prospectus will appear early next term.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Amusements.

We have a novelty, for New Haven at least, in the advertising line, viz., one of those little sheets devoted to programmes, gossip, and the above-mentioned purpose particularly, now so universal in New York Theaters. Ours is called the *Green Room*, and is very acceptable, in its way. The Institute continues to offer its profitable amusements in the way of Lectures, etc. On Monday evening, Nov. 25th, a large audience listened to a very amusing Lecture, in verse, by the Humorist, Mr. De Cordova. His subject,—Miss Jones' Wedding. No Cards,—afforded him ample room to exercise his peculiar talent, and he received the applause of all his hearers.

On the 2d inst., John B. Gough lectured on *Elocution*. Aside from his Temperance discourses, we never listened to him with greater pleasure.

We are sorry to be obliged to descend from honest praise, to still more honest censure. On Thanksgiving night, and for the two succeeding evenings, Music Hall was occupied by an assembly of persons, calling themselves a Theatrical Troupe. Thanksgiving entertainments are always wretched affairs in this city, so far as our experience goes, and this year was no exception to the rule. Rachel Denvil may have talent, *awful* talent, but if so, lies deep, very deep; for no effort of hers could dislodge it here. She can "*speak her part*;" so can most females outside the Deaf

and Dumb Asylum. Farther evidence of Histrionic talent we failed to discover. Steele, in an after-piece, did himself some credit, but the boards are not yet easy beneath his feet. We did notice one actor on the stage, who, in McFarland's old Company, acted very finely, but even he was weighed down by his assistants. Think of a Richard III. in the person of a youth of twenty, straight, thin, fair and nervous. If the piece had been opened with the lines "*Hi diddle diddle*,"—etc., it would have seemed infinitely less ridiculous, than to have the words of Shakspeare rattled off, as they were, when we were made acquainted with the end of that "winter of discontent." New Haven papers praise everything, so that an audience must purchase their knowledge of a performance with the price of a ticket. We only remark, that the troupe is again to appear here soon.

Our Exchanges.

We have received our usual Exchanges, and as a new one, *The Western Collegian*, published at Delaware, O. We like the arrangement of this paper very much, and think it admirably adapted to carry out the requirements of a College periodical.

Thanksgiving Jubilee.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

N. B.—The presiding officers of the Jubilee will be nothing but Freshmen IN SHORT, AT ALL, who will be served up by the audience ON THE HALF SHELL.

Opening Load.*

Music, (H)air from Martha.

Oration—The Ignitious Combustibility of all Corroso-Inflammable Matter—

W. A. Linn.

Piscatorial Melodrama, entitled "Fish out of Water."—Characters—

Steward,	G. T. Harrison.
John,	"Vermicelli Soup."
Sam Savory,	J. B. Camp.
Sir George Courtly,	C. H. Smith.
Alderman Gayfare,	G. L. Huntress.
Charles Gayfare,	W. H. Hinkle.
Music,	Orchestra.

The Sanguinolently and Demonically loquacious Pantomimic representation, entitled "Slasher and Crasher."—Tragedians.—

Benj. Blowhard,	C. H. Farnham.
Sampson Slasher,	J. P. C. Foster.
Christopher Crasher,	W. A. Linn.
Lieut. Brown,	C. McReeve.
Dinah Blowhard,	F. H. Hoadley.
Rosa,	W. B. C. Jennings.
Bull Dorggerel,	L. H. Bagg.

* Owing to the pressure of circumstances, the load cannot be opened.

The Tenebriously Umbrageous Stygio-Ethiopian Minstrels.

Artists—Leader, H. S. Swayne. Assistant Niggers—Messrs. Ewing, Sperry, Bissell, Dutton, Buck, Cleveland, &c.

Overture. Song—The Maiden peeping through an aperture. Song—Gall in Blue. Song—Soothingly o'er the placid torrent. Song—Camden and Amboy R. R. Chimes. Song—Nectarious Evelina.

Finale—Grand Clog Dance E. Leavitt.

The Beethoven Society delivered a Concert in Brooklyn the evening before Thansgiving. The performance was a decided success.

GILMEAD S. PHEE, formerly of the Class of '69, and more recently connected with the Class of '70, died, a short time since, at his home in Bridgeport.

The Mendelsohn Concert.

This took place on Tuesday evening, December 10th, and was a complete success. The society should receive the thanks of the community, for their efforts in elevating and sustaining a high standard of music in New Haven. The oratorio was "St. Paul." The singing of Mr. Smith the soprano, was of the highest order, and the "basso" Mr. M. W. Whitney was excellent. The chorus composed of the leading singers of the city was well sustained, and its success, together with that of the whole concert, is due largely to Dr. Anderson the Conductor; and we may add a graduate of our college.

Our Advertisers.

We would call especial notice to the advertisers in this Number. They are the leading merchants in the city; Malley has an endless stock of fashionable goods, suitable for use or presents,—Mr. Miles and Mr. Bryan, are the leading tailors of the city. Pictures and frames may be had at Smith & Austin's, and Cutler & Bradley's. Hoadley, as ever, is the firm friend of the student. For jewelry, go to Brown's; for a good pair of boots or shoes to Ives'; while if sweets and candies please you, Snow will be glad to satisfy your desires with the choicest candies, &c. Mansfield is the hatter for Yale; give him a call.

† Nothing Sirius intended.

Editor's Table.

After the extensive enumeration of subjects of the most etherial nature, with which we were favored in the last Table, it seems altogether inexcusable to bewail the want of an inspiring theme. Fearing, however, that our editorial companion has conceived the lofty idea of writing a series of essays, it would be a decided breach of courtesy to steal even one of these subjects from his varied catalogue. Consequently we are thrown back upon our own feeble resources. With wild joy I seize my pen, as it occurs to me that within the last month we have had a jubilee. Let me speak of this for a moment. We are very glad that this Annual Concert is not to be discontinued: it affords a great deal of amusement. It is something in which all the students are interested. Now we would by no means countenance the objectionable features which have often disgraced the whole affair, and which, if persisted in, would justify the faculty in suppressing it altogether. There is no need to have anything in the Show, which can offend the taste of the most scrupulous. It gives us pleasure to testify to the healthy tone of the last entertainment. All who went came away satisfied; it was a success; such it can be made every year. Nothing can injure it more than to make it the vehicle of indecent approaches to jokes. Let us have the clear sparkling wit, and the unrestrained good humor, and the Jubilee may be made a rival of the Spoon Exhibition. Praise is due to the Committee for the efficient manner in which every thing was carried out. This Jubilee had the merit of being uniformly good. The inventive tact of some connected with it, gives promise of great things in after life.

Vacation is almost here. The most of you are undoubtedly anticipating a glorious time. O unfortunate youths, who have to devote the two weeks to preparation for prize debates. Terque Quaterque afflicti. What to you is the "messy dance," the "pomp, pride, and circumstance" of ambrosial parties, or the rigid crystalization of the pacific surface of the lake? Victims of ambition, aspirants for the favor of Mercury, diligent seekers for fame, you are to descend into the cavernous depths of philosophical lore, and soar on tireless wing into the region of the sublime.

The Board have witnessed with profound gratification, the enthusiastic devotion of the lower classes to mathematical studies. To foster and encourage this commendable spirit, we propose to them the following problems, which have been kindly furnished us by a friend.

1. Two men, unable to travel, set out upon a journey at different times, in company with a third in like condition. For two hours the first two kept ahead of each other, when a violent snow storm arising, all three lost their way. Which will get there first?
2. What is the required length of a limited steel wire, which runs the other way?
3. Who did what, and how did he do it?
4. Does it really make any odds in the long run?
5. If three men work ten days on a fertile field, what is the logarithm.

The last of these being somewhat abstruse, it has been suggested that we hint at the method by which it can be solved.—Bisect the three men, and to the remainder add anything that happens to be convenient; afterwards take an observation through a double refracting brick-bat, or a hollow cucumber, put the contents into a half barrel, and divide the two equations by each other.

As an incentive to the solution of these problems, we offer great pecuniary inducements.

Three prizes will be awarded to the three of the competitors who furnish the most accurate and skillful answers.

The first prize will consist of three *denarii*,

The second of seven *sesterces*.

The third of five *oboli*.

All solutions must be handed in to some one of the editors of the *Magasin* before the 13th of February.

I had written thus far on my table, when I began to grow drowsy. I fancied I heard a knock at my door. Not being fully assured of it, I was again relapsed into my former state, when the same noise was repeated, and rousing myself I shouted, Come in. What was my terror, when there crossed the threshold of my apartment the sheeted ghost of an ancient alchemist. He advanced full in front of me, and asked in a voice whose hollow, sepulchral tones still ring in my memory "Hast thou the one hundred and fifty-five sections?" Here I answered No. Then glaring his horrid eye-balls full upon me, and shaking his "grey locks" he commanded, "Dost thou then intend to skin?" Again I replied in the negative. I was just on the point of addressing me again, when I heard a strange rushing at the entry, and in a second the shades of Guizot and Stewart came bounding into the room. My horror at this point is indescribable. A cold chill ran over my whole body, I trembled from head to foot. The three Ghosts immediately rounded me and their "fiery eyes burned into my bosom's core," while they cited in measured cadences the mysterious words of the three witches in *Macbeth*—

"Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed,
Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined,
Harpier cries, 'Tis time, 'tis time."

No sooner had these lines been recited, than the ghost of Stewart shrieked out "What is Hutcheson's theory of a Moral Sense?" Alas! Alas! I knew not.

And the spirit now demanding, still is standing, still is standing,
On the finely figured carpet, which o'erspreads my oaken floor:
And his eyes have all the glaring of a demon when he's swearing,
While with towering rage now tearing, he asks me with a roar,
Will you skin upon the morrow, which you never did before,—
Here I answered, Never more!

The other ghosts having cried out "Cram!" "Cram!" vanished in the thin air, leaving me to meditate over the misfortune of being obliged to get out a *Lat.* in the midst of a difficult examination.

VOL. XXXIII.

NO. IV.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLIS, unanimique PATRES."

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII. FEBRUARY, 1868. No. 4.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '68.

RUSS. W. AYRES,

JOHN LEWIS,

WILLIAM A. LINN,

WILLIAM A. MCKINNEY,

ANSON PHELPS TINKER.

Jeremiah Day,

PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

Born August 3, 1773; died August 22, 1867.

The earliest sketch of the life of President Day, which we have seen, was printed in the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, of November, 1838. It was written by his associate and friend, Professor James L. Kingsley, at the request of the editors of this journal, who had secured a portrait of the honored President as an embellishment to these pages.

The tradition is that Professor Kingsley insisted that the sketch, before it was published, should be submitted to Dr. Day. The editor brought it to the President, probably in the proof-sheet, and asked him if it was correct. He at once inquired whether Professor Kingsley was its writer. The student admitted that he was. "Then," said the President, "it must be correct," and gave back the paper without further comment.

At the funeral of President Day, President Woolsey gave a glowing eulogy upon the character and services of his predecessor, which was repeated, in substance, before the students, soon after the opening of the College term, and has since been printed in the *New Englander* for October last. We refer our readers to that discourse for a careful estimate of the career of Dr. Day.

At the request of "*The Congregationalist*," Professor D. C. Gilman brought together some of the anecdotes which are told of President Day, and some reminiscences of his early official life. We copy the conclusion of this sketch in the belief that the entire communication has not been seen by most of our readers.

"To the students, who came under his personal instructions, he presented a most fatherly aspect. The older graduates of Yale all speak of Dr. Dwight with admiration; Dr. Day is always mentioned with reverence. The later was not loved in the sense in which Prof. Silliman was a favorite, the students did not stand in awe of him as they did of Prof. Kingsley, but he was honored and trusted. 'The five minute talks' at prayers, when he said at the close of worship, 'Be seated,' and then expostulated with the students in respect to some misconduct or excitement, produced a profound impression, more perhaps from what he was as a man than from what he said as an officer.

Though a man of excessive gravity, and as one of his family has said, 'of imperturbable dignity,' he loved humor, and often made a playful or witty remark. Some one asked him what he thought of Spiritualism. 'Either there is nothing in it, or the devil is in it,' was his answer. Two members of the class of '35 were talking over their College life, and one of them said, 'A good deal that was remarkable happened the year we graduated.' 'So you think it was remarkable,' said the President with a quiet smile, 'that you got your degree.' A lady, whom he had known in youth, called to see him not a great while ago. 'President Day,' said she, 'don't you find your memory of names failing you? Calling her by the maiden name she had given up sixty years and more before, he replied, 'not so far that I have forgotten Phœbe Parmelee.' The same pithy modes of expression must have been noticed in his youth—an instance of which was mentioned in President Woolsey's discourse. 'He had a great faculty of getting work out of his brothers. When it was raining he would say, 'Come, boys, now the ground is wet, the weeds will pull up easy;' and when it was dry he would say, 'let us pull up the weeds now for they will die quickly.'" Sometimes his humor carried with it a slight rebuke. When the Waverly novels were first coming out, a student, who wanted to seem fashionable, turned to the President in the evening call, and asked in a self-conscious way, 'Have you read Scott's last volume, sir?' 'I haven't read the first,' was the quiet answer.

His love of truth was always a conspicuous trait in his character. Before answering a question he would usually pause to consider what he should say. All his utterances, oral and written, showed, in consequence, great compactness. He seems to have chosen every word down to the connecting particles. An interesting illustration of his style may be found in a short letter which he wrote to Dr. Sprague, for his *Annals*, regarding President Davis, the successor of Dr. Dwight. I have heard it said that the proof sheets of his "Essay on the Will" were returned to the printer without the alteration of a single word or point. The introductory pages of that little treatise are a striking illustration of his notions in regard to use of language.

This trait of his character did not show itself in a love of telling the whole truth. He was reticent in a very remarkable degree; as skillful in concealment, as he was accurate in statement. His truth was of the mathematical sort, freedom from ambiguity and error; but it was not openness or frankness. He was especially tenacious of college secrets, as was becoming in a semi-centennial member of a close corporation, and neither look nor tone would betray what he chose to keep back.

His daily life was singular in its regularity. Few men were more punctual in retiring at an early hour; few men went more regularly, whatever might be the weather, for the morning mail. There were very few Sundays when he did not appear at his seat in the College chapel. He was often present in the morning prayer meeting, and was always ready to take part in it. Gardening was a favorite occupation of his life; and many of the graduates of Yale can remember how, in the early morning, he might be seen at work with the hoe in the garden, which now constitutes part of the open square to the north of 'Trumbull Gallery.' He read the papers thoroughly, morning and evening; and, during the war, kept acquainted with the movements of every General more closely than most of his younger cotemporaries. He did not dwell on the past, but lived in the present, interesting himself in new books, new controversies, new political movements. He loved to help himself. A meeting of the State Board of Education was held in his study one evening, a few months ago. He absented himself a few minutes in the course of the evening, and presently returned from the wood pile, with a supply of wood for the stove. To Professor Thacher, who once expressed to him the wish to do more for his comfort than he was allowed to do, he replied, "I have never

thought it worth while to let any one do for me that which I could just as well do for myself." This was characteristic of his whole life.

During his presidency, Dr. Day occupied the wooden house, on the College square, which had been built for his predecessor in office, in the year 1801, and, on his resignation, he removed to a house in Crown street, near College street, where he continued to live in the family of his son-in-law, Professor Thacher. To this house he added a wing, on the lower floor of which was a good sized study, and above it a sleeping room. In this study, for more than twenty years, a company of gentlemen, most of them past middle life, have been accustomed to meet every week, between the hours of 10 and 12 on Thursday morning, for the discussion of all such topics, literary, theological and political, as would naturally engage their attention. The meeting was opened with a prayer, the appointed reader then presented his essay, after which each member in turn expressed his views on the subject thus introduced. These gentlemen spoke of themselves as "the Association which meets in President Day's study"—but as this was rather a long title, and as most of their number were ex-pastors, ex-professors and other excellent men, they were called, by their friends, the "Ex-es" or "the outs."

Drs. Goodrich, Taylor, Fitch and Patton, Judges Osborne, Wood, Miller, Rev. Messrs. N. Coe, D. W. Lathrop, C. Goodrich, and S. C. Brace, with Messrs. R. C. Morse, H. Olmstead and other well-known residents of New Haven, have been among the members of this friendly club.

Of all the company, President Day, to the close of his life, remained the most interested, and perhaps the most animating member. Only two or three weeks ago, he acted in his turn as moderator, and, being unable to rise in his place, he offered the opening prayer while seated in his chair. The Sunday before he died he called for a Scripture Manual, in which Biblical texts are arranged by subjects, that he might read over the references to 'Angel,' preparatory to a discussion in the club appointed to take place on the following Thursday—the very day, as it proved to be, of his own departure for the spirit world.

In these weekly interviews, he often surprised his associates by the succinct and judicial manner in which he expressed his opinions, and though the oldest member of the company, he was the first to make the others laugh by a pointed anecdote, or a shrewd remark.

President Day has never been a man of vigorous health, and has been subject, during much of his life, to an irregular action of the heart, which occasioned some apprehension on the part of his associates, that his days might suddenly end. In the biography of Professor Silliman, Professor Fisher quotes several expressions from the letters of young friends of Day, showing clearly that they despaired of his long life. 'Dr. Dwight told me,' says one in 1802, 'that he had given over the expectation of ever seeing Mr. Day in the Professor's chair. What a loss to the institution! A character, so near perfection, is not often found in this wicked life.' But good advice, a philosophical temperament, and great regularity, added more than three-score years to the days of this declining Tutor. At the age of 73, in 1846, in view of increasing infirmities, he resigned his official connection with the College, though he consented to take a seat in the Corporation, vacated for that purpose by the resignation of Rev. Dr. Bacon. Since then he has led a life of quiet retirement and leisure. For the last year or more, it has been obvious that his physical powers were abating, though he retained his intellectual clearness, his memory, his judgment, and the use of all his faculties. Last spring he fell in the street, and was brought home, no more to walk out unaided. Professor Thacher said to him one day, 'I wish we could do more for your comfort.' 'I am very comfortable,' said the President, 'except that I cannot walk, and you cannot make me walk.' He received the calls of many of the graduates at the last Commencement. He kept up his attendance on the club. It was not until a week before his departure that there were indications of the approaching end. He was serene to the close. A vision of the heavenly world came to him in his closing hours. His two sons-in-law ministered to his comfort. The spark of life ceased glowing, and the good old Patriarch was gone.

Said one of his neighbors, 'I feel as as if a tree, under whose shade I have always sat, had all at once been taken taken away.'

Like Stiles and Dwight, his immediate predecessors, he died in vacation. [The College family were widely scattered, but they hurried back from distant places to pay the last tribute of respect to the lamented dead.] His associates of the Corporation, the Faculty, and the Club, and the next in rank of age among the graduates of the College, bore his body to the grave. He sleeps in the Old Cemetery, in New Haven, by the side of Clap, Daggett, Stiles, Dwight, Silliman and Kingsley. The marble bust, by Ives,

which stands in the College library, will faithfully transmit his features to posterity. He will always be honored in the annals of Yale—as *THE JUDICIOUS DAY*.”

Are Pledges Binding?

At first sight it is as natural to answer this question in the affirmative, as it is to admit that the Cosmothetic Idealist has a right to demand of the Natural Realist an explanation of the phenomena of consciousness, both being commonly taken as self-evident; but in the one case, as in the other, mature reflection may cause us to withdraw our easy assent. We see too often the evil results of forming hasty conclusions, as well as marriages, to allow us to slight a question of such importance as this. Rash judgments are still often followed, as in days of yore, by repentance involving the disagreeable and promiscuous adjuncts of sack-coats and hashes. A moderate scepticism is not only useful in preventing superstition, but absolutely essential to all progress. An opinion supported by the unanimous voice of mankind is sometimes found erroneous; but were there not sometimes men who dared to avow their disbelief of such opinions, we might wander in error till doomsday. The mere fact that an opinion is the prevailing one should never be allowed to discourage investigations as to the truth.

Was not the authority of Ptolemy and the Chaldees, the Loomises of those days, of the infallible church of Rome, of good society and the civilized world, all united in support of the idea that the sun moved round the earth; yet the contrary opinion is now just as firmly established. Did not Dr. Lardner prove in the most convincing and satisfactory manner that steamships could never cross the Atlantic, and find all agreed with him; but his reasoning has been refuted by facts. The Southern students formerly of this college were entirely confident that their departure (for political reasons) would result in the sudden and utter downfall of the institution; but it still exists, and in the face of their predictions flourishes provokingly. The earliest records of the world's history furnish a striking, an overwhelming proof of the little faith

that can be put in the commonly received belief. 'The oldest inhabitant, the weatherwise farmers, the professors most skilled in meteorological prognostications and scientific investigations, all united in the opinion that the appearance of the clouds did not warrant the belief that there would be much of a shower; all but one old man who claimed to have learned by a special herald that they might expect—about—this—time—much—rain. The superiority of ancient almanacs, as well as the folly of trusting to prevailing impressions, is shown by the fact that it did rain in a most diluvian manner, and kept on with a facile descent, and moist persistency utterly unparalleled in the annals of meteorology, till all the disbelievers in cold water got a dose of teetotalism which surpassed the effects of any modern prohibitory law, and which in the number of days it continued exceeded the limits of forty—tude. But the argument most essential in shaping the soul of the reader, must be, like the shoemaker's, the last, namely: what we have ocular demonstration of we must consider as best proved. Now sailors know that the moon is made of green cheese, because they have been to sea; but in spite of this direct proof of the senses, we find this public opinion, this general sentiment, this universal agreement or whatever you choose to call it, which has been taken as such a decisive standard, we find this directly contradicting the testimony of the senses by declaring that the substance of the moon is of an entirely different character. Can we put any reliance on a thing which has so often showed itself both fallible and contrary to the truth?

Whatever may be the theoretical belief in the inviolateness of pledges, we see how little it practically amounts to by a glance at the facts of the case. Do we not find governments at all periods of the world's history making pledges only to break them at the first opportunity? Do they not promise to pay sums which they never do pay? If the word of an individual is binding, ought we not to find the words of a government of multiplied sanctity? And when we do not, we are forced by the inexorable laws of logic to conclude that individual pledges cannot be binding. Is not the principle of mental reservations approved by the eminently guileless and simple-minded order of the Jesuits? What is more common than the failure of business men to keep their promises; and what is more common than for them to continue their business after their failure without the least stain on their reputation. Without doubt this notion of the sacredness of pledges is a relie

of the harsh and narrow dominion of the Puritans in our land, which answered very well for the bigoted and severe character of their darkened minds, but which must inevitably be crushed before the resistless progress of the age.

In proof of this tendency we need only to look at our own college. Here we see the *saloi sayadon*—the amplissimi magnanimitique—the élite—the crème de la crème—the top layer—the upper crust—the—well, you grasp the idea, the flower of the young men of this county; which being an agricultural county ought to bring forth an extra superfine brand. The ignorant outsider might suppose this representation to be a little highly colored; but the student of four years' experience can heartily testify how rarely he meets one here whom he could call a fool; how seldom one whom any could call a boor; how extremely infrequent it is to find one conceited, or selfish, or untruthful, or ungentlemanly; and how refined is the conversation, how consistent the Christian character, how firm the devotion to principle, and how faithful the friendships. Here we may expect to find principles examined, and if unworthy, rejected; nor are we disappointed in this case. Do they favor the idea that pledges are binding? Not they. With minds enlarged by liberal study, and trained to the consideration of great subjects, they repudiate this obsolete dogma. They, in their time, are to be the men who will shape public opinion, who will fill the offices of trust under our government, and we may confidently expect that they will show in their practice and disseminate by their example the idea that pledges have really very little power.

But as truth is often vilified and oppressed, so we naturally find some darkened minds which profess to be surprised or even shocked at this destruction of a long established principle. To such we may say that self-interest is often opposed to the keeping of a pledge previously given. It is useless and foolish to say that self-interest is a base motive, for it is unquestionably the ruling motive of mankind. Rules of morality ought to be framed to accord with the ruling principles of men, and when they are not, do not deserve the name of moral rules, and cannot be expected to be kept. It is folly to say that a man should be prevented from benefiting himself because of a mere word passed, perhaps hastily, a long time before. A bad promise is better broken than kept. Again, your opinions of what is right may change so that it would be wrong to keep a pledge previously given. Are you

to act wrongly to satisfy the requirements of an abstract theory? Is there such magic in fidelity to pledges that it sanctifies all sins committed in accordance with its terms, and damns all righteousness which does not comply with them? Is it not much more reasonable that a pledge should be kept only when it seems to you best, and broken when it does not? Certainly this is the only course to be adopted if there is to be any justice or fairness about the matter. To be sure those to whom you have pledged your word may complain of its violation. This may be expected, and indeed considering the weakness of human nature it would be strange if it were not so. But tell the aggrieved parties that you found on mature reflection that you were wrong in giving the pledge, and demand of them if you could be expected to do wrong for the sake of consistency; tell them that your best interests required the violation (call it not by such a harsh name) of your pledges; speak kindly but firmly, and if they foolishly grow angry, tell them you forgive them and leave them to the torments of their evil passions.

But do not suppose that you can do anything without caution and shrewdness. A mere blundering, brutal, out and out lie cannot of course be defended; being unprofitable to yourself and giving just ground of complaint to the other party. This idea is beautifully expressed by an old proverb—truth lies at the bottom of a well—showing that when veracity is forced to prevaricate it is only in the most secluded places, and cautious manner. Swearing, it has been well remarked by some eminent theologian, is the unnecessary use of profane language; so lying might be called unnecessary deception. Keep at least to the letter of your pledge; thus you will silence those who are so clamorous for adherence to a mere word, by adhering to nothing more. It shows genius to construct a pledge so as to bind the other party, while leaving yourself free.

But everything else will be useless, unless you are successful. You will be overwhelmed with approbrium if success is lacking. You must gain your end—this is what we are made for, our highest good as Hopkins' Moral Science tells us. And by the way it will be found most effectual in silencing a complainer, to read him a few pages of Hopkins, showing that the attainment of one's end is the highest good; if he is not entirely satisfied with three pages, and reduced to a state of abject humility, and bitter regret at ever broaching the subject, you will justly consider him

a contumacious reprobate, and drive from yourself with abuse, such a wretch.

Above all harden your heart against any weak feeling of pity for the apparent suffering of the one with whom you have broken faith. It may seem a little hard sometime that one who has spent time and labor in your behalf should be disappointed in the reward you may have promised him, but such a feeling is most easily conquered, in view of your own success, and at any rate this world is full of disappointments, and a little hard experience is very good for other people. Tell the aggrieved one that he has done right and that ought to be satisfaction enough for any one. My observations may have misled me, but I think that a cool and wary application of these principles must lead to success in college politics and honor in the college world.

Count Cavour.

THE political history of the nations of Southern Europe may be divided into three progressive stages; imperialism, revolution, and conservatism. Napoleon, Garibaldi, and Cavour, are representatives of these three periods. To each of these nations has there been given a Napoleon and Garibaldi, to France and Hungary alone a Cavour.

France had her Napoleon in Louis the Eighteenth, Robespierre was her Garibaldi, but there was no Cavour to organize revolution. Hungary had her Napoleon in Metternich, Kossuth was her Garibaldi, but Hungary waited twenty years before she found a Cavour in Baron Deak.

Italy for a hundred years tasted the bitter fruits of imperialism, vainly welcomed each new Garibaldi, with his golden promises, until the conservative Cavour completed the work which the revolutionist could only inaugurate.

This, then, is the political course of these fiery impetuous nations of Southern Europe to progress by *civil* revolution, by destroying existing institutions. The more phlegmatic nations of Northern Europe advance to a higher liberty, by an opposite course; they progress by *political* revolution; they revolutionize

within the government. The former is a radical, the latter a progressive revolution. The progress of Italy contrasted with the reactionary course of France, the practical freedom of Prussia contrasted with the political degradation of Spain, stamp the first line of policy as disastrous, the latter a success. Thus we see that the policy of Cavour was an anomaly; conservatism succeeding to and shaping revolution.

Let us briefly consider the early training of Cavour. Camillè Bense, Dr. Cavour, was born at Turin in the year 1810. The younger son of one of the most illustrious houses in Piedmont, he was educated for the army. At the age of nineteen he was deprived of his lieutenancy, and banished from the court, for the expression of liberal sentiments. Thus cut off from all hope of military preferment and political honors, he made the science of government a study. It is surprising that, disgraced as he had been by the government, and surrounded by revolutionists, he did not join the red republican party, then as now, under the leadership of Mazzani. But his early training and his noble birth allying him, as it did, to the leading families of Piedmont, and, above all, his practical common sense, restrained him; and from excitable revolutionary and degraded Italians he formed a conservative party, to revolutionize the public sentiment, not only of Piedmont, but of all Italy, truly an anomaly in Italian political history. In a letter to a friend, at this time, he makes this prophetic remark: "I have a great ambition, an enormous ambition; and when I shall become minister I hope to justify it; for in my dreams I see myself minister of the kingdom of Italy."

For twenty years Cavour labored to perfect his party. He studied agriculture theoretically and practically, and gave to Italy the benefit of his investigations; and ten years later he astonished princes and instructed peasants by his opinions on agricultural questions. By thus identifying himself with the interests of the masses, he gained their confidence.

But not content with merely this, he studied the principles upon which English liberty was founded, and became a hearty admirer of them. Henceforth it was his aim to give Italy a constitution embodying three great principles of English liberty,—freedom of thought, religious toleration, and restricted suffrage. The opportunity soon presented itself. The chivalrous Charles Albert interfered in behalf of Venetia and Lombardy, against the arrogant claims of Austria. The contest was short. Charles Albert fled

from the ill-fated field of Navarre, an exile, and in 1848 Victor Emanuel succeeded him as King of Piedmont. He at once called Cavour to the premiership,—and the dream of the boy of twenty first took form after twenty years of working and waiting. Let us briefly glance at the condition of Italy at that time.

At the extreme North, under the shelter of the guardian Alps, lay Piedmont, the home of Cavour. A little State, scarcely larger than Rhode Island, overshadowed by the despotisms of Austria and France, the people degraded and revolutionary, only the year before freed from the control of the Jussuists. This was Piedmont, the lever by which Cavour intended to move Italy.

Over the rest of Italy extended the dark shadow of intellectual and moral death. Law was respected only when administered at the point of the bayonet, and freedom of thought meant freedom to believe in the infallibility of the Roman Church. Moreover each State was jealous of the other, and their only ambition was to be greatest among the least.

Austria, bigoted, despotic, was the eye that never slumbered, ever prying into the secrets of the palace, and loved an espionage burning itself into the very soul of every suspected liberal. But worse than Austrian bigotry and the degradation of the masses, was the temporal power of the Church, withering and blasting with its leprous touch all attempts at civil improvement and social reform. These Italians, degraded, inconstant, mere children intellectually, united only by common language and tradition, Cavour resolved to make a unit, and to cement their union by a government based upon that of England.

Twenty years have passed away, and what is the result? The little State of Piedmont is now the Kingdom of United Italy, the freest government of Modern Europe, save only England. Her boundaries have been restored to the limits to which Cæsar assigned them. The circle of the five great powers of Europe has once more been enlarged, to receive the youthful nation of Italy. To Cavour, and to him alone, the impartial historian gives the credit of this wondrous change.

Thus far we have measured merely the result of Cavour's statesmanship; let us now consider the causes that led to these results. He was an eminently practical statesman. He found the Piedmontese revolutionary, degraded, destitute of national spirit. He desired to crush this revolutionary spirit, so he gave them something to do. He declared free trade with whoever would reciprocate.

cate. Agriculture and manufactories paid, and the people became suddenly industrious. Thus the Lilliputian government of Piedmont gave to the world her first practical lesson in this department of political economy.

He found the people destitute of national spirit, so he founded military schools; and in the wasting siege of Sevastapool, in the charge at the Alma, the Italian soldiery showed a heroism worthy of their royal ancestry.

But the people were sunk in ignorance; so he confiscated the immense property of the Romish Church for the benefit of public schools, and thus secured the results already gained.

But the people were still under the control of the Romish Church; so he declared freedom of thought in Church as well as State; thus he disarmed the Papal bull of its terrors, and scattered the superstition of ages.

Cavour was an opponent of civil revolution, save as a last resort. He believed, with Burke, that the constitution of a government must grow out of its wants, and that generations of trial were needed to develop those wants. Thirty years of study taught him that while the English government was a worthy model, extensive modifications of it were needed to meet the wants of Italy. He found that the suffrage must be much more restricted, and that temporarily at least, the thinking must be done for the people by the government. Civil revolutions he shunned, because they could not be controlled; they overshot the mark, so far as to be disastrous in their reaction. He always favored educating the masses to demand civil reforms, and for this reason:—civil revolutions are an index of popular passion, political revolution of popular reason. Demagogues can excite the former, statesmen alone the latter. He saw that civil revolutions were generally the result of idleness and ignorance; we have seen with what skill he acted in respect to them.

Cavour was preeminently a man of policy. Policy, in its true meaning, is made up of right and expediency; in other words, it is right, shaped and directed by expediency. A thing may be right, and yet not be expedient; it can never be expedient and not be right; and policy is the shaping of right by expediency. Cavour's test of right was the needs of the people; his test of expediency their capabilities. So he intrusted them with the privileges which they needed, and which were adapted to their capabilities. His policy made him a practical man; he aimed at what he could reach, and he attained it.

Just here, on this question of policy, lies the essential difference between the radical or revolutionary and the conservative statesman, between Garibaldi and Cavour. The former forgets that right is a relative term, that what would be right under one form of government would be stark madness under another; in other words, that expediency causes right to become a relative term.

The policy of Cavour made him a compromiser. Every statesman must be a compromiser; for statesmanship consists in the ability to choose between two evils, and this is compromise. The high ground of absolute perfection, which reformers take, makes them good reformers, but bad legislators.

When Napoleon demanded Savoy and Nice for his assistance in the Italian war of 1859, Cavour reluctantly consented, because he considered the whole of more consequence than the part; Italian unity than the interests of Savoy and Nice. But, you may say, he did evil that good might come. Not so, he chose the less of two evils. He chose the unity of Italy, even at the sacrifice of some of her parts, to national dismemberment.

When Garibaldi invaded Sicily, he interfered, preferring to put off the day of Italian unification rather than encourage lawlessness. The recent disaster at Monte Rotondo proves the correctness of his principles. In this action he chose the less of two evils, though all Italy blamed him for his action.

Cavour stands confessedly at the head of modern statesmen. He never sought to overshadow, but everywhere towered. He never could have framed a code Napoleon, neither would he; for he never would be cramped by rules. The policy of the conservative statesman, which was his policy, is as flexible as republicanism,—it is essentially republicanism. In diplomacy he was the master of the wily Palmerston and the shrewd Napoleon; and his civil policy was more thorough than England's noblest statesman, Sir Robert Peel. In action he was as bold as Prussia's master Bismark.

Thus briefly have we sketched the life and services of this wonderful man. The impartial historian has already assigned him a niche, which has never yet been filled, midway between the bold reformer and the cautious conservative, yet high above both. While the impressive Italians, ere age has had time to gild a single action of his with the halo of romance, worship him as Father Camilla, the creator of United Italy.

Howisarthur.

A FINISH(ED) EPIC.

YE who love a love-sick story,
 Love a story full of wooing,
 Love to hear of tender maidens,
 And of swains the maids caressing;
 Love to love the love that loveth,
 And to hear of hearts well riddled
 With the arrows of that numen
 Who obeys so well his mother;
 Love to hear of vows and kneelings,
 And affections sworn and plighted,
 Listen: give me your attention;
 Harken to my little story.
 Days are gone of which I'm telling,
 Long since hid in memory's bosom,
 And the hearts that once were beating,
 Cease to count the time of living;
 And the eyes that once responded
 To each thought, and looked affection,
 Have been closed by that dread monster
 Whose command will brook no naying.
 But the story is a true one,
 And I give it as a lesson
 To the ladies of New Haven,
 Warning them of College students.

'Twas in days of early autumn,—
 In the month of mild September,—
 That a young man left his parents
 And his old associations,
 To come eastward to New Haven,
 To the town of elms and students;
 To the State of wooden nutmegs,
 Where the shad-eaters assemble.
 'Tis not I will tell the story
 Of the tears at his departure,
 And the many loving counsels
 Given with his shirts and stockings,
 Nor the trials that he suffered
 By the dread examination,
 And his many Freshman terrors
 And the Sophomore Mathematics.
 His own letters have recorded
 All of these past any telling,
 And your own imaginations
 Must supply you with the items.

Came the balmy breath of summer
Stealing over bay and woodland,
And across the emerald meadows.
Soft it whispered to the elm trees,
And they soon put on their garments,
Waving thanks from every leaflet.
Then it wandered to the rose bud,
Which quick blushed a recognition,
And the daisy smiled to greet it,
Every hedge with blossoms laughing.
But of all its many bounties,
None to students was so welcome,
As the coming of the Spoon time,
Days of joy and nights of gladness.
As unto the rose its blush is,
So the Spoon is to the student;
Though he might exist without it,
Giving all his time to study,
'Tis the Spoon that gives a brighter
Tint and sparkling to his journey
Through the smooth paved aisles of Homer
And the rough clad streets of Puckle.
'Twas the night 'fore exhibition,
When, with every lad a lassie,
All assembled for devotion
To the god who first gave music,
Made to put men's feet in motion.
Glowed the lights around the ceiling,
Flashed the brighter lights beneath them
As the thoughts of Straus and Verdi
Found in Dodworth new expressions.
How the forms are intermingled
As together they cross over,
Swing the lady in the center,
Balance partners, change the ladies,
Till the final bow is given,
And to seats they lead the fair ones.
Then the silk to broadcloth nestles,
And the cheek grows bright with trying
To entrap some new devotion,
And record some fresher triumph.
Thus together in a corner
Sat, with young Miss Minniegewgaw,
Howisarthur, a Yale Junior.
They had often talked together.
Very well were they acquainted.
Oft he stepped in there to supper,
Bringing bon-bons bought at Hoadley's,
Paid for,—may be,—nothing certain.

Minniegewgaw had a sister,
Just a very little older,
But so very, very little,
As the sisters represented,
That though both were not twin-sisters,
Minnie was, her sister wasn't.
Thus we compromise a matter,
In the end of great importance.
Both were young and both were pretty,
Both sang well, their pa was wealthy,
Both looked sweet on Howisarthur.
Now it very often happens
That when ladies grow too loving,
Men themselves become conceited.
And indeed I think with reason;
For is not a woman's action
Apt to wield a young man's spirit;
Giving hope and expectation
Or else dooming to distraction?
So when on this happy evening,
Kettle drums were being beaten,
And the bugles touched so deftly,
Minniegewgaw too was beaten
By her tiny heart's pulsations,
And her sister was touched deeply
By the smile of Howisarthur.
Them he handed to their carriage,
As the sun to earth returning
Sent a ray himself announcing,
All the east with blushes reddening.
Howisarthur on his pillow
Soon was lost in well won slumber,
And the gentle Minniegewgaw
With her pretty little sister,
Was removed from cogitation.
E'en the prayer bell was unnoticed;
Prayer bell, calling too to breakfast.
And the marks were quick recorded
To his own dissatisfaction.
Soon the annual approaching
Left no time to Howisarthur,
To receive young ladies' coolings,
And the long vacation took him
Far from elms and from New Haven.
Now and then a petite missive
Pink and fragrant, stamped and lettered,
Told him he was not forgotten—
Not unthought of in New Haven.

Had I time I'd tell minutely
Of his meeting when returning,
Of his calls more and more frequent,
Of his walks to East and West Reek,
Of his rides to many places.
All of these with Minniegewgaw,
Or with Minniegewgaw's sister.
But the days were flying swiftly,
And our friend, young Howisarthur,
Found his own class day approaching.
Now it must not be imagined
That the students of Yale College
Who were known as Howis' classmates,
Did not question him most closely
Of his intimate relations
With the family of Minnie.
But the thing that most perplexed them,
Was to know whom Howisarthur
Looked upon with most devotion.
And it came to be reported
That to Utah he would journey,
There to marry the whole family—
Sisters, pa and ma included.
Class day came, and none were wiser
Of our hero's good intentions.
Howisarthur then was honored
By delivering the oration
Which bids farewell to New Haven,
And breaks up associations
That have grown with long acquaintance.
Loud applause had Howisarthur
When his parting words were finished
And the charming little maidens
Of whom we have just been speaking,
Looked great looks of love and pleasure
As he blushing descended
From the carpet-covered platform.
And they sent by Pete, the coachman,
A bouquet of blushing roses,
With a moss rose in the center.
With them, Howis, after dinner,
Took his seat beneath the elm trees,
Listening to the twice told stories,
To the jokes of many classmates.
But I can not linger longer
In a tame enumeration
Of these class day exhibitions;
'Nough to say that they passed quickly,

And the cooler shades of evening
Dropped their curtains o'er the city.

In their boudoir sat the sisters,
When the day had closed its eyelids---
Sat the sisters, meditating,
Minnie had put on her slippers
And her sister dear her wrapper,
And they now were thinking over
The transactions of the day time.

"Sister, dear," said Minniegewgaw,

"Are you glad the day is over?"

I for my part am so weary
I can scarcely raise my eyelids."

Said her sister, "Now 'tis over

I must say I'm rather sorry.

For I can but feel affected

By the parting tears of students,
Though to me the most are strangers."

"Did not Mr. Howiearthur,"

Said the tiny Minniegewgaw,

"Have a beautiful oration.

O, I think he is so handsome,

And so very, very graceful,

I quite wish he was my brother."

Then a while they both were quiet,

Each their tiny feet surveying,

Overwhelmed in meditation.

"Sister," spoke up Minniegewgaw,

"Is it right to have a secret

That we tell not one another?

I with such have long been burdened,

And I now will confess freely

If you'll never, never whisper."

Then her sister softly kissed her,

And said she too had a secret

Which her breast reproved her keeping,

And they each would tell the other.

Then the pretty Minniegewgaw,

Blushing very, very deeply,

Hid her face upon the bosom

Of her sympathizing sister,

And in tones of wondrous softness,

Whispered, lest the wind should hear it:

"I'm engaged to Howiearthur."

Then, O must, must I tell it?

Quick her sister dear responded,

"Minnie, Minnie, I am also."

I must tell you very briefly

How they sat and wept together ;
How they hated Howisarthur ;
How he came next day to dinner ;
How they met him with defiance,
Leaning on each other's shoulders ;
How he told them that he only
Wished to treat them both with justice,
And in no ways be impartial ;
And that therefore he had promised
Each of them to be her husband.
Could they think of fairer action ?
But he left without his dinner ;
Left the maidens without bowing,
For they turned their backs upon him.
Then he went and paid his Head's bill,
And squared up with Thill & Rockwell,
Bought a ticket for Chicago,
And was on his westward journey.
Years have passed, and out by Guilford,
Stands a cosy little cottage
White as snow, and green the blinds are ;
All the paths are neatly gravelled,
Hollyhocks among them growing—
Hollyhocks and bachelor's buttons.
On the step a cat is purring—
Cat with coat of glossy blackness,—
And a goat is browsing idly
At a corner of the garden.
In the house is Minniegewgaw
And the self-same little sister,
Who once loved our Howisarthur.
They are still the veriest maidens
That can anywhere be heard of.
For their young hearts were so wounded
That they never more grew tender
To the looks of any lover.
Here we'll leave them, neat and prosy,
With their locks a little whitened,
And their caps both frilled so neatly,
And their prim and tidy figures.
Howisarthur is a lawyer
In a distant western city,
And when evening shades are falling,
On the door step stands to meet him
Seven pretty little treasures
Who delight to call him father.

Ladies,
I will spin no lengthy moral ;

Let each maid apply the lesson.
If you're caught, I'm very sorry;
If you 'scape, accept my proffers
Of a name, congratulation,
With kind wishes for the future.

W. A. L.

A Scrap of His-story.

AFTER a hard day's fight, the Romans had gained the City of New Carthage, and the troops occupied the citadel, while their commander took up his quarters in the palace adjoining. Passing to and fro in front of this was a sentry, carrying his spear upright, while his short, thick sword dangled at his right side, in its scabbard of boar's hide. The streets of the city were in confusion; a long line of *impedimenta* were rolling over the rough street, while from the opposite direction were coming at full gallop a company of horsemen, their *pila* bristling forth in front, their brazen helmets glowing like coals in the rays of the rising moon, and their swords rattling against the leather thongs that bound their legs. At their head is a centurion, who rides up to the sentry, and showing the badge of his office,—a stick of bent grape-vine,—receives the salutation of the dutiful sentry. As the horsemen come to a halt, he beckons with his vine stick toward two men in the center of the *turma*. At the order the two soldiers come forward. One of them bears before him on his horse—though his arms support their full share of the burden—a captive. As they draw near, it might be seen that this captive was no ordinary prisoner of war; such as after every battle like this were parcelled off in squads for the Roman slave market. She sat upon the cloth housings, which served her conveyor for a saddle, leaning back against his left arm, which also held the bridle, while his right was clasped tightly about her waist. From the *ephippia* on which she sat, she could evidently suffer no pain; yet she was in tears. Her head was bent forward and supported in her hands, and the horseman was vainly trying with gentle tones to soothe the sobbing breast which he felt heaving against his own. Her appearance showed that she had not been without a part in the struggles of the day. Her loosened hair was almost sweeping the ground; a few links of a gold

chain still dangling at her side showed that the rapacity of a Roman hand had not spared an ornament so necessary as the clasp that had held together her robe, which was now flying open to the wind. She must have passed through a struggle, too, as shown by the fearful rents in her garment, which below was stained with blood marks from her feet. These in white relief against the brown charger, together with the shoulders exposed by the sad plight of her robes, declared too publicly the elegant figure of the forlorn captive. Her features, as it is dark, can be better seen in the apartment of the palace to which they are conducting her, following the footsteps of their captain. They enter the open door, pass through the hall with its inevitable pillars at the sides, and turning into a door at the right, come suddenly into the presence of the young pro-consul and a few officers just receiving the pass-word for the night from his lips. A number of smoky lamps were hanging from the ceiling, and at one side a portable candelabra, four or five feet high, gave forth a smoky flame.

The centurion saluted his general, while the soldiers and captive remained in the *atrium*.

"Well, Corvus, how has the day gone with the eighth legion?"

"Badly, sir; we are but a sorry remnant. Yet the men are highly elated at the success of the effort on the causeway, which gave the city to us. But I come hither, sent by the præfect, to deliver up to you this captive, who was taken in the endeavor to cross the lagoon, and make her escape from the city. She bore these letters on her person,"—handing him a small wooden tablet resembling the empty covers of a modern spelling book, tied around with a string, and sealed. Scipio takes the tablets, examines the seal, breaks the thread, and is about to read the marks on the waxed surface, when the captive enters between the two soldiers. He raises his eyes, and with one look lays aside the document, and involuntarily rises to his feet, with the homage which gentle natures always pay to female grace. As he stands looking at her for a second, it is a good opportunity to remark the persons who have now met.

One is a prisoner, and the other Rome's first general; and best, it might be added, for Scipio Africanus is one of the admirable characters of antiquity. The lamps are badly smoking; little light comes in through the small holes that serve as windows; but we can discover the features of both just at that critical moment which occurs every day in life, but never loses its significance; the moment just as we are looking for the first time into the face of a stranger, and making up a whole biography out of that glance. Two souls, each

with a great past history, each with a great future, each an emperor over that mighty world within, and each one a billionth of an emperor of that very small world without. The case becomes still more significant, when the eye not only discovers a fellow emperor or empress, but what makes it far more interesting, embarrassing and critical, a monarch whom nature has made not only to admire, but to love. This was the case with Scipio. He stands watching the lovely being before him. His long black hair comes down in straight masses to his neck. His eye is large and intensely bright. He has over his shoulders the purple cloak denoting his rank, below which the bottom of a white tunic is just seen. His large military shoes and his coat of mail, of plain leather and iron rings, lie beside him on a chair. His mind is evidently going through a whole volume in trying to fathom the history of the girl. She stands before him still weeping and cruelly exposed by the state of her garments. Modesty forbids her to look up, and her white hands are trying to hide the large black eyes which denote her Spanish descent.

"Ladonius sends her as a present to his general, and hopes she will please you." But the Præfect has wrongly estimated the character of the emperor from scandal which tells of his youthful intrigues at Rome, in days gone by; and the tear standing in the large blue eye, shows plainly that sympathy is never there blinded by passion. He has also now completed her biography, and decided correctly that she is no common courtesan. So he addresses her in the softest voice, "My maid, what complaint have you to make to me?"

The winning notes of the voice reveal at once to the distressed captive that she is in the presence of no brutal soldier, and Hope flees to the fountain head and shuts the flood-gate of her tears. Her hands drop from her face, and she falls to her knees, as if before a kind divinity. "Oh, Emperor, do not keep me. My lover, it is true, is your enemy; but let me go to him, and I will use all the love of a bride to make him a friend to Rome."

"But who is this lover? and what is the message thou hast brought here for him? Oh! to Indibilis, our Cæthiberian enemy, is it?"

"The Romans are in the city," (he reads, taking up again the tablets,) "but they are much exhausted in strength. If you can reach here to-morrow, they will be an easy prey. Strike on the east side, when the tide is low, and the walls are weak, and you will easily gain the citadel. The Carthaginians can reach the city in a fortnight, if you will hold the place, and then the Romans can be driven out of Spain. Vassia will bear this to Allucius, and he to thee. Haste!

"CINGEX."

"Thou wert acting as a spy, then; and my præter has captured thee and sent thee to me as a mistress. Thy beauty is indeed captivating; but come, fair princess, recover thy courage. Dromo! bring hither some wine! Never shall it be said that the soil which holds the blood of the Scipios, witnessed the disgrace of their name by me. No, to-morrow thou shalt go to thy betrothed; yes, and by Hercules, shalt bear him this letter thou hast. I will put my seal on it, and second Cingex's invitation. But, Dromo, send hither one of the female slaves, that she may serve this fair princess, and search the house for female apparel. Meanwhile do thou, Corvus, ride back to you Præter, and return him my thanks; but bid him have his ten turmae of horse here early in the morning, prepared for three days' march, and bid him find up a *rheda*, and see that it be well cushioned."

The sun had risen and set on the following day, and late in the evening Vaassia had reached her lover. Words flew like sparks of fire between them. How the capture had been effected; how she had nearly been lost to his love, through the baseness of a Roman soldier, and had escaped from him with the loss of the chain he had given her; and finally how she was carried before the most noble, kind, and handsome general that ever drew the sword. All this passed quickly between lips which spoke the electric language of love; and the night closed on a converted enemy of Rome. The Præfect, on his return, bore back to Scipio a letter.

"To the Proconsul at New Carthage:—

"Your kindness shall not remain unappreciated. I have conferred with Mandonius and Indibilis, and we both are now your friends. A few days will find us in your camp as allies, if you will receive us.

"ALLUCIUS."

They were received. Daily new accessions came to the army from the interior. With restless patience Scipio waited while his army was thus swelling in numbers. At length in the autumn of the year 206 B. C., he moved to the north. The Carthaginians, at his approach, retired as if to decoy him into a bad location. The young general, misapprehending the meaning of their movements, conceived his arms an object of terror to the enemy, and began to despair of a battle before winter. He set out for the sea coast accordingly, feeling secure that Laelius, whom he left in command, would not be disturbed in the formidable camp he had selected. Directly in front was a steep mountain, whose lofty summit afforded at once an impassable barrier to the enemy, and a place for lookout to his own scouts. Between this camp and the mountain flowed the deep and swift Bæ-

tis, and passing the face of the mountain turned abruptly to the left. It was behind the mountain and on the river-bank that the enemy lay in camp, apparently trusting wholly for defence to the barriers of nature. By these appearances the Proconsul had been deceived. He was returning from New Carthage leisurely, and had been overtaken by night at a small village about fifteen miles to the rear of his army. His tent of camel-hair cloth had been spread under a wide beech tree, and he had spent the night in security, though surrounded only by his body guard. He slept late into the morning before the decurion awakened him to partake of such a breakfast as the pack-mules could afford. An earthen bottle of wine, some dry bread, and apples, was the bill of fare. They sat down on a robe thrown on the grass, and first invoking the gods, by pouring a libation over the heads of the small silver figures of Mercury and Hercules, they fell at the meal with an appetite known only to the soldier who breakfasts in the open air. Hardly had they commenced when Scipio accidentally brushed across the table with his military cloak, and overturned the salt-cellar.

"Alas! my good Præfect, do you observe, I have repeated the omen. Some ill-fortune must be upon us. Let us mount as soon as possible!"

They arose and were just starting, when a man was seen riding with speed toward them across the plain. They hastened to learn the fate of the army. He brought no message, but was only the foremost of a crowd of fugitives who completely covered the plain. With difficulty he was stopped and related the ill news. Laelius had been surprised by the enemy issuing suddenly from a defile at the end of a mountain, and his army thrown into dismay before daylight. All was now lost; the army was in full flight; and the proconsul was told to flee for his own life.

"By Hercules! About with you, my men, or my sword shall show its point behind your back!"

The large blue eye was suddenly distended. The charger under him caught the impulse, and the rider's long black hair streamed back of him in the morning wind. He hurried into the mass of his own flying troops. Some had lost their shields. All had left behind them their spears. Many unhelmeted heads were bound with white linen stained by blood. But at the sight of their young commander, the flying mass turned about as if new men. They rolled back like an avalanche. The fifteen thousand paces were traversed by the hardy veterans of Latium and Campania as fast as the black charger

at their head could push his way toward the front. The Carthaginians were reposing after their victory, or rifling the captured camp. They grasped their arms and fought well for a moment; but the impetus of the mighty mass of throats, crying, "Salve Proconsul!" carried all before it. Everywhere except on the right, defeat was changed to victory. The whole train of Mago and Hasdrubal was captured. They themselves barely escaped to the Mediterranean and gave up Spain forever. But far to the right was a separate battle which had been going on since early morning. The cavalry of the legions had here been centered against a mass of horsemen who seemed separate from the army of Carthage. Their horses were white. They were mounted without bridle or saddle. They carried long slim javelins, with which they had made bloody work to day. Thrice they had been pushed back by double their number, and thrice returned to carry terror to the trained ranks of the Roman *turmæ*. Scipio watched these proud Africans, fighting after their allies had been routed. He gazed with an admiring eye for a moment at the mass of white manes; at the horsemen who rode alike on the horse or under his head, or beneath his body; at their youthful commander who always was at their head, and was now and then vaulting on a new horse as his own fell beneath him. At length he muttered, "Give me, Jupiter, that cavalry, and I will sacrifice to thee in Carthage next year." The vow was heard. Scipio rode away to hasten up the thirty *turmæ* of the eighth legion. The horsemen of the desert saw that another charge was hopeless, and when Scipio returned to look, only a white cloud could be seen, full half a league off.

He was just turning away when a tribune rode up to ask how to dispose of the prisoners.

"I will see them myself," said the Proconsul. He rode forward to the place where they were guarded. A square had been marked off on the ground, and within were twenty thousand Carthaginian prisoners. Their hands were bound by leather thongs, behind their backs. Some even had their feet tied together, though guarded on every side by sentries pacing to and fro, carrying drawn swords. Some of the captives were wounded, some were shrieking for assistance, some for water, while some, thinking of the horrors that awaited them, were even then seeking to end life by suicide. No messenger of mercy was among them with bandages and balm; no angel of love dictated to the Roman soldiers who thronged about them, leaning on their pila and mimicking to their companions the cries of the suffering prisoners, or calling aloud in taunts of exultation to the vanquished men, the

propriety of erecting a hospital or rendering any comforts to men whom they had been fighting all day. No surgeon was present to alleviate by art the suffering of a fallen enemy. Yes, Mars rubbed together his red hands, and smacked his lips, and in his husky voice whispered to himself, "Yes, yes, this *is* war; no half way work here; no mocking me by paroles, and flags of truce, and exchange of prisoners."

But the Emperor could not enter into the spirit of the scene. He justly forfeited the respect of the god by dropping a tear; and ordering the Quæsters to supply food; and finally by sending the prisoners all home together. The old war dogs who had fought a hundred battles and never spared an enemy, thought it an innovation, and turned away with frowning eyes and muttered, "It will never do."

But one majestic figure in the crowd caught the eye of the proconsul. His dress showed him to belong to that band of white horse cavalry who had so excited the admiration of the commander. He therefore was brought into the proconsular tent. The curtains were drawn tight. After two hours he came out, mounted a horse, and was conducted outside the lines by an officer. He bore a letter that finally gave Carthage to Rome. So another chapter must tell what the letter contained.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Memorabilia Yalenisa.

Elections.

On January 22d, the Class of '69 assembled in the President's lecture room and elected the following editors to conduct the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE for the ensuing year:—

LYMAN H. BAGG,	EDWARD T. COY,
HENRY V. FREEMAN,	HENRY W. RAYMOND,
EDWARD P. WILDER.	

At the same time and place, the following gentlemen were elected Spoon Committee:—

WILSON S. RUSSELL,	A. LARDNER BROWN,
FRANK B. DENTON,	JOHN T. ENO,
FREDERICK S. HAYDEN,	WILLIAM J. HINKLE,
ROBERT L. READ,	ELI WHITNEY,
ORIN M. WILLIAMS.	

R. W. Ayres, of '68, has been elected Valedictory Orator of Brothers in Unity
Mr. EDWARD F. HOPKE has been elected Valedictory Orator of Linonia.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The election of officers, in Brothers in Unity, took place Wednesday, Feb. 19th. The following are the officers elected:—

President, STEPHEN G. BAILEY, '68,
 Vice-President, S. A. DAVENPORT, '68,
 Secretary, W. SPERRY, '69,
 Vice-Secretary, H. S. HOTCHKISS, '70,
 Censor, GEO. EASTBURNE.

In Linonia, the election occurred Wednesday, February 12th. The following officers were chosen:—

President, W. A. MCKINNEY,
 Vice-President, FRANK MOORE,
 Secretary, W. A. COPP,
 Vice-Secretary, C. H. STRONG.
 Orator, for March 25th, H. W. RAYMOND.

Prize Debates.

The Linonia Senior Prize Debate took place on Friday evening, January 17th. There were eight speakers, and the prizes were awarded as follows:—

1st Prize, { C. B. Brewster,
 { John Lewis,
 2d " { W. A. McKinney,
 { G. H. Lewis,
 3d " E. W. Miller.

The Brothers in Unity Senior Debate took place on the evening of January 15th. There were 16 contestants, and the prizes were awarded as follows:—

1st Prize, S. A. Davenport,
 2d " { I. T. Beckwith,
 { Anson P. Tinker,
 3d " R. A. Hume.

The Linonia Junior Debate occurred on Saturday afternoon and evening, January 18th. There were thirteen speakers, and the following gentlemen took prizes:

1st Prize, { William A. Copp,
 { Edward P. Wilder,
 2d " { Edward V. Freeman,
 { Geo. S. Sedgewick,
 3d " Samuel A. Dana.

The Brothers Junior Debate took place on the same afternoon and evening, and prizes were awarded as follows :—

- | | | |
|------------|---|--------------------|
| 1st Prize, | { | Henry A. Beers, |
| | | Edward G. Coy, |
| 2d " | { | Henry C. Bannard, |
| | | H. T. Terry, |
| 3d " | { | Willard G. Sperry, |
| | | Henry H. Kerr. |

There were 14 contestants.

The Linonia Sophomore Debate took place January 16th. The prizes were awarded as follows :—

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|------------|---|---------------------|
| 1st Prize, | { | George L. Huntress, |
| | | John W. Andrews, |
| 2d " | | Henry B. Mason, |
| 3d " | | Charles McC. Reeve. |

The Brothers Sophomore Debate occurred the same evening. The following is the award :—

- | | |
|------------|---------------|
| 1st Prize, | W. E. Burton, |
| 2d " | E. S. Hume, |
| 3d " | R. Spaulding. |

The debates were well attended. We will simply say, in addition, that there is no exercise in the College so beneficial as these annual debates, and far distant be the time when they shall cease to be regarded with less of interest and pleasure than they are to-day.

Yale Navy.

Four meetings have been recently held by the members of the Navy, the result of which is the complete re-organization of our system of boating. The first meeting was held last term. At this time the proposition to change from College Clubs to Class Clubs, was brought forward, discussed, and referred to a committee, to report at next meeting. This was held January 29th; but the committee not having completed their investigations, an adjournment was made to February 5th. At this meeting, the committee, consisting of the Commodore, (Mr. Parry), Mr. Fowler; Mr. W. A. Copp, Mr. W. McClintock and Mr. A. Renick, reported unanimously in favor of the proposed change. They had made industrious search, and found that the old system, of having a boat club in each class, was superior to the modern system; that the number of boats entering the race was larger; and that more rivalry, and consequently more enthusiasm, was infused into the harbor races. The subject was not much discussed at this time, as all members of the Navy, having talked over the matter, had come into the meeting, favoring the change; consequently, a new Constitution was adopted unanimously.

The resolutions adopted, relative to the Worcester disturbances, are given below.

The fourth meeting was held February 14th, and was fully attended; the object being to disband the old Varuna and Glyuna Clubs, and to dispose of the boats, oars, etc. This was done as follows:—

The Glyuna shell and Glyuna gig were given the '68 Club.

The Varuna shell and Varuna gig were given to the '69 Club.

The remaining boats of the two old clubs were given to the '70 Club, and the oars to '69 Club.

The debts of the old Clubs (Varuna had none) were assessed equally on the classes receiving the most property, viz: '68 and '69.

This disposition seems eminently just, and settles a question that had become so perplexing as almost to prevent the desired change of system.

The fairness is seen from the following data:—

'68 has paid to the navy, - - - - -	\$718.35.*
'69 " " " " - - - - -	579.50.
'70 " " " " - - - - -	350.00.

'71 has paid a small amount, which was collected from a few members who joined the Glyuna, but less than the loss of the other classes in dissolving their connection with Varuna and Glyuna. The Senior class has promised to give its boats, unconditionally, to the Yale Navy, when they graduate, and it is hoped that this will become a custom, thus ensuring a yearly sum to the navy for liquidating the debt, which, at present, is about \$2,000—\$1,600 being the amount owing on the Boat House. It may be stated here, that \$500 are expected from the following sources:—

From various Alumni Associations, - - - - -	\$200.00.
From the projected Gymnastic Exhibition, - - - - -	100.00.
From the projected Beethoven Concert, - - - - -	200.00.

There will be one race next term, in Presentation week. In this ten crews will contend, and it is reasonable to expect that such an event will cause much boating enthusiasm in College. Under this excitement, Yale ought to bring the champion colors away from Worcester next summer. But, besides spirit and muscle, one thing is needful, namely, the sinews of war. The commodore expects from each class in College, toward this race, \$200. A very small amount, however, compared with some past assessments.

The following class organizations have been inaugurated:

- CLASS of '68.—Captain, CHAS. W. BINGHAM; Purser, CHA'S PAGE.
 CLASS of '69.—Captain, S. F. BUCKLE; Purser, C. H. SMITH.
 CLASS of '70.—Captain, W. H. LEE; Purser, W. C. GULLIVER.
 CLASS of '71.—Captain, T. G. PECK; Purser, H. WAKEMAN.

* Exclusive of \$229.00, paid for the Boat House.

The following are the resolutions above referred to:—

WHEREAS, The bad conduct of a number of students, and members of this college among them, on occasion of the annual College Union Regatta at Worcester, has contributed to the disrepute into which the Regatta seems to have fallen in some quarters; and is urged for its discontinuance by veto of the college authorities; and

WHEREAS, The disturbance caused by the misbehavior aforesaid, has been the work of comparatively a few vicious persons, and has for the most part taken place after the regatta was over, and after the great body of students attending, had departed, and

WHEREAS, We know that the general sentiment of this and the other colleges represented, is directly opposed to all such proceedings, and wholly condemn those engaged in them; therefore,

Resolved, That we deem it in the highest degree unfair, to fix the disgrace of the acts complained of, either upon the students as a whole, or upon the Regatta.

Resolved, That next to the rioters themselves, the blame of whatever disturbance and mischief they have caused, should justly rest upon the municipal authorities of the city of Worcester, for neglecting to adopt suitable measures for the preservation of order; and not upon the assembled students as a body, who, with few exceptions referred to, have borne themselves with propriety; nor upon the innocent (and, as we believe, useful) occasion of their meeting; nor upon the College Faculties for not interfering therewith.

Resolved, That the civil authorities, of whatever place at which the Regatta shall hereafter be held, be requested to provide for the occasion a police force competent to prevent such scenes of disorder as have heretofore been permitted at Worcester; and that it will discharge its duty without fear or favor.

Literary Notes.

Selections from the Kalevala. LEYPOLDT & HOLT, New York. For sale by Judd & White.

This little work has a peculiar interest to every lover of literature, aside from its historic character as being the national poem of Finland. It has, as a literary work, much intrinsic worth. Mr. Longfellow has immortalized its peculiar metre, by his own *Hiawatha*. In fact, he first caught the inspiration of his "Indian Epic," from this poem of the "*Kalevala*." The Finns have a peculiar Mythology, unlike that of any other known tribe or people; and *Kalevala* is marked by this national characteristic. It deals in mythical characters, who perform wonders in strength and battle, while distance is of no account in their wanderings. To Dr. Lönnrot belongs the honor of collecting the poems of Finland, and weaving them into a harmonious whole. He accomplished this important task by wandering through the country, stopping at the cabin and herab, and receiving it from the lips of old age and childhood. A German translation of this remarkable poem appeared in 1852. The late Professor John A. Porter, of our University, trans-

lated portions of it into English, and it has now, for the first time, been brought before the American public. Max Müller, in speaking of it, says: "From the mouths of the aged, an epic poem has been collected, equalling the *Illiad* in length and completeness. There breathes throughout, the spirit of the country which produced it. Little touches and short phrases open up to us long vistas of birch and forest, with glimpses of the roaring waterfall. We see the great heroes of Finland, and their figures are dimly drawn, but we are awed by their mighty presence." Müller also states that the "*Kalivala*" possesses merits not dissimilar from those of the *Illiad*, and will claim its place as the fifth national Epic of the world. The hero of the poem is out upon the ocean, but finally seeks the "treeless land." As an example of the "*Kalivala*," we quote a few lines. Youkansinet wishes to be a rival of this mighty Wainurnainen. His parents urge him to desist:—

" 'Nay, replies the fearful mother,
Go not hence to *Kalivala*;
'Nay,' the father answers, 'go not
There to strive with Wainurnainen;
He will drive you forth in anger,
Turn to ice your supple ankles,
Blast with cold your cunning fingers,
Sink you in the smothering snow-drift.'
Then made answer Youkainen :
'Good, indeed, a father's judgment;
Better still advice maternal,
Best of all ones' own decision;
Go I will, and, once before him,
Call him out to wordy battle.' "

It is a poem worthy of the students' perusal, instructive, and full of pleasing legends. The translator has performed an important task, and the publishers, no less than Professor Porter, deserve the thanks of the public for enriching our literature with this beautiful work.

RED CROSS; OR YOUNG AMERICA IN ENGLAND AND WALES. By OLIVER OPTIC. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1868.

One of Oliver Optic's most instructive and interesting works. It will give more instruction than all the other histories for the young ever written. Messrs. Lee & Shepard, excel all other publishers of Juvenile Works in the merit of the works themselves, and in the beauty of their binding.

CONDENSED FRENCH INSTRUCTION, consisting of Grammar and Exercises. By C. J. DEWILLER, N. Y. Leypoldt & Holt.

HISTOIRE D'UNE BOUCHÉE DE PARIS: L'HOMME. Par JEON MOUL. With French and English Vocabulary and list of Idiomatic Expressions. Leypoldt & Holt, 1868.

All French students will find these works of real value. The former contains a grammar so "condensed," that it may be referred to with the greatest facility. The second work, original in plan both of story and publication, must be very

acceptable to the many who are profiting by Prof. Coe's instruction. The French is not *very* easy, but with the accompanying lexicon and idioms, will be easily read. Messrs. L. & H., are publishing works from the pens of the best French, German and Spanish authors, in such styles as will give them precedence over all other editions.

LESSING'S NATHAN H. WISE. Illustrated from the German. By MISS FROTHINGHAM. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

We think we are right in saying that two-thirds of the students of Yale College will be at a loss to know who *Lessing* is, or to what nation he belonged. While Goethe and Schiller are household works, Lessing has been known only to the Germans and German scholars, and we think the publisher of this work deserves the thanks of every lover of pure literature, for presenting it in so perfect and attractive a form. The "Sketch of Lessing," which precedes the Poem, tells us all that we need to know of the author. Born in 1729, he studied at Leipsic and Wittenburg, and afterwards took up his residence at Berlin. Here he devoted his time to literature, showing by his earliest writings the originality which stamp all his productions. He indulged freely in religious ideas of his own, and fearlessly cutting loose from all opinions of other writers, and declaring that "the Christian religion is not a thing to be received on trust from ones parents." Like so many other authors he was always in debt, and once sold his library to meet his pressing wants. We shall reserve our criticism of the poem itself for a future day. It is not a work to read hurriedly or thoughtlessly. The characters are all alive. They make themselves by their words, and are to be understood only through a close acquaintance. The translation has been made with the greatest care, and as has been truly said, reads like an English Poem while preserving the thought of the original.

Cleanings from Yale Literature.

This work, which has already been brought before the notice of College, still requires a further support before it can go into the hands of the publishers. We know that many hesitate to subscribe for a work of which they know so little; but we also know that when such writers *IK MARVEL*, Prof. *JOHN PORTER*, *FINCH* of '49, and Senator *FERRY* are contributors, contributors too not as men of reputation, but as students like ourselves, the book must make for itself an interest. Two hundred more subscribers must be obtained before the work can appear. While the two upper classes have subscribed almost to a man, the classes of '70 and '71, give very little support. They surely are awake to College interests in other matters, and we hope they will still do their part in this. The work, with five hundred subscribers will surely pay expenses, with a less number will be a loss to the compilers.

Amusements.

Dr. *Stoeckel's* Philharmonic Concert took place at Music Hall on the eve of Feb. 4th. The audience (a thing to be regretted) was not large. The selections were of the highest order, and the singing, by Miss Brainerd, was unexceptionable. It is a curious fact, that fine music is not generally appreciated in New Haven.

The Institute, under the management of Mr. Edwin Marble, affords a whole list of Concerts, Operas, Lectures, etc., to the people and students of New Haven. These entertainments, (thanks to its manager,) are of the highest order of merit. We trust that every student will patronize them. In doing so, you aid a worthy cause, and are more than repaid by the Concert or the Lecture itself.

Under the auspices of the Institute, we have had, this winter, the "Boston Quintette Club," Camilla Urso, Maretzek's opera troupe, (Il Trovatore,) and other musical entertainments. While Gough has told us how to be elegant, in his peculiar and taking way.

Wendel Phillips, too, has been here, and in a most eloquent lecture, paid a fitting tribute to O'Connell, the great Irish agitator. Others, also, have spoken before the Institute.

We trust that Mr. Marble has been repaid for his trouble in bringing to this city these artists and eloquent men. If large and appreciative audiences can do it, he certainly has not labored in vain.

Exchanges.

We have received THE NATION, ATLANTIC MONTHLY, LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, UNIVERSITY CHRONICLE, BOYS AND GIRLS ADVOCATE, WILLIAMS QUART., DARTMOUTH COLLEGE COURIER, MIAMI STUDENT, WESTERN COLLEGIAN, THE UNION COLLEGE MAGAZINE, THE MICH. UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, HAMILTON LIT. MONTHLY, THE VIRGINIA UNIV. MAG., THE COLLEGE ECHO, (Cal.) THE COLLEGIAN, (Granville, O.), THE ASBURY REVIEW, THE BELLOIT COLLEGE (Wis.) MONTHLY.

Several of these are new. The "Echo," comes away from Oakland, Cal., and is worthy of success, from its residence, if on no other account. The College Courier seems to be a new name for the College Clipper. The Virginia Univ. Mag. is very well edited, neat in appearance, and slightly doctrinal in tone. It is our only southern exchange, and we wish it entire success. The Union College Mag., is revived with the present number. Its greatest merit is, the shortness of its articles, which, with one exception, are of too pointless a character to meet with general approbation. Smokers should read Parton in the Atlantic. No tobacco shops have closed, *as yet*.

Infantile Sports.

The College buildings were found, on a recent morning, with large letters and figures painted on them. Even the doors of the Chapel were not spared, and the eyes of the early worshipers were greeted by these marks of infant hands. Some of the characters give signs of remaining to bring a blush to the face of the perpetrators, when they come to years of discretion.

The Open Societies.

The debates in the open Societies have assumed a new spirit this term. The meetings of Linonia, especially, have been full of literary interest.

Several articles received, lie over till next month.

Our Advertisers.

We call attention to the advertisements in this number, as being interesting reading.

Among these, the Park House presents an opportunity for those who sleep over prayers Sunday mornings, to obtain a breakfast.

A class of students, who desire to obtain clothing at a reasonable cost, will notice the card of Mr. Sherman Smith.

Mr. Downs presents good opportunities.

Messrs. Crofut & Thomas have hats and Mr. Wienheimer has shirts

Read all the lists,—they will be found useful.

Editor's Table.

ONCE more we look across the glossy surface of the *table* at you, kind readers. A week ago we should have been here; but the luxury of idleness is sweet. Procrastination is the thief of time, and along with the College clock we have lost several days. Besides, T. Fugit, Esq., the cause of our delay, has left for parts unknown. He carried away with him several articles, among which were two good seats in K, for the loss of which the Dickens is to pay. He carried with him a port-manteau traveling bag which is thought to contain the following articles found missing among students:

1. Money.
2. Tick.
3. Valid excuses.

It is hoped his speedy capture will restore the property to those who esteem its value highest.

Metaphysics.

THE following remarkable case was telegraphed from Europe.

A boy was born blind. He lived till seventy years old, when he obtained a glass eye with a woolen eye-ball which opened to him his sight. He immediately grasped a large iron dog in his teeth and avowed his belief that it was a cat. He gazed steadfastly for ten minutes at a brick wall in the confident delusion that he was looking through a glass window at a snow-storm. He fell into a deep well and stuck fast in the mud until rescued from peril by a cosmothetic idealist, from whom he at once demanded an explanation of terms. He inquired of his father what was the use of chewing tobacco. He looked at the sun steadily for an hour fancying he saw a green spot on its surface. He killed a small boy dead, in his

simple endeavor after knowledge. He at last died by cutting his throat with a razor to see what was in it.

This remarkable case has been an object of much speculation to the philosophers. Among the conclusions which the learned D. Fule drew from it are the following, viz.: That Reid and Stewart, as well as Hume and Kant, are entirely mistaken.

Are in fact as much mistaken as if they had lost their senses.

That by no possibility can the Leopard change his spots.

Astronomy.

Professor Chickenfixen has discovered a new mode of calculating eclipses. His method is by the simple stove tongs. This instrument is susceptible of great accuracy. One leg of the tongs is sighted on the sun and one on the moon. By walking quite fast round and round the world to the east, the observer remains in one spot and is thus enabled to take accurate observations. When the two legs approach proximity he can calculate the remaining time the planet will require to become obscured, and act accordingly. If his wife has any questions to ask about it, she had better be told to keep them till night and then ask them altogether.

Prize Debate.

QUESTION: Is ovipulation a valid claim to parentage of pulline progeny?

Judges,—Peter Smith, A. B.; Samuel Slicksom, member of Connecticut Legislature; Dormouse Walrus, Esq.

The president called to order at 6, A. M. He stated that the debate would begin as soon as Mr. Dormouse Walrus arrived, and meantime requested that the eating of peanuts cease. After waiting till 9 A. M., a committee of sixteen was appointed to wait on Mr. W. They returned in half an hour, reporting that Mr. W. was found in bed, and would come as soon as he had breakfasted. At 10 1-2 A. M., much to the satisfaction of a large and enthusiastic audience, all the judges being present, the president arose, and in well measured cadences addressed the judges:

"GENTLEMEN: In the debate over which we have given you the honor to preside, there are twenty-seven contestants. There are three prizes of three, two, and one dollars each. Every one of these may each be divided into two parts each, if desirable. You will decide on, first, Eloquence; second, Rhetoric; third, Grace or beauty of person or dress. The audience will please refrain from applause during speaking, and now the doot will be locked while we listen to Mr. Primrose, of Paris city."

Mr. P. advanced, and like Paul, beckoning with his hand, opened the debate on the negative. His argument was historical. He believed the first bird mentioned in history was the bird sent out of the ark after olive leaves. But in this case the parent could not be regarded as the ovulator. Noah probably took eggs with him into the ark, as it was warm weather and they would be needed in mixed drinks. About forty days had now elapsed. Allowing twenty-one days to incubation, there remained nineteen days for this pigeon to attain the age of plumeosity—if he might be allowed the expression. Mr. Pigeontamer's opinion was quoted that this would be old enough to fly. Now (here the speaker became

eloquent, and the audience impulsively felt that his triumph was complete),—now Mr. President and gentlemen, I appeal to you, if this fowl of Noah's, which had not where to rest the sole of her foot, must endure from the whole poultry-yard insulting inquiries as to her extraction, and not be able to defend her lineage, simply because of the absurd theory held by the negative.

Another instance in history, was that of the goose which cackled on the Capitoline. He appealed to the consciousness of the judges, if that goose could be insulted by the charge of obscure birth while it could yet point to the aged breast under whose warmth it first opened its peepers and peeped in reply its infant pip. He appealed to the shade of Marcus Curius,—to the fitting shadows of Roman heroes yet unferried over Styx, if such a charge should be borne by the fowl that saved Rome.

During the first speech, the judges gave creditable attention. Mr. Slicksom was heard to ask the president when the society had ordered dinner for the committee. And Mr. Dormouse Walrus reopened his eyes to the next speaker, after a few moments of seemingly absorbing contemplation.

The President announced Mr. Stunner, of Swelltown. Mr. S. spoke on the negative. He first took up the points of his predecessors. He thought he detected a fallacy in the argument. If the historical argument was true, the Bible must be false. He could not reconcile the gentleman's theory of Noah's fowl with the statement that "they went into the ark every bird of every sort after his kind." What does "after his kind" mean, gentlemen? What does *after* mean? Why it means, following. "After his kind" means following his "kind," that is, the female pigeon walked ahead and the male followed. What more natural, or more according to etiquette. Imagine the great ark drawn up alongside the dock, and the narrow gang-plank thrown out. Mr. Pigeon accompanies his "kind" to the entrance. Mrs. P., gathering up her robes and displaying a small overshoe, of course, precedes Mr. P. Now to say that the pigeon was hatched after entering the ark, was a manifest contradiction. His opponent might as well tell us that the moon is made of green cheese, when the first chapter of Sacred Writ informs us that that planet was made one day later than the very cows. Mr. Stunner also considered that story about the Roman goose only a historical metaphor. We know how given the ancients were to figurative language. They spoke of the god Pan when nature was meant, for no other reason than that they considered it a base sin if they called it otherwise. They spoke in serious tone of Ceres when they saw nothing. Now Mr. S. considered any man who believed in such a real animal as a goose having cackled on the Capitoline, as himself a goose. He wondered the speaker had not declaimed standing on one foot. Mr. S. closed with the following eloquent peroration: "While the orbs of flying spheres speed through immensity to ceaseless harmony enchain'd, rolling their glad peans of endless joy, over the unborn area of space illimitable, and while the vast cerulean blue of mighty infinity longs for finiteness—(we know not how long)—while eternal and immutable Truth hurls its swift arrows of burning verity against the citadel of Error—so long shall humanity unite in one shout of oration in favor of the superior parental prerogative of incubation over oviculation."

Immense applause ensued. Mr. Walrus suddenly ceasing from the loud respiration that had given proof of his intense absorption in the debate, reopened his eyes as the speaker entered on the peroration, and recovering his paper which had blown off on the floor, marked down Mr. Stunner for the first prize.

The next speaker announced was Mr. Longwind Dedcus, of Mount Aramones. His argument was somewhat abstract, but very convincing. He began by taking the abnormal condition of oviferous bipedal creation. In its abnormal condition it was segregative. In growing years a perceptible need of affiliation would be felt. If Barkiss was willing, affiliation would ensue eutitatively, if not forcibly. In either case all must accord with Gunther. The disengenuous mind of foel inclined to habits of scratching dirt. It had not originally the fiery passion which wasted,—in a state of development,—valuable time in brooding over the nest on eggs of germless chalk.

Mr. D. held the yawning mouths of the breathless audience to ceaseless attention for seventy-six minutes and four seconds. [Here is an immense hiatus in the MSS. of our reporter.]

The Board of '68 yield up the archives of the LIT. to the next Board, after two more numbers. They ask a speedy payment of subscriptions, or else they will be far behindhand at time of settlement.

VOL. XXXIII.

NO. V.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Donn' nous grâce mesdames, d'offrir l'academique YALANES-
Coutume SOUTHERN, machine J'ATTEND."

MARCH, 1868.

NEW HAVEN:

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MDCCLXVIII.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII.

MARCH, 1868.

No. 5.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '68.

RUSS. W. AYRES,

JOHN LEWIS,

WILLIAM A. LINN,

WILLIAM A. MCKINNEY,

ANSON PHELPS TINKER.

De Vita.

Man in active life sustains a variety of obligations. He is everywhere a man, and, as a man, independent of his relations to others, he has duties to perform, and a destiny to accomplish. He is a laborer in some business or profession which is the means of his livelihood, and the principal avenue of his influence on the world. He is a member of society, bound by the humane and Christian law of love to promote its interests. He is a constituent part of the government, and here, in a free country, subject to the constant and important responsibilities of citizenship. Thus, any fair estimate of life reveals a wide range of duties, diverse but not conflicting.

First of all, consider man's duty to himself. You may separate him from the world, but you cannot separate him from personal obligations. We recognize it as a first truth, that man is bound to make the most of himself, bound to develop an upright, noble character, which he dare submit to the criticisms of the world, and to the judgment of God. The sure foundation of such a character is Christianity. All other virtues are included in it, and imparted or intensified by it. The indifference manifested, with reference to this subject, on the part of so many, and especially the indifference of those who profess to admit its truth, and to be only waiting a convenient opportunity for adopting it, is a strange and sad exhibition of human character. Whatever may be said in palliation of others, those who have had the discipline and ad-

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vantages of a college life, can find no excuse for such unreasonable conduct. It is an outrage to their humanity. Every dictate of reason and conscience, every impulse of the heart and of common sense, call upon us to give the matter a candid examination, and to believe it or reject it on satisfactory and intelligent grounds. Christianity affords the only reasonable solution of life. It is the only religion that ever has satisfied man's longing for the supernatural. It is the only system of belief in which the soul finds peace. No better testimony can be found in its favor than the lives and works of those very men who attack its truth, and seek its overthrow. They return again and again to the examination, seeking new arguments and advancing new theories, as if goaded by some relentless fury of the conscience, or troubled by some condemning instinct of error, that will not be silenced. The soul refuses to be comforted. The implanted yearnings for God rise up in perpetual conflict with an erroneous judgment. And very often, those who have been the most able and violent opponents of the Christian faith, have come at last to acknowledge the emptiness of their belief and their theories, and to follow the divine promptings of their nature guiding them to the supernatural religion of God. All this is just what we should expect if Christianity is true. It is just what we should not expect if it is false. In the latter case, these strange phenomena would be an inexplicable contradiction of our nature. In the former they would be a powerful confirmation of the supernatural origin of our religion. This craving of our nature, this warning of the conscience, this restlessness of the spirit, is the voice of the soul crying unto God for the very revelation Christianity professes to bring. Again, read those books which attack Christianity, enthrone reason, and reduce everything to an endless succession of cause and effect. I appeal to everyone, if he does not always feel reduced in tone. The sense of responsibility is deadened. Lofty purposes of labor and love are swept away. Something dear and cherished seems to have been torn from the heart. A feeling of disorder, of confusion, of chaos, overwhelms the mind in which all manly purpose, all the sublimity of faith, all the depth and beauty of love, all, in fact, that is best and highest in humanity, seem lost forever. A terrible sense of depression fills the soul like that which the wanderer feels, who, having vainly threaded the trackless forest, sinks down, at last, faint, hungry, helpless, shelterless, feeling that nothing more is left but to lay himself on the earth

and die. We find further confirmations, on a grander scale, in the lives of nations themselves. We may admire the Chaldean for his Astrology, the Grecian for his Art, the Roman for his Law and Conquest, the Mussulman for his intense devotion; but we must admit that, as nations, they were destitute of any high morality, of any adequate conception of the nobility and worth of man, of those principles of self-sacrifice and philanthropy, which are so characteristic of modern times. It is the Christian, only, who exhibits the highest and purest manhood; for he only walks with God, and shapes his character on the type of infinite perfection. This class of arguments is negative, but significant and suggestive. Skepticism and infidelity are made not only to furnish their own refutation, but to vindicate, in a striking manner, the supreme merits of the Gospel.

The Christian religion opens a new world to the soul, higher and deeper, and broader than the old. It establishes life on a new basis with new hopes and new aims. It purifies, elevates and enriches the character. It unites independence with humility, self-reliance with faith. It turns the whole current of one's being from the sensual and perishable to the spiritual and eternal. And it is practically and economically of the highest value. Whatever be a man's purposes in life, provided they are commendable, he can more readily obtain success in them as a Christian than as a skeptic. First, because Christianity brings peace to the mind. It satisfies the soul by supplementing all its desires and aspirations. The great source of discontent and unhappiness, and of a restless, morbid spirit, is removed. There is a calm, serene joy, and a sublime confidence of faith, most favorable to the successful employment of the faculties. Second, because it intensifies the energy, and impels to action. No man can be a Christian without being active. Christ did not found a passive religion. He rebuked idleness and sloth without mercy. By his example and by his teachings, he enjoined his followers to constant labor. Thus, leaving out of view entirely the matter of salvation, and considering only the development of a manly character, and the attainment of success in one's vocation, the Christian plan is shown to be the best. Christianity does not forbid a single legitimate aim, nor deny to man one real pleasure. On the contrary, it heightens every pleasure, and introduces a thousand others, we thought not of before. Pleasure is a term that has suffered a most unfortunate and fatal perversion. If, to the sensual indulgences, could be ap-

plied those dark and terrible names which characterize and belong to them, thousands, who now snatch the golden bait that glitters invitingly about them in the name, would recoil from them in horror. Whoever shall rescue the word from its unlawful applications, and cause things to be called by their right names, will thereby confer an incalculable blessing on humanity.

In the second place, consider man in his vocation. A few general remarks must suffice. The subject has been ably treated in a preceding Lit. It is there shown that earnestness, industry and integrity are elements without which success is hopeless. It is, also, important to make an immediate choice, and begin the great work of life at once. Time spent in temporary employments, or in entertaining the whims of a vacillating pupose, is essentially lost. It is better in the end to commence the main work directly, although there may be doubts and embarassments. The prospect may seem dark, and the way difficult, but the darkness will necessitate greater accuteness and vigilance, while the difficulty will nerve to greater effort, and lead to a nobler discipline. There is truth in the old adage: "Nothing venture, nothing have." For the venture itself calls forth a more earnest endeavor. Again, there should be willingness to work and willingness to wait. Undue haste is a characteristic fault of the age. Men would attain opulence or fame at a single stride. They forget that great men rise slowly, except on rare occasions, and that a substantial success, like other things of this world, is of gradual development. It is furthermore a duty to choose the highest and broadest field of action. No man has a right to be content with a second or third rate position, when the first is within his grasp. Undoubtedly he may do great good by confining himself to a limited sphere. But there are men enough, of moderate capacity, to take up the limited fields, while those, who are truly superior, are few in number, and should be true to the responsibility God has imposed upon them.

As a member of society, man's duties are various and important. But there is a responsibility resting on those who are educated and influential. It cannot be denied but there are many evils in American society. It may be impossible to remove them. It certainly is impossible to remove them without effort. The foundation of our society is selfishness. It is sought for relaxation and amusement. We have regard mostly to what we may

abstract from social intercourse, not to what we may confer. There is, also, a tendency to frivolity, to unnecessary and useless frivolity. But worse than these evils is that of too rigid a formality. The severe rules of etiquette obstruct rather than facilitate the genial interchange of sympathy, and wit and thought. Grades of society are formed on false bases, grades which affect greater superiority the more shallow their claims. Their members tend to become narrow, aristocratic and prejudicial. In consequence of these formalities and false principles, there is not that improvement derived from social intercourse that might be, and ought to be. Men and women are prevented from being true to themselves. The noblest and most cultivated often appear at a disadvantage among those far inferior in all substantial attainments. Could there be society, based on merit, in which men moved to impart and receive solid pleasure and improvement, in which no formalities chilled and perplexed, in which the real feeling and sympathies of the heart were not hid under a cold, forbidding cloak, we might witness again days like those of Johnson and Hannah More. Here is a worthy and desirable object to labor for, and those who are annually graduating from our colleges, may, if they will, contribute powerfully to this end. Let social intercourse be more unrestrained, more natural. Let the heart speak directly its own warm and encouraging language. Let society be more serious, more elevating, more instructive. Let there spring up numerous circles of talent, wit and love, that shall recall those so celebrated in English story.

Lastly, consider man as a citizen. It is a critical period of our history. If we survive this trial we are safe. Of the justness and of the necessity of an unselfish patriotism, I will say nothing. In this respect, no candid man will have doubts. His reason cannot fail to apprehend the obligation of a prompt and cheerful obedience to the duties of a citizen. To these duties, there should be given no narrow construction. They consist not only in the faithful discharge of the franchise, but also in the contribution of voluntary and substantial aid to the progress and welfare of the people. Without specifying particular means or measures, there are certain general objects worthy of consideration. First, I mention the diffusion of Christianity. Christianity elevates and refines, fosters virtue and integrity, engenders higher aims and truer ideas of life, teaches a man to become his own master, and aids him in the conflict, creates healthy morals, and a reliable con-

science. Thus, it tends to introduce intelligence and dignity, principles of honor, of order, of obedience, feelings of brotherhood and philanthropy. And thus it favors the progress and security of our institutions and of our liberties. Second, I mention the improved education of the people, which the combined motives of humanity and patriotism urge upon us. It is by increasing the intelligence and thoughtfulness of the people that we may save them from becoming the tools of demagogues, and the slaves of passion and prejudice. This is a matter of peculiar significance, when millions are suddenly thrown on the government, degraded by ages of servitude, and when we are absorbing a constant stream of ignorant and bigoted emigrants. But even among our rural population the scope of cultivation is exceedingly limited. We may have the most intelligent yeomanry in the world; but they are far from being what they might be. We ought not to be satisfied with their present condition. There are thousands to whom life is a dull and dreary monotony of toil and business, and whose minds do not rise above the discussion of the cattle and grains of their farms, and the politics of the daily papers. I know they are men of sense and honor—men with warm and noble hearts, earnest in their friendship, incorruptible in their patriotism, conscientious in their religion, doing their duty, as they know it to their neighbor and their God. But they might be more than this, and still be just as good and just as faithful farmers. There is a world of beauty and of thought into which they have not been ushered. By leading them to this higher and richer life, how much might be done for them and for the country? Facility and cheapness of communication between the different sections, by means of which the minds of men are liberalized, and sectionalism and all its attendant dangers counteracted, and the employment of our best and ablest men in public offices, are measures which commend themselves, and on which I cannot dwell.

This is no attempt to exhaust the duties of life. I have simply endeavored to indicate that life is a serious and grand affair, and that its duties reach beyond any vocation, to society, to our country and to God.

J. L.

SALOME.

A sword upon a cross,
A tale of noble loss,
And life's endeavor ended in its prime;
The outgo of a soul,
That gave its central whole
To be a part of all that Freedom leaves to Time.

And why not rather thus,
To offer what of us
Is noblest, and receive immortal youth:
For death was sought to him
Who passed beyond the dim
Uncertainties of life, to God's eternal truth.

Still from the grandest pains
This sad result remains,
That somehow one on earth must bear the throes;
Mysterious legacy
To our humanity,
That love is purified by suffering and woe.

What counts the scattered sheaf
Of sorrow's blest relief,
By which the sharpest marks of pain are blurred;
Sweet tears that overlie
The chords of sympathy,
And ripple to the brim where'er those chords are stirred.

Upon a lonely mound
Beneath the cross, I found
A woman weeping where the shadow fell;
Thy sorrow conquers love,
Looks downward, not above,
And hides in self the faith that answers,—“It is well.”

“What matters, love,” she said,
“Since now my heart is dead,
And life is only lingering to the end;
In darken'd ways I wait,
(May He not come too late,)
Till, by the sweetest, saddest angel, rest He send.”

Wilt thou then feebly shrink,
When standing on the brink
Of a diviner life—give up thy crown!
Thus timid sorrow lends
Itself to cheat the ends
By God designed to lift our souls, to earth chained down.

O, widow'd heart look up!
And drink the bitter cup
A-glow with light reflected from His face!
To live is braver far
Than death—then trust thy star!
The grave unsought, unfeared—a hero's resting-place.

The past has no recall,
An echo, if at all;
What is and shall be, wait their own remove:
Why longer pause and fret
That God thy life has met,
And turned its ceaseless play into a harsher groove.

For time, if not thy soul,
Will bring the certain dole
Of grief, and satisfy the large demand;
Though sorrow yearns for rest,
The first is not the best:
Await His time;—He comprehends the life He planned.

The aimless round of joy,
And bliss without annoy
That charms the outward, warps the inner sense;
The element of pain
Infused into the grain
Of being, marks the crown of His beneficence.

Not what we are in main,
But what we hope to gain,
Not simply what we do, but what we would;
The longings all unstilled,
The depths of love unfilled,
The faith that quells distrust, count in the sum of good.

So age perfects the plan,
And widens out the span
Of youth's desires unto consummate ends;
So life's endeavor still,
Controlled by living will,
For human failure, weakness, doubt, shall make amends.

The Poetry of Tennyson.

IN the bestowal of the unfading crowns of poesie on the bards of this century, the peculiar characteristics of Tennyson's poetry seem to demand that his garland be wreathed from the green leaves and red berries of the national holly, for none of his immediate predecessors are so thoroughly British, either in their choice of subjects or in their treatment of them, as the present Laureate of England. The web of his poetry is woven almost exclusively from British scenes, and not only are the coarser threads, indicating with more or less precision the intention of the pattern, of native manufacture, but the thousand fibres also, unheeded except when lacking, which give lustre and finish to the whole production. His personages, moreover, are his own countrymen and country-women, and when the immortal mind wanders forth from her mansion in quest of greater wonders and beauties than she can gather in the landscape of reality, the regions in which she loves to lose herself, are less the Elysian Fields and Tartarean abysses of Greek mythology, than the idealized reflections of the scenes she has left behind. The early poems of Tennyson display a keen perception of beauty, and are in every way worthy of the name of poetry. Undoubtedly, his reputation has largely profited by the judicious severity which has prevented the author from retaining what the critic disapproved, but our gratitude is as fully due to the taste which has withheld, as to the liberality which has supplied. Tennyson is no daily spinner of verses for the public; a slow worker, his lowliest subjects are the ones most highly wrought. Though he has produced poems of considerable length, like Shelly, he has avoided the erroneous opinion, that works of small compass necessarily circumscribe the writer's powers,—a mistake that has been the midwife to so many of the muse's illegitimate children.

Among our author's shorter poems, we have space to consider only the *Miller's Daughter* and the *May Queen*. The first of these is, of its kind, the most exquisite of all his works, rather in consequence of the grace and delicacy of treatment, than from any novelty of conception. Reversing completely Wordsworth's rule in his employment of language, while imitating that poet in the choice of a subject, lowly, and seemingly of the

most homely nature, by seizing the proper points of view, Tennyson has produced an effect that could scarcely have been looked for. All that is obtrusively prosaic is quietly put out of sight, with such nice art, too, that no felt void painfully suggests something missing. It is as if numerous vistas were skillfully opened through a forest to a ruin, which, seen only in its most picturesque portions, heightens the beauty of the landscape, but which, if neared, would discover its native deformity, and arouse aversion.

The chief charm of the *May Queen*, on the other hand, arises from its pathos. It is a fit prelude to the mournful wail of *Guinevere*, for the loftier grandeur of *In Memoriam*, and for the tragic history of *Enoch Arden*. The natural beauties of the poem are heightened by the bold contrasts in which it abounds. Health is exchanged for illness, the joyous anticipations of the young *May Queen*, for the mournful forebodings of the sick-bed; nor least affecting is that last scene, in which the first impatience of disease has given way to resignation, and sorrow at leaving earth has merged in the looked for joys of an entrance into heaven. In reading the *May Queen* with care, we are struck with the successful use our author makes of Nature's pet children, the birds and flowers. These form an important item of his wealth, and serve the great magician with a willingness, which shows that they understand and are grateful for his love; the birds singing as gaily and as sadly, and the flowers smelling as freshly and waving as naturally, in the abode whither he has carried them, as in their own native woods. Compare these stanzas, from the first and second parts of the *May Queen* :—

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

When lying on her bed of illness she sings sadly :—

The building rook 'll caw from the wintry tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,
And I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

The lines which we have quoted suggest another thought. Tennyson is no cockney poet, whose acquaintance with Nature is confined to the walls of a city garden, but a veritable high priest, worshipping continually at her altars, a worthy successor of the

Druid bards of old, in whom so long lay securely treasured all the religion and poetry and wisdom of their times. His catholicity of taste is shown by the regard he pays to the hitherto neglected children of the forest. While the rose, the violet, and the daisy; the nightingale and lark, and a few others of the most favored birds and flowers have been well-nigh smothered beneath the indiscriminate adulation they have received, their less attractive sisters have met with comparative neglect; if our author's pages be searched, however, none of this displeasing partiality will be discovered, a partiality which we fear arises, not seldom, from an ignorance of the claims that are so unceremoniously slighted.

Passing now to Tennyson's lengthier productions, *In Memoriam* first invites our notice. We have space to say only a little about this grandest of English elegies, and a little is less capable of doing justice to its majestic strains, than to any of our author's other efforts. The charge of obscurity, so often urged against him, applies with peculiar force to *In Memoriam*; for, whatever indistinctness is natural to our poet, is enhanced by the nature of the subject and the circumstances of its production. But few, even of those confessedly the students of an author, whose works require more thought than those of any other English poet since Milton's time, have the hardihood to assert their thorough comprehension of its mysteries,—the utterances of Melancholy in the darkest of her ever dim abodes. This obscurity arises, principally, from the natural tendency of sorrow to veil its operations from the sight of the outer world; shrinking closely within itself, it seeks to lose recollection in whatever will throw a mellowing indistinctness about the outline of the past. There is a period, however, which might seem to form an exception to this general rule,—that period when the interval between past and present is bridged over by the recentness of the loss; when the scourging rod is pressed to the bosom of the sufferer, in the vain hope of relief; when sorrow seeks to elude the grasp of consciousness, by disguising and expressing itself in a thousand different forms. The creations of such a season might be thought to possess a passionate earnestness and fiery distinctness, proportioned to the intense energy of the moulding elements within. And so they have, to the sufferer, a terrible distinctness, but the thousand landmarks which rivet and direct his attention, are unknown to the strangers piloting their way over the troubled waters of his experience, and they may well lose their way amid an uproar of the elements, that serves only to heighten

his recollection. This fact is exemplified in *In Memoriam*. The associations, numerous as the thoughts which they connect and ensuring a natural sequence between the most diverse ideas, are unknown to the reader, to whose limited vision the horizon presents many abrupt precipices, which, if neared, would show themselves to be slopes of most gradual ascent. Yet, despite its defects, no poetic work in our language has depicted so completely the extreme grief of bereavement. Many obscure and, to the unsympathizing reader, superfluous expressions, force their significance upon one whose sufferings open his heart to the woes of others. Scarce any imagination (if that term may be confined to the picture-drawing faculty of the poet) is to be discovered, the sombre background being rarely broken by gorgeous imagery or contrasts of coloring. The progress of sorrow is delineated with a masterly hand. The first unbridled woe, with the subsequent depression; resignation, only occasionally reached in the beginning, becoming afterwards a habit of the mind; repinings and doubts in the Providence which has withdrawn the dearest object of love, followed by the gradual but complete dispersion of the cold fogs overcasting the mind, when the unceasing love, lost sight of in the darkness of misery, again makes its warmth felt;—all that we have named, with a host more of undefinable, but clearly recognized feelings, haunt the reader's mind with the distinctness of reality.

The peculiar versification, first popularized, if not first used in *In Memoriam*, contributes not a little to the general effect, the last line striking upon the uncompleted rhyme of the first, while a unity of final sound is preserved by the second and third, suggests the mournful knell of the funeral-bell, which wanders a single note from the tone first tolled to return once more to its sad monotony.

Next in order of time comes the *Princess*—a Medley—as its title plainly sets forth. Startled at last from his reveries by the loud outcries dinning into his ears, Tennyson seems to have become warmly interested in a question which directly concerns the craft to which he belongs. For woman is the broadest of all the wide domains which the poet has rendered tributary to his fancy, and, interesting as the theoretical discussion of her claims may be to the philosopher, the thrifty poet will regard, with an evil eye, any attempt to obliterate the nice distinctions which a difference of sex has raised, not as barriers against intercourse, but as the bulwarks of purity and modesty, and womanliness. Though the climate of

the poem (if we may be permitted to use the expression) is purely imaginary, and the draperies of the figures are, in consequence, scarcely those we see in this world of reality, yet the characters themselves are genuine, and the satire, while far more delicate, loses none of its keenness from being veiled in fancy.

Tennyson's most successful effort, (so far as popularity is a criterion of success,) is that in which he has restored his native land to the famous rulers of her golden age,—Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. The subject of the *Idylls* is one eminently suited to their author's genius, for they are not only thoroughly national, but legendary enough to allow the widest range of fancy. It is one, too, the recital of which has warmed the hearts of young and old for centuries, enabling them to realize, in imagination, the period when Justice alone ruled Old England, simply and efficiently. The genius of the most modern of poets, has brought still closer home to us what were household words before, and Enid the faithful, and Elaine the lovable, will live hereafter in the records of memory as familiarly as Guinevere the faithless, and Arthur, Flower of Kings. We are unable to dwell upon the marked features of these poems; they are so much read, however, that criticism, as superficial as ours must needs be, would be wholly inappropriate.

Enoch Arden, the last of our author's works, has not added greatly, if at all, to the fame of the writer of *In Memoriam*, and the *Idylls of the King*. Indeed, it partakes less of the nature of poetry than of the romance; it is a novel told in verse. The very pathos, like the form of poetry in which the tale is clothed, while heightening the interest, is totally subservient to the effect of the story.

One of the most marked characteristics of Tennyson's poetry is, the natural grace and delicacy with which all topics are handled, even those the most common and threadbare. So skillful a workman never injures his slightest materials. The most fragile flower, the frailest insect, lose nothing in his hands. We have all of us listened to the eulogiums poured upon Chaucer, till we deem it impossible to sing another variation of the old tune. Yet hear how the first is characterized by the last of English poets.

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts, which fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

Your ear is captivated, and you wish no longer to ostracise from memory him whose perpetual praises have well nigh wearied you into an act of injustice. It is owing to the quality we have mentioned, combined with a rare tact in the discrimination of materials, that his love-scenes, scenes in which he appears most to delight, are so completely free from affectation and sentimentality. Moreover, the intellectual prevails in a much greater proportion in Tennyson's portraits of women, than in those of Byron and Moore, and, we are compelled to add, than in those of Milton, while it is not so strongly in the ascendant as to make a humanised essence of her, as do the fantastic visions of Shelley. Every reader remembers the eloquent indignation with which Charlotte Brontë, through the mouth of Shirley, denies that Milton's Eve is an accurate representative of her less fair daughters, and Byron's fundamental ideas of woman, seem to have not much differed from those of his great predecessor. Nor are those conceptions, which, in veiling the grosser nature, lose sight of nature altogether, less inaccurate, or more satisfying. Our author has skillfully steered through the dangers which beset him on either side; the intense warmth of Byron's descriptions is not equalled by Tennyson's less striking creations, and, in the end, this is of advantage to him. Few care to return to a frequent contemplation of the former; that exaggeration of feeling, which at first wrought so highly on the senses, wearies by its very energy. The canvas is too crowded, the details are too elaborate, and the imagination is cramped. The latter can be looked on again and again; the figures lying, as they do, in a shadowy background, come out more boldly, the oftener they are seen. They are as fresh as the morning flowers. The mind fills up what is left untold, and finds pleasure in a task which inclination bids it perform.

Tennyson is essentially a dreamer; actual characters and events serve, frequently, the sole purpose of a resting place from fancy's flights, where, after pausing momentarily, she again wings her way upward, and is speedily among the clouds. The subserviency of the real to the ideal, may partially explain the difficulty that is found in understanding our author. He leaves his readers standing in the world of reality, and, while wandering in a self-created sphere, becomes totally oblivious of this terrestrial one, and its inhabitants. Thus, too, we often find emotions, thoughts, and ideas personified, human shapes serving merely as the media through which to utter the poet's messages with greater distinctness.

Tennyson is a bold and original versifier; nothing about his poetry shows so clearly the traces of labor as the form. Like Gray, he exhibits a thorough acquaintance with the choral rhythm of the Greek tragedies, frequently adapting where he has not directly borrowed. Nor must we fail to mention the melody of the poet's language, each word of which possesses, often, a separately tuneful voice, and sings in concert with the rest; the accuracy of his rhyme; the freedom of his blank verse; nor, above all, his extraordinary power over the Saxon part of our tongue. These, with a host of minor beauties, must be enjoyed to be appreciated. We can only say, in conclusion, that there is no modern poet whose works will bear closer scrutiny; none in whom more will please and less pall, and from whom an earnest study will draw greater wealth, than Alfred Tennyson, the greatest of living poets.

A. S. B.

I Scrap of His-Story.

CHAP. II.

"One large gold bracelet clasp'd each lovely arm
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold,
That the hand stretch'd and shut it without harm,
The limb which it adorn'd, its only mould;
So beautiful—Its very shape would charm,
And clinging as if loth to lose its hold,
The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in."

Such was the lovely arm which the young Masinisa entwined in his own as he paced to and fro in the marble hall of Hasdrubal's palace in Carthage. They were on an island, and as they passed and repassed the door, they looked out on the moonlit sward in front of this gorgeous structure which Carthage gave as a residence to her generals,—looked across the glistening water of the bay, and beyond that through the narrow entrance that opened into the Mediterranean. Here the galleys which had rested since the last expedition to Sicily, were moving to and fro, though night-fall had long since set an end to all other work. But War recognizes not the planetary laws, and knows no night.

"Father will sail for Spain to-morrow and says thou must leave the city at once. How can we part?"

"But why will not Hasdrubal consent to my staying in his absence?"

"He says that as son of the king of Numidia, thou art a dangerous person to leave behind him. The Senate too, he says, consider thee an enemy. Moreover he has never favored our attachment."

"Dost thou think that I could prove treacherous to thee, Sophonisba?"

"No Masinissa, I know thou could'st not. But, alas, unless my father shall change, we can never meet again."

"Sophonisba, art thou willing to leave Carthage with me?"

"Secretly?"

"Yes. My horsemen shall bear thee far beyond the reach of Hasdrubal's galleys, and though we are both so young, thou shalt find thyself queen of the best soldiers in Africa. Do consent to be my bride at once."

"But Masinisa, these watchful guardians around me, I could never elude, and my father would secure us both before we had escaped from the island. I am afraid he would be only too glad of a pretext for your death."

"My death thou need'st not dream of. I was not born to die here. My five years of schooling in Carthage have not taught me to fear it. I despise these money getting, puny men who are its inhabitants. If you will come to Numidia, you shall see a prince who has warriors for subjects instead of merchants. But I cannot go without thee. Thy father shall consent; I will see him to-night." And he parted, receiving as good speed, a token of the earnest wishes that were in the fluttering heart of his betrothed. He arrived at the apartment of the old Carthaginian to find him busily occupied in giving orders for the fleet, and receiving advice from a delegation of Senators, who might be ordinarily esteemed embarrassing witnesses of a suitor asking the parental consent. But Masinissa was not to be delayed now, when time was precious, and at once made known his errand; not, however, before the general had arisen with indignation at the sight of the young prince who had before been prohibited from the island.

"But listen to me a moment. Thou hast rightly considered me dangerous to Carthage if you are to make me your enemy. But for the hand of thy daughter, I will be a friend such as thy mer-

cenary city could not buy with all the gold that the crowds of worshipping traders daily pray for in yonder temple of Astarte."

"What do you imagine I have to fear or hope from a boy hardly past years of infancy?"

"*That!*" replied the "boy" drawing out a blade heavier than the state swords hanging at the sides of the senatorial delegates, and heavier too, than the rusty one which hung on the side of the room, with an inscription which told of the heads it had lopped off by the arm of the executioner at the bidding of Hasdrubal. As he swung it up in the air, like a plaything, his loose garment gaped open, showing a form which only needed the black eye, which was above it, to give such emphasis to his monosyllabic reply, as seemed to convince the company that its logic was tolerably admissible for a schoolboy, and Hasdrubal accordingly spoke in a changed tone.

"Well, sit down and tell us soberly what thou wilt do for me if I give thee Sophonisba."

"I will make Numidia your ally."

"But old Gala is in the way, and I have to-day heard that he is making overtures with Rome."

"My father shall become your ally if you will grant my request."

Before this interview had been completed, an oath had been sworn between the parties, over an altar which laid twenty feet below the ruins of a second Carthage until the spade of the antiquarian revealed its sacred marble to modern eyes. The treaty, stipulated that if Masinissa should fulfill his promise of gaining over his father to the alliance with Hasdrubal, he should possess his coveted reward. So when the young prince parted from the gold-clasped arms, the next day, his bright hopes admitted no possibility of their not uniting again at once, and little were foreshadowed the days of pain, and toil, and final disappointment, which were to follow.

CHAP. III.

The young prince had accomplished his errand. Old Gala who felt that age compelled him to rely on the brilliant powers of his son for assistance in the numerous exigences which call for the brighter intellect and sprightlier nerves of youth, had found it hard to part, five years before, with the lad. But with the knowledge of character that marked his nationality, he foresaw in the boy-prince, with his manly form, his handsome face and mature dignity of demeanor, a future king that should add glory to his throne,

and had sent him to Carthage to complete his education. So when he now returned, just at the important crisis, when all Africa was straining the eye of self-interest to ascertain the probabilities of this pending war between the two great powers of the world, it is not strange that the boyish maturity ripened now to the splendor of youth, furnished the last ounce needed to incline the wavering balance of his father's mind in favor of Carthage. He told him of the danger of opposing a power so near, the wages that could be demanded from the rich city, and the heartless treatment that Rome always gave her allies; but not a word was uttered of what filled a larger space in his own mind than Carthage and Rome together.

So the papers were signed, and the youth was expecting a speedy reunion with his charming bride, when he was urged by his father to suspend his journey a few days, to lead a foray westward against Syphax, his Numidian rival. Love yielded with reluctance to glory, and a few days' march found him confronting the western monarch, on the banks of the Ampsagua. Though this was his first exploit, he gained the day and put the enemy to flight. Glory now is an appetite pampered by the first act of indulgence, and love for the moment loses the victory to its boisterous rival. It was an unlucky moment. His horsemen ride their white chargers through the river and pursue the track of the flying Syphax, till he makes a new stand on the very western border of his dominions. The former victory is repeated; glory is satiated; and love once more raises its scepter, when a galley arrives, urging his immediate presence in Spain, where Hasdrubal was expecting the attack of the Romans. The appeal was urgent. After all, it was to be but a few months, and then he would return to secure his bride with the blessings of his father-in-law. So he went across the straits of Hercules and joined the Carthaginian army in Spain. History tells us how the two elder Scipios were defeated by the invincible charges of his Numidian cavalry, and how the ears of Hannibal, in Italy, were gladdened by the news that Rome was whipped out of Spain. But a little was lacking to make good this premature report, and that little lengthened months into years, until the presence of a new Scipio made it doubtful to Masinissa whether his hope would be fulfilled, if he awaited the complete success of Hasdrubal's arms. His doubts began to assume a worse shape from the treatment extended to him by the Carthaginian general. His request to cross the sea and complete his nuptials were treated with cold and brief answers. Such was the state of affairs when the battle was gained

by the young Scipio on the Boetis. How the last African battalion to retreat in that battle, was the little company of Numidian Cavalry, has been seen. When the prospect of defeat changed to the surety of annihilation, Masinissa gave a signal with his arm, and the white tails of the horses turned to the enemy and disappeared as the lynx-eyed birds which often make an old oak seem laden with living foliage, disappear at the signal of a leader, and are gone while the hunter has only averted his glance.

When he again obtained an interview with the defeated general, after a long flight had granted a moment's rest to the tired and decimated cohorts, he applied once more for the well earned award. Hasdrubal now received him with insolence and anger, and when he had driven the youthful warrior to defending himself with equal temper, he revealed the secret which had been at the root of his coldness all along. In a burst of passion he declared how he had already married his daughter to Syphax and thus gained an ally whom he considered worth two Masinissas! This was too much. The prince snatched at his sword, but weakness checked his anger, and he rushed to his own camp to restrain a grief that outweighed anger. He had flung himself on the ground near his camp-fire, when a squad of horsemen approached, and he recognized the young Massiva, his nephew, whom he had left a prisoner in the hands of the Romans.

"Great Astarte! have the legions of Scipio been struck dead, that their prisoners wander unshackled over the earth."

"No! not dead, nor yet do I come unshackled, as you see," he replied, showing beneath his cloak a chain of gold and precious stones almost weighing him down, by its massiveness,—and at the same time handing Scipio's letter, which was as follows:

"Masinissa:

I return thy nephew. Such gallantry as you displayed to day deserves not captivity. If thou wilt accept these gifts they are only a tribute from an admiring enemy,

SCIPIO."

To this letter was added the narration of the released prisoner of what he had seen and heard in the Roman Camp, and among other things, of certain terms on which this Cavalry would be received in alliance with Rome. No more was needed to secure the Numidian prince, who had long since seen reason to regret his connection with ungrateful and mercenary Carthage.

CHAP. IV.

"Hasten forward and head him off!" was the order given by the commander of a company of men riding foaming and panting horses. The object of their pursuit was a wretch with hair and rags streaming in the wind, as he tore over the ground on his almost exhausted horse. One or two companions were with difficulty trying to keep pace with him. It was plain that the race was almost over, for only a few lengths ahead was the river. The companions threw up their arms in despair, but the ragged fugitive cried to them to follow; and down the bank, headlong, into the river tumbles horse and rider. Only one man followed him. Both are followed by a storm of arrows, but now their heads are just below the water, now the aim is bad, now a slight wound, and finally the two swimmers have reached the other bank, just in time to escape from a pursuing boat, into the thick bushes. The shore is diligently searched by the pursuers, but nightfall overtakes their fruitless diligence. The two hunted men had espied a cave, as if opened for them by supernatural power, and there found themselves secure from discovery. The search was continued for two days, and then abandoned. The morning of the third came, and the crashing of trees and brush gave notice of the approach of a large force. They crawl to the cave's mouth and steal a sight at the passing army. What was the surprise, the joy and the hope of Masinissa to espy as their signal the silver eagles of Rome, behind which rode the proconsul Scipio. How each came to be there in a wild forest of Africa was a mystery to both as they sprang into each other's arms. But all was soon explained. Masinissa, when Scipio left Spain to go home to the election, had gone to Africa, on the news of his father's death, and arrived just in time to find a usurper on the throne; and now, after losing two battles, was a hunted fugitive in his own kingdom. But Rome has at last met Carthage on her own soil, and now the fugitive assumes the character of the powerful ally. Two hundred men join him with their unrivalled Numidian horses.

One dark night found Scipio and Masinissa encamped against Hasdrubal and Syphax, at Utica. The prince of Numidia, now exasperated by disappointed affection, is ready for any desperation. In the dead of the night he sets out with his men, each armed with a fagot. The wooden huts of the enemy breaking out into flame, give notice that now Carthage is prostrate at the feet of Rome.

The enemy are trampled into the ground except the fleet horse of Syphax who escape toward Cirta. Masinissa knows but one instinct and he follows without resting day or night, till he enters on the heels of his enemy, their Capital. The hasty pursuit stops at the palace gate. Masinissa flings himself into the court yard, through the door into the royal apartment, and grasps in his arms the long lost Sophonisba.

CHAP. V.

The storms of adversity seemed to have made sweeter the calm sunny day that now crowned Masinissa as King of all Numidia and made him the husband of Sophonisba. He still resided in the palace of his disowned enemy, and with his bride,—no older, no less beautiful, it seemed to him, than ever,—the days tripped by, to the music of the lively dance, or the song of victory, or the soothing melody of love's gentle voice. By decree of the proconsul he was finally established in his ancestral dominions, besides the territory of Syphax. Frequent messages came from Scipio, and frequent answers were returned; but amid all this, he had neglected to inform him of his espousal. At length, however, the distorted report was carried to the Roman General that Masinissa, in his siege of Cirta, had captured and immediately appropriated a captive. This, to the strict military breeding of Scipio, was astounding news. A Roman prisoner of war had been seized by a soldier! It would ruin the discipline of the legions; yet to a faithful ally like Masinissa, he was reluctant to offer offence. But some notice must be taken of the outrage. Accordingly a messenger is sent with assumed severity requiring him to present himself at once and render an account.

The message came like a thunder cloud over the hey-day of the nuptial pair. The bridegroom felt confident that nothing less than the degradation of Roman slavery could be in store for the Roman captive. They fell into each other's arms, each weeping for the sorrow of the other. At length they parted at the palace gate, Masinissa to go to Scipio, and his bride to await her fate. At the end of the first day's journey, another messenger was overtaken who bore a more peremptory order for the prince to come at once with his bride. It was evident to Masinissa that captivity was the fate of Sophonisba, and his decision was made. He continues his journey the next morning, but leaves behind a solitary horseman hastening toward Cirta, on an errand of importance. At

nightfall the horseman arrives and presents the letter, and with it a wine-bowl. The new-made queen read the letter,

“Choose now between servitude and eternal freedom. Our love will not be diminished by death. Drink, my bride. Life to me shall be but an impatient delay on earth. Farewell,

MASINISSA.”

She drank the cup sweetened by love, and sank into death.

In a few days Masinissa returned grief-stricken and heart-broken. He had found that the reprimand of the proconsul had been only an assumed tone of severity; but now all was too late. So on the pyre of fir-wood—with the green cypresses planted around,—the body of the lovely bride was placed. Then turning away his face, he applied the torch, and when the smoke and flame had died away, on the burning ashes were poured the oldest wines of Africa, while Masinissa vowed constancy through life to his first love. When ninety years had passed over his head, and he had become a powerful and respected ally of mighty Rome, he still vowed the two noblest beings earth had produced, were Sophonisba and Scipio.

Behind the Cloud.

Life has many winter-blasts
Cutting broad and wondrous deep;
And the cloud that overcasts,
Seems eternal in its sweep.

Yet beyond the darkest sky,
Lie fair fields of endless blue;
Through whose deeps the mortal eye,
Gains of heaven a longing view.

Elizabeth.

Name of her who in the Christ-time
Hailed the mother of our Lord;
Wafted down unto the mist-time,
Holy word,
Elizabeth.

Honored by a nation's praises,
Kindly heart and gracious mien,
All the world the name upraises,
England's queen,
Elizabeth.

Mingled with the thoughts of childhood,
Seeming like a fragrant kiss,
Floating back from scented wildwood
Simply this,
Elizabeth.

Little footsteps gently guiding,
Keeping fingers from the flame,
Little errors softly chiding,
Grandma's name,
Elizabeth.

Heaven's gift for early playing,
Sharer of the flow'ry seat,
Thro' the meadows joyous straying
Sister sweet,
Elizabeth.

From the chords of deeper feeling,
Swept by angels as they passed,
Echoes come, now faintly stealing,
At the last,
Elizabeth.

Simple harmonies are blended,
More than this we cannot claim,
In the very song so sweetly ended
By thy name,
Elizabeth.

G. E. S.

Old Hagar.

Among the recollections of school days is one of an old negro woman, whose age had reached that almost mythical point, which inspires such a degree of reverence in the youthful mind. It must be confessed that American youth are not gifted with a wonderful share of respect for the aged, a sad fact no doubt, but proceeding directly from a main element of national character. Still,

let any one pass the century mark and begin to count again the small years, and attention if not veneration is sure to follow.

Old Hagar lived on the banks of the Rippowam, a quiet stream, that slipped noiselessly out of the woods and swamps, caught on its way by several dams, and forced to turn the wheels of some iron mills,—but never discolored by its work, and rippling over the stones with the same laughing sparkle, till it widened out into a sort of a pond, then fell over another dam, shot under the old stone bridge, with its quaint moss-lined arches, dripping with coolness, where the fish used to lurk on the hot summer days, and finally fled away to the sea. A very lazy stream oftentimes, lingering under the roots of trees as if it loved to stop and chat with the speckled trout, tossing the drops of spray from the sprigs of fern that swayed in the ripples, yet withal doing its work so patiently and happily, unconscious even of all the good its bright cheery face did for the village, whispering to the maidens as they sauntered through the woods; of all the glad delight and comfort it was to numberless urchins that dabbled their feet in the water by the hour, sitting on the bank, or wading knee-deep in the margin for ‘shiners.’ And then the pond so safe and shallow: no fear of being drawn away by the current, if the ice gave way.

It was at one corner of this pond that Old Hagar lived;—a large willow almost covered the house, which was of very modest size, consisting only of a kitchen and bedroom; the walls were smoke stained and not so tight and sound as might be, either; for the chinks often let in the cold wind and snow. Still the little cracked stove managed to give forth a very appreciable amount of heat, and we used to run in quite often to get warm, in return for which we would bring cakes and pies to help out her scanty store. Not the least pleasant thing was her hearty ‘God bless ye,’ as she stood in the door way. In the summer the part of the lawn that sloped away to the water was hoed into a small garden patch; an old red cow cropped a slender subsistence from the remainder, but either the butcher or the winter made way with her soon after my memory begins. Once, I remember to have seen her peering over the low wall that fenced off the pond, at her reflection in the water, and evidently undecided whether to visit her new acquaintance whose head nodded a welcome in the ripples, or stay on the not over tempting grass-plot. This wall, in some places, served for diving rocks, and in winter made convenient seats when putting on our skates. A little beyond the cottage a wooded point jutted

out into the pond, forming a cove on one side. Here an old leaky boat was moored, and in the summer evenings, we used to drag it into the pond, and paddle about the cove, pulling ourselves along by the branches that hung over the water, and hidden by their shadows.

In the middle of the pond was a clump of bushes, that grew just above the surface, and in the soft afternoon sunlight, seemed like a cluster of emeralds in a setting for crystal.

But Hagar stands in the door, waiting for us to tell her story—while we are out on the pond. So we will paddle ashore for a few minutes.

She had many reminiscences of the ancient days of the colony and the Revolution, and would describe in her simple way the march of the British through the town with their scarlet coats and shining muskets. But the story that she delighted to pour into the ear of every listener, was an incident connected with Washington.

Upon the main street of the village, and not very far from the old woman's cottage, there is a low red house, with a moss-covered porch known familiarly as 'General Washington's head quarters'—even now in good repair. To this he was returning from an early ride, when Hagar came out and begged him to let her cook a breakfast for him. He consented, and her wrinkled face would fairly glow with enthusiasm, as she told how he deigned to come in and eat at her humble table while his staff were prancing in the cold outside. This was the great event of her life, and the pleasure she derived from the recollection, formed no small part of her daily stock of comfort. He was her hero, her saint, and if she has ever met the General in any other sphere of existence, I suppose she may be found somewhere near him, following perhaps at a reverent distance, but still watching with loving fondness.

It was a common rumor in the village that the aged crone was not quite so poor at it seemed, and that, somewhere, if the truth were known, a pot of gold was concealed. Such reports are apt to cling to old people and old houses, as if the dust of years must some how have become yellow, and in general deserve little credit. Still when the news of her death came, a day or two after it occurred, a boyish curiosity, if nothing more, prompted me to stroll up to the old place and see for myself; but I found the cottage utterly demolished—even the foundations were dug up—a few old

pans and kettles, together with bits of crockery, were lying about.

Others had evidently believed the story. Whether any gold ever came to light is still a mystery.

A well kept lawn has smoothed away the traces of habitation, yet an indefinable presence lingers about, and I half expect some day to hear another 'God bless ye' from behind the willow which is still standing.

D. A. R.

Memorabilia Talensia.

Prizes.

The prizes for excellence in English prose composition for the first term, have been awarded in the Sophomore class as follows:

First Division.

- 1st prize, J. H. Cummings, Worcester, Mass.
2d " E. P. Clark, West Springfield, "
3d " W. E. Burton, Cohoes, N. Y.

Second Division.

- 1st " W. C. Gulliver, Chicago, Ill.
2nd " D. W. Learned, Plymouth, Ct.
3d " E. S. Hume, New Haven.

Third Division.

- 1st " C. E. Shepard, Dansville, N. Y.
2d " T. Q. Tilney, Brooklyn, N. Y.
{ 3d " S. F. Randall, Mystic Bridge, Ct.
" H. A. Riley, Montrose, Pa.

Fourth Division.

- 1st " C. H. Strong, New Orleans, La.
2d " C. M. Reeve, Dansville, N. Y.
3d " B. B. Sherman, Medford, Mass.

Literary Notes.

THE NEW ECLECTIC. T. H. Pease.

That Eclectic literature is appreciated in this community, is proved by the success of such works as Little's Age, The Week, etc., and that it can be ably supplied, a glance at the *New Eclectic* will show. We commend the article on Women in the Middle Ages (Jan. No.), to the students of Guizot.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST. Published by the Salem Institute. T. H. Pease.

An interesting magazine, on subjects of natural history, etc. NOTES OF A FUR HUNTER will be found interesting to those who intend to spend next Summer in Maine.

PREVENTION AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION BY THE SWEDISH-MOVEMENT CURE, with directions for its home application. By David Wark, M. D.

THE GOOD MAN'S LEGACY. A Sermon by Samuel Osgood, D. D.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART, or the necessity of Proper Moral Culture for Human Happiness. An address before Aurora, (Ill.) Seminary. By Hon. Schuyler Colfax.

The above pamphlets are from the press of S. R. Wells, N. Y. Speaker Colfax's address is really a beautiful production, and worthy of careful reading.

EASY FRENCH READING. Arranged with copious Foot-Notes. By Prof. E. T. Fisher. Leypoldt & Holt, New York.

An admirable work for beginners. It combines lexicon, grammar and reader in one volume, and its arrangement does away with much of the labor of study. All words are defined at the foot of the page, while the accompanying grammar gives all needed help as to verbs, etc. A halfhour a day with this work during Freshman year would make Sophomore French the easy study of the year. For sale by Judd & White.

LANDMARKS OF MODERN HISTORY. Part III. From the beginning of the Reformation to the accession of Napoleon III. By Miss Yonge. Leypoldt & Holt, New York.

While history is the most important item of a young man's reading, to a great many it is the most disagreeable. For when facts are interesting the writer may be dull. When the writer is able his subject may be uninteresting. President Woolsey thinks Hume too unreliable to be useful, and Macaulay commences at a period when a great deal of English History has passed. No method of gaining a knowledge of past events can be suited to the tastes of all. But an abridged work is of all the most useful. In the volume before us the aim has been to give "a mere compilation of the more memorable events recorded in standard histories; and all that it attempts is, so to class them together as to elucidate the spirit of each period, and to bring into relief the characteristics of the chief actors in the

hope of letting history fulfill its true purpose, viz: of being a great lesson in principle, rather than a mere record of dates, names and events," and we think the work a success. By reading some four hundred and fifty pages we are made acquainted with the principal events of the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th centuries. The work is not hurried over, but so divided as to give the times of most importance all needed attention.

Among the publications issued this year by Leypoldt & Holt, there appears a little volume of poetry entitled "The Hermitage and other poems," composed by E. R. Sill, a Yale graduate of '61. "The Hermitage," which occupies a little less than one third of the book, is a romantic story, peculiar and original in its conception, and instructive and entertaining from the rich variety of thought, as well as the beauty of expression that characterize it. Among the other shorter pieces that make up the volume, we notice one called "Morning," which was composed by the author while in college, and graces the pages of a back number of the "Lit." Another short piece headed "The dead President" has been eulogized by an American writer, as the finest tribute that has been paid by the Muse of Poetry to our martyred Lincoln. The "Ruby Heart" is one of the gems of the book. "Spring Twilight" is a song set to music. In short, there is scarcely a piece in the whole collection that is not deserving of praise. Amid the rubbish of rapid and evanescent productions in which our age abounds, we are glad to find this gem of literature. It is an honor to the author and to his Alma Mater: and we gladly hail it as a prophecy of still greater poetic achievement on the part of its author.

Exchanges.

Our usual exchanges have been received. We also have to acknowledge the receipt of the *Brunonian*, edited and published by the students of Brown University. The editors are from the Junior and Senior classes. The first number is an excellent one. We wish it unbounded success.

Local.

We would ask the attention of the readers of the Yale Lit. to Mr. Loomis' advertisement, which is to be found in this No. There is no study that students are more interested in than music, and there is nothing in the music line that cannot be found at Mr. Loomis' store, from an Irish Harp to an eight hundred dollar Piano. We wonder that any society in College, should rent a piano year after year, when by making arrangements with Mr. Loomis, they could very soon have the rent or installments pay for one.

Notices.

"THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS."

This is the title of a mock-heroic poem by Francis Hopkinson, which was a very popular ballad during the Revolution. It was founded on a real, though some-

what laughable incident, which at one time threw the British fleet at Philadelphia into great consternation. But the real "Battle of the Kegs," may be seen in progress at any time at the Oyster Saloon of J. W. MADDEN, No. 102 Orange Street, where oysters are served up in a style that would *madden* the appetite of "Old Epicurus" beyond anything that he ever "dreamed of in his philosophy." In these "war times," there is nothing like a "Keg of Oysters" to "open fire" with upon the enemy. It will kill him off at the first "pip," and the genuine friend—the one that sticketh closer than a brother—will rise up, Phoenix-like from his ashes.

Let Neptune ride the angry waves,
And Jove his thunders rattle;
They ne'er can marshall kegs and staves
As Madden does, in battle!

Our Advertisers.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of *students* to our *advertisers*. Don't fail to notice what BLAIR & DUDLEY have to say. This firm has especial claims on all Yale men; for, beginning in a small way, Mr. Blair, by fair dealings, has placed his furnishing house among the first in the country. He has always patronized Yale periodicals, and Yale men have always patronized Mr. Blair. His stock this spring, in beauty, in style, and in quality is unsurpassed in this city, and we earnestly advise all in want of gentlemen's furnishing goods, to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

BUNDY & WILLIAMS have an enviable reputation for taking the best photographs in New Haven. Try them.

QUONN, the barber, has no rival in the tonsorial art. His prices are very moderate.

PAUL ROESSLER, the optician, has long been known to fame for the unrivalled quality of his goods. Parties in want of *opera glasses*, *microscopes*, *spectacles*, *eye glasses*, etc., would do well to call on him.

Mr. CUTLER has long been engaged in the picture and picture frame business, and many of the beautiful engravings and chromos that adorn the students walls, are from his store. He is better prepared than ever to satisfy the wants of those desirous of pictures or frames.

STEWARDS, and those in want of a pure article in the line of coffee and teas, will not fail to notice the advertisement of Mr. Thomas.

All of the leading tailors in the city—Messrs. ROCKWELL, MASON & Co., and THILL—lay their goods before you through advertisements in this No. Their goods are new, stylish and fashionable.

COWELL is noted for his segars and ales. Try him.

LOOMIS is the great musical dealer of New Haven. Students have always dealt more with him than with any other, and he always gives satisfaction.

BRADLEY & PRATT are the leading hatters in this city. Their styles are the very best, and we advise our readers to give them a call.

The NEW HAVEN HOTEL has long been known to the students of Yale, and to the traveling public, as the best hotel in the State. It has few equals anywhere, and none excel it.

Editor's Table.

We regret to announce that, owing to the sad mutilation of the Table by the last Editor, it was rendered entirely unfit for use. It is now undergoing repairs, and will appear next month, improved and polished, more beautiful and more charming than ever before.

Subscriptions.

I suppose those who have not yet paid their subscriptions are unaware how great an expenditure of time and trouble they might save the Board by immediate payment to some one of the Editors or the College Book Store. The subscriptions have long been due. They are needed at once. The period of the present Board soon expires, and payments must be made. The amount is small and the Book Store convenient; and we trust this reminder will be sufficient to rouse in the minds of innocent but careless subscribers the duty of prompt payment.

Shucks.

The clock is striking nine. The "Editor" sits alone by his table, studiously preparing for the morrow's examination. His thoughts are absorbed in the tragic story of Mary Stuart, when suddenly a bundle of "proof" is poured into his lap with a note containing the pleasing information that two more pages are wanted to complete the "form." Under such aggravating circumstances one might be excused for some blustering. One might be pardoned perhaps for declaring the Lit. a bore, and for denouncing in strong terms the printers and everybody else. This way of procedure is altogether too common in college. Everything that involves effort is accounted a bore. Even compositions, and recitations, and prayers do not escape the application of denunciatory epithets. This is decidedly wrong, and indicates a sad state of demoralization in the college world. Labor is the condition of a successful life. We all long for such a life, but affect to despise the only means by which it may be attained. It is a deplorable and ruinous policy. Disorderly and idle habits are engendered which grow strong with each new indulgence until at last a man becomes incapable of a systematic and persevering effort. Let a more healthy sentiment prevail. Let a man no longer be applauded who boasts that he does nothing. Let a more serious purpose and a more uniform system of study be introduced amongst us. Many a man leaves college with a disrelish for all kinds of work that disqualifies him for either a business or profession. Whoever has gained by his college course only the one habit of industry, is in a fair way to prosper. He feels ready for the conflicts of life and is prepared to meet them successfully. I would by no means encourage the multiplication of that species of animal known as a "dig." If any course is to be deplored, it is that in which the student pours over musty books until he becomes dry as a lexicon and cadaverous as a ghost. But there is a golden mean, and this one should endeavor to find.

In the absence of metaphysical phenomena, we might state that the college world is just now being enlivened by the gymnastic exhibition, a splendid success so far as the performances are concerned, and by frequent "bickerings" between the lower classes, which render the participants liable to be treated "as such."

The President has just delivered to the Senior class a lecture on the national finances, in which he ably advocated the policy of honest dealing. The lecture was received with approbation and ought to render us uncompromising in our opposition to repudiation or the violation of national faith in any way.

Lent.

Mr. L——, keeper of an Episcopal School in this vicinity, addressed his pupils a short time before Lent on the propriety of foregoing certain articles of food during that period, adding, that, as he wished it entirely voluntary on their part, he should leave it with them to decide what particular thing or things should be dispensed with. After mature deliberation on the part of the school, the oldest boy, as committee, gravely reported to the master that they had unanimously decided to forego—*hash*.

A Fearful Adventure.

It was the early spring time. In the country the trees were budding and the grass springing up to clothe the fields. The farmer was plowing his ground and sowing his grain. The air was resonant by day with the songs of many birds, and by night with the sweet notes of the owl and frog. It was the early spring time, and forth from New Haven went the students of Yale seeking the "paternal shed." Among them went Mac, a fair, brave youth, his mind filled with sweet dreams of country maidens and delightful visions of the village tavern. The old tavern! Scene of a thousand fond recollections! It was there he had come in his younger days to satiate his burning thirst for knowledge. It was there he listened to the sage discourses of veteran toppers and felt the inspiring contact of great minds. It was there he received the first impulses in the way of virtue and truth. It was there, amid the genial influences of whiskey and inebriety, that he formed those ambitious projects he is now preparing to execute. It had been a beautiful day, with its balmy air and mellow skies, and its close found our hero gathered with the veteran companions of his youth about the village bar. But what a change. Once he was content to lick the glasses emptied by his toper friends. Now he could "put himself outside" as manly a "swig" as any of them. Once he was the eager listener and pupil. Now he was the inspired speaker and teacher. All was changed. The half despised boy had become the admired and courted man. But we hasten to the catastrophe. The evening had flown and our hero was on his way home *filled with inspiration*. Despising in his self-confidence the old adage, "The farthest way round is the safest way home," he determined to cross the lots. Unfortunate decision! But to decide was to execute. He climbed the fence and began the journey. The first field had been passed and the second gained, when suddenly a thousand infernal imps started up on every side; a thousand demoniacal eyes glared upon him; a thousand heated breaths sulphurized the air; a thousand fiendish hands were outstretched for their victim. O horror! O heaven! His heart wilted in speechless terror, his knees knocked, his limbs failed, his eyes turned for the last time to behold the—*vanishing tails of a flock of sheep*.

He slowly recovered and once more proceeded on his lonely way. But the cheerful heart was gone. The happy visions had fled. His terrified imagination pictured a hobgoblin or ghost, an imp or a devil in every tree and bush, and post and log of wood. A hundred times he started at some fancied apparition, and a hundred times cursed himself for his unnatural timidity. But ever as he proceeded he became more alarmed and more apprehensive. But at last the highway is near, the house in sight. A few steps more and he is safe, when horror of horrors! there by the last pair of bars crouched the devil himself. There could be no mistake. The glistening eyes, the shadowy form dimly seen by its

sulphuretted-phosphoric glow, the cloven foot, all too plainly told the terrified Mac that the real Satan was before him. But no sooner was he firmly convinced of its reality than his courage returned. "Shall I, the brave Mac, flee, who never fled before? Cease to quake, oh heart! Cease to knock, oh knees! Cease, oh courage to ooze from my finger tips!" And they ceased. Then our hero slyly filled his arms with stones and advanced cautiously to the attack. With terrific power and deadly aim he hurled a rock. A crash! *He had knocked a tin pail from a bag of grain.* With a *sheepish* feeling he gazed for a moment on the ruin and then betook himself to his slumbers, but his dreams were ever haunted by the vision of an angry farmer having the demolished pail in one hand and a whip of scorpions in the other.

Opening of Navigation.

No Spring was ever so welcome to New Haven as this. Few appreciate the severity of the winter through which we have just passed. Throughout New England the cold has been intense and the snows heavy. The whole country has suffered severely, but no place so disastrously as our own beautiful city. "Navigation closed" early in the fall and before the usual supplies of provisions had been brought into the city. With communication entirely interrupted on the sea by ice and on the land by snow, we entered upon the winter with half a stock of edibles. The hopes of a mild winter were every week blasted by new accessions of snow and a lower descent of the mercury. The result was terrible. Cattle have frozen solid almost before they could be dressed. The *animal heat* was thus *frozen* into the meat, greatly impairing both its succulent and saporific qualities. And not only this. By the middle of January the live stock was nearly exhausted. It was evident we could only be saved by a resort to new and untried expedients. The raising of cattle in hot houses was tried and found successful. Oxen weighing two thousand pounds were thus produced in thirty-six hours. But they contained a great excess of animal heat which, being solidified after slaughtering, rendered the meat immeasurably inferior to that of natural growth. This will explain to members of clubs and boarding houses the poor quality of their meat. For similar reasons butter, bread, apples, potatoes and the whole list of commissary stores have been poor in quality and limited in amount. The only potatoes available were those grown on the salt marshes surrounding the city. These marshes belong to the lower Silurian period and are totally unfit for tuberous production on account of a deficiency in the dioxide of the hysulphurate of chlorosyl. Owing to a lack of this necessary constituent in the potato, it undergoes contraction when boiled, a cavity is formed in the center and a layer of the black oxide of manganese deposited.

The butter, also, which has been used for the last month, was never churned from the lacteal secretions of the *bos femina*, but is a modern invention manufactured from lard, tallow, soap and kerosene, saturated with the deflogisticated essence of sulphuretted hydrogen. And so we might go through the list and show how the *closing of navigation* and the excessive cold weather, by cutting off importation, have flooded the market with provisions of an inferior quality at enhanced prices. Let all be thankful that they have fared so well at a time when the compete isolation of our city threatened universal starvation. Welcome, O, Spring! that unlocks the rivers and dissipates the snow; that causes the grass to spring up and the trees to put forth! Welcome, O Spring, that breaks the blockade of our beloved city and opens once more the avenues of trade and life!

VOL. XXXIII.

NO. VI.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Duo mens grata manet, nomen laudisque YALENSIS
Dantabunt SOCIETAS, unanimique PATRES."

APRIL, 1868.

NEW HAVEN:
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W.D.D.C.L.VIII

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M. W. FILLEY,

Portrait Photographer,

380 Chapel Street, New Haven.

Yale Men are especially invited to call and examine specimens of fine

PORCELAIN MINIATURES,

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '68.

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"Culprit Fay."

Drakes' "Culprit Fay," like most of the greatest works of genius, was born of the author's personal experience. Heavy clouds obscured the brightness of his natal star. Misfortune claimed him in childhood, for her own. Adversity was his instructor in moral truths, and the wind-tossed pages of Nature were the text-books from which he gleaned his earliest lessons in poesy. Her rivers, and her forests, her sun-capped mountains, and her sheltered vales were his inspiration. Her admirers were his friends. Her mysteries were his study, and their solution his ambition. A friendly challenge suggested the poem before us. The majestic Hudson, with its wild, beautiful shores, was the model of the picture. The legendary inhabitants of her woodland fastnesses supply the characters of the drama, while the experiences of his own bitter life compose the changing plot. The trials, the conflicts and the victory of the elfin culprit are his own. The poem seems a leaf from the actual history of a tempted, beleaguered human soul, which finally triumphs through supernal powers, and wins for itself a place of honor and of peace.

I will write, said the poet, "a purely imaginative tale." "No human actors shall appear. No human characters shall be drawn. No human deeds shall be recorded. I will enter another sphere.

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The fairies, the spirit with which poetry has peopled the solitudes of Nature, and the hours of silence and of darkness, shall be my heroes. The joys and sorrows, the struggles and triumphs of elves and goblins shall furnish my plot. Nothing human or mortal shall leave a trace upon my work."

In form, his purpose is accomplished. Excepting the human maiden, whose charms, like those of the Grecian Helen, seem to be the cause of the commotion here chronicled, and the manifest weaving of some of his own trials, into the poem, the whole machinery is supernatural. While Nature, in its minute and varied forms, is summoned to meet every exigency of the poem, while its faintest and most hidden beauties are discovered, and held up for admiration, it is introduced solely under supernatural influence, and in supernatural relations, and our nursery mythology is re-created with such force of imagery, and beauty of expression, that the oft-told fables fade from the memory, and the present conception alone, stands vivified, with every expression plainly, clearly out, whereby the whole seems marvelously lovely.

"'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night."

The natal hour of crime, when the spirits of the evil dead come forth to celebrate their birth-day, by fitting men to join them in their revelry; the hour when Death, unseen, bears off his victims, and his angels, flitting everywhere, bring woe upon the earth; the hour of bloody deeds and foul behavior; the hour when proud religionists do penance in gloomy devotions, and the monastery candles flicker and shudder over scenes of penitential agony; the hour too, when the Angels came and said "Peace on earth, good will to men," and made the midnight brighter than the noon-day; the hour when nature sleeps, and the supernatural is seen; the hour when witches walk their ghostly rounds, and ghosts are wont to prowl; the hour of mystery, and wierd imaginings; the "hour of fairy ban and spell," when goblins, waking from their owlish slumbers, assemble on the moon-lit sward, to try the "Culprit Fay."

A human face peers through the leaves; a human eye twinkles in the moon-light, as it looks through the veil of mystery, and sees the wondrous session; a human mind exults as the secrets of Fairy-land develop themselves before it, and swells with inspiration as it reveals the tale. An ambitious ouphe has sinned; spiritual loveliness is incomplete, and he seeks a bride of earth; his

covenant is broken, and his elfin purity is sullied; his kingdom is disgraced, and his people insulted. So the little beings come from nook and cranny, with downcast face and grieved mien, to look upon the criminal and hear his doom. The King ascends his throne, and the rustling of the leaves, and the crackling of the twigs is hushed as the sentence issues from his lips. As his mortal love was spotless, his punishment shall be light. He must go forth where "vain are the woodland spirit's charms," subdue the spirits of the water and of the air, and return unharmed, ere his sin be expiated, and his purity restored. He goes, fights, conquers, and returns before the dawn of day. Fairies rejoice, and goblins rejoice with excessive joy. King and subjects dance and sing, and harmony rules o'er the land of spirits once again.

Such is the simple plot, upon which a rare creation is built up. The poet begins plainly and familiarly, pleasing every one, for he talks of things which all the world has seen—the revelations of the moon upon a summer's night, as it

"looks down on old Cronest,"

• And "mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,"

now struggling with an angry cloud, now flickering in a hazy mist, now gloriously resplendent in the cold, dark sky, as a gem upon a velvet robe, the saintly moon bestows its sweetest benediction on the peaceful earth. Here is light, warm and pure, and there is shadow, gloomy and repulsive, as when God's spirit comes to make glad the waste places; some Upas tree of sin interposes its dark branches, and casts its shadows, shedding gloom over the fair face of the earth.

As he goes on, all is peace and infinite rest. Of a beauty indescribable is the moon-and-star-lit water. It is a poet's dream of bliss, floating on the bosom of the lake, soothed by its rippling lullaby, to watch the wonders of the firmament, and fancy things unreal. Quiet lends its inspiration, for

"The winds are whist, and the owl is still."

* * * * *

Since moon-light nights have a degree of similarity, and since Nature is always the same, one description will portray the beauty of all nights, and in substance, *but* one description will portray the beauty of *any* night. Therefore it may be said that the introduction to this poem is common-place. But it is common-place, only that it describes common things, and asserts common truths. Its diction, brevity, and truthfulness, are remarkable.

Next, we are summoned to the judgment-seat, and to follow the elf through the dangers of the elements. Now Nature gives place to the supernatural, and unquestioned originality developes itself. The town-clock of this goblin settlement is the famous "wood-tick," who counts the minutes with his click, "deep in the heart of the mountain oak," and who, at the stroke of midnight, wakens the sentry elf "to call the Fays to their revelry."

We are wearied by no tedious description of these mites, as they come trooping to the assembly, yet they are painted perfectly in the enumeration of their retreats. Only sprites could dwell in such holes, and move in such conveyances. Every feature and expression of the imps, is delineated before the eyes, who

"on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;"

Plainly we see the rare insect beauties of others, of whom

"Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade."

Old fairy tales represent the midnight meeting, as one of mirth and jollity. Mischief rules the crowd, and their little "mimic forms" bubble over with an exuberance of life, as they dance and gambol on the green. But *here* it is not so; *our* fairies are endowed with mind and conscience, and not existence only. Masonic ties seem to bind them in a loving brotherhood, and the fault of one, brings sorrow on the whole. The conception is angelic. No *mortal* community feels such a kindly love for *each* integral particle. *Our* natures are too sinful, and too selfish. But *these* little loving creatures come depressed and sorrowful, grieving for a brother's sin, and look with pitying hearts upon him, as he stands convicted in their circle.

The poet here portrays the *purity* of the Fairy world, that a pointed moral may be drawn from this picture of its loving concord.

Again his originality and appreciation of Nature, is betrayed in his unique conception of the royal throne, which stood in the midst of the bands of loyal subjects, so simply splendid as to defy the cunning of mortal artizans. It was

"reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of saassafrass ;
On pillars of matted tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy——
And o'er it, gorgeous curtains fell,
Of the tulip's crimson drapery."

Every voice is hushed, as the monarch, with stern and kingly majesty, yet with a pitying voice, proclaims the royal edict. He brings forth every alleviating circumstance. He shows the great temptation offered to the erring elf. He relates the maidens' wondrous beauty and spirituality, such as might well fascinate an immortal. But, notwithstanding these mitigating circumstances, the culprit must suffer. He tells what the punishment *would* have been, had the maiden spot or taint. Ingenious torments, loathsome prisons, and unutterable suffering, would have awaited him ; but *now* his punishment is mild. Since his elfin purity is sullied, his "flame wood lamp is quenched and dark, and his wings are dyed with a deadly stain." The stain must be washed out, and the lamp relighted, before he can be again admitted to the mystic brotherhood.

He is commanded to seek a drop from the spray of the sturgeon's splash, to purify his wing, and a spark from the train of a shooting star, to relight his quenched lamp.

So Nature's *justice* is idealized. The fairy-king, endowed with supernatural vision, divines the *motives* of the criminal, discovers every minutest circumstance connected with the act, and metes out a punishment, just, and *only* just. So throughout all Nature's kingdom, this law of recompense holds good. If a vacuum is in the air, Nature rushes with a vast commotion to-repair the wrong. If the angry sun dries up the land, Nature sends her rainy torrents to obliterate the injury.

The Fairy Court supplies a moral for the corrupt and unjust governments of the world.

Now follows the journey of the elf to the sea, in which he appears an indomitable hero. The natural beauties of his route are brought vividly before us, and here, as everywhere, the author's ingenuity is evident in his minute descriptions and unique discoveries.

Already, glad recollections have been stirred, by paintings of the moon-lit wood and stream. *Now* comes the surging sea, and as we read, we seem to stand with the goblin on the shore, and to

see the wild glimmering beauty of the waves. As he dives to find his treasure, the poet tells us that he "breathes a prayer," and we wonder who the God of fairies is. Is a divinity assigned to the fabulous creatures? Or is this an incongruity?

Now we read, how the spirits of the wave, enraged at the audacity of the goblin, come flocking up, mounted on every mountable species of fish, and how they assail him, fighting bravely, and finally compel him to retreat to the shore, where he dresses his wounds with the balm of the dew and lint from the spider's web, while his enemies laugh with derisive glee at their success.

The contest is delineated with the same vividness as Victor Hugo's account of a battle with the "devil-fish." We are wrought up to so perfect a sympathy, that we fancy *ourselves* the combatants. At first, we recoil with terror, and shudder with loathing, as the slimy monsters crawl to the attack: then our blood boils with the excitement of the battle; then we gasp and struggle as our strength oozes slowly away beneath an indomitable power, and finally a sense of rest and thankfulness steals over us, as we are delivered from impending danger.

The worsted Fay conceives a new plan, revives his drooping courage, circumvents his enemies, captures the drop, and returns to the shore, while all nature bows before him, as mortals to a deified commander. Even the antiquated mermaids and sirens come forth to do homage to the conqueror, as he seeks the land over unruffled seas.

Here is the hero's portrait—as he stood in the prow of his boat of shell, encircled by the rainbow in the spray, and holding his calm goblet up, to catch the treasured drop,

"He seemed an angel form of light,
With azure wing and sunny hair,
Throned on a cloud of purple fair."

Here we are told of the untiring *perseverance* of Nature. If dropping water has no receptacle, it drops and drops, till the hardest stone yields to its patience. If a seed germinates in the earth, though obstacles be piled upon it, it will creep round them, and still come up.

Here too is a reproof to timid, wavering *men*, who shrink every day from tasks incomparatively less than the struggles of this little waif.

Joy fills the fairy's heart, as he wings his way to the elfin court,

and the sympathetic poet seems to receive a new inspiration as he describes the flight.

"As ever ye saw a bubble rise,
* * * * *
As, at the glance of morning pale,
The lance-fly spreads his silken sail."

These are beautiful similes, if only intended to represent the manner of his flight, but rather mystical as a description. One would hardly be prepared to endow a fly with the strength and pluck which has just been ascribed to the elf, nor a bubble with the emotions of love and fear which have filled his breast.

Now the goblin is armed for his contest with the spirits of the air, with armor, all of Nature's manufacture; a helmet of an acorn shell, with plume of thistle down; a corslet of a wild bee's golden vest; a cloak of butterfly's wings; a shield, the shell of a lady-bug queen; his lance, a wasp-sting; his sword, a blade of bent, blue grass; his spurs of the cockle-shell, and his steed a fire-fly. A very large helmet for a very small head, or else a very large head for a very small body, and altogether a most unreasonable load for the strength of the steed. It must have been a wonderful fire-fly, who shot off with such alacrity, when burdened with an acorn-shell, beside the other accoutrements, and the rider himself.

Now, again, our admiration and sympathy are called out, as the courageous imp invades the realms of air, and its vapors, and the booming thunder, with the gleaming lightning's flash, play round him with their horrors. Well may he tremble,

"For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,
And flame-shot tongues around him played,
And near him many a fiendish eye
Glared with a fell malignity,
And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear
Came screaming on his startled ear."

But he is no halting pilgrim, and cleaving through the misty spectres with his doughty sword, he penetrates the land of clouds, and comes upon the bounds of Heaven, where angels wait him in their loveliness. As when the traveler, climbing a lofty mountain, trembles and turns back, as the storm-clouds war around him with their discord, but pressing on, emerges into the warm sunlight, and the presence, as it were, of Heaven.

The Fay is greeted as a welcome guest, and the angelic joy is painted with a master's hand. Although one, the most beautiful of them all, tempts him with her sweetest smiles, her most persuasive eloquence, and her boundless love, to desert that maid of earth, and dwell with *her*, amid the joys of Heaven, the sturdy elf discards the examples of numberless allegorical heroes in the same predicament, and rejects her proposal. His firmness was the more remarkable, for she was exquisitely fair, the most original and beautiful conception of the poem.

"The loveliest of the forms of light;
Her mantle was purple rolled
At twilight in the West afar;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon,
That veils the vestal planets' hue;
Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,
Set floating in the welkin blue.
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even,
That ne'er have left their native heaven."

And she tempts him with angelic pleasure.

"Within the fleecy drift we'll lie
* * * * *
And with the sylphs of ether blest,
Forget the joys of fairy ground."

But the immovable Fay turns away, and as she, forgiving, bids him a sorrowing farewell, she tells him of his route, and of his destination, and surrounds him with protecting spells, so that he passed unharmed through the hostile demons of the air, and only halts to wait the shooting of the star. As it bursts with a "rattling thunder stroke," he rides unscathed amid the fire, and, seizing on the powerful spark, which is to complete his expiation, he wheels about, and speeds him through the midnight dark, to announce his victory at home, where his triumph is celebrated with dance and song, till the rising sun dispels the goblin shapes, and they fade from before those peering mortal eyes, as the phantasies of a fevered dream.

Now has been painted the *grandeur* of Nature, so vivid, so life-like, so exquisitely colored, that the aspiring artist may well grow pale with envy, as he studies the stormy picture. No skillful

brush could delineate the heavenly glories of the firmament, as the poet has done with pen and ink. No actual representation could so move the stupid soul with enthusiasm, as this simple imagery. No art could blend more harmoniously the terrific with the beautiful, the infinitesimal with the sublime. The inspiration of the poet seems to have culminated in this description of the Heavens.

We close the book, and slowly gather our senses back to earth, wondering if it is not all a dream. So weird, so fantastical, have been the imaginings, that they have borne us up from earth, and we seem to have looked down into Nature's secrets, from a heavenly elevation. We wake, retaining all the vivid impressions so inseparable from the recollection of a dream, exulting with Fairydom in the conquest of the Fay; but the muslin and the paper tell us that the dream, (if so it be,) is another's, and not our own.

The attempt to clothe fancies in the form of language, usually results in reducing them to plain realities. The Fairies and Ogres of our boyhood's love, seemed but extraordinary and fearful human beings. The gods and goddesses of ancient mythology are made to lose their divinity, by their human passions, and their deeds of mortal prowess. But here is no such incongruity. While the Fay is neither so God-like as to be free from sin, nor so spiritual as to abstain from deeds of wondrous valor, he is yet so stripped of mortal passions, so holy in his courage and his purity, so surrounded by the ideal, that he seems, as he is represented,—a creature not of earth. No harsh or inappropriate thought detracts from his spirituality, but the whole story blends so harmoniously, that the conception is unchanged throughout. This is the more wonderful, from the dissimilar ingredients of the fiction. The transition from the moon-lit earth, with its heavenly beauty and peace, to the sea, boiling with the wrath and energy of its myriad inhabitants—from the quiet journey through the woods, to the mad encounter in the waves, and then to the calm and joy of victory, is so natural, so unobtrusive, that there is no jar, no waking from the entrancing dream. Again, as the scene is changed, from the gentle splashing of the quieted surf to the clashing and the discord of the fiends of air, we still dream on, undismayed at the confusion, and fighting beside the goblin, as he is beset with terrors, we wake with him in peaceful Fairy-land, having passed from gentle slumber to troubled dreams, and then to hideous nightmare, without a start or shudder.

This congruity of thought, this natural sequence, this ultimate harmony, is owing to the subordination of action and character to one leading design. The hero is a creation worthy of a life-long study. Of wonderful conscientiousness, indomitable perseverance, unwavering fidelity, and perfect integrity, all the surroundings group about him as a center, and adapt themselves to his moods and undertakings, forming a complete and sympathetic whole.

The author's conception of a race of supernatural beings is a borrowed one. This world of fancy is no new creation. *All* men have ideas of the unseen. The mind of man was *made* to speculate, and since the days of Eve's presumption, has trusted its imagination, rather than the word of God. None are content with the revealed, but seek for what is hidden. No man believes that this world is the universe, and that nothing exists out of our sight. Every people have a deity, varying with their modes of life, differing according to their intelligence. All races have their superstitions, and all superstitions their interpreters. Homer populates the land of Greece with warring gods and fabulous heroes, and weaves a romance from their deeds. Dante leads us on an allegorical pilgrimage, through Heaven, Hell, and Paradise, peopled with spirits who are invested with human characters, crimes and passions. Other Italian poets elaborate the chivalric song. Beranger weaves the sparkling fancies of the French into immortal ballads. Schiller and Goethe reveal the mystical and imaginative creations of the German mind. Chaucer delights us with the power and point of his allegory. Spenser clothes the virtues and the vices with a supernatural form, and renders the visions of imagination subservient to the cause of religion. Burns, with tender pathos, translates the legends of the Scottish peasantry, and plants a race of witches in the woods. *Shakspeare* introduces to the world the veritable, sprightly, minute Fairy, with its light-heartedness and sylvan palaces. Many have striven to imitate, or improve *Shakspeare's* unique conception of Fairy-land, but all have failed. So any man might well hesitate to undertake a task which has vanquished so many, and to risk his fame by striving to enrich a field already so well cultivated.

But the author of the "*Culprit Fay*" is brave, and, disregarding the attempts of others, *he* succeeds. Now his creation alone stands as the rival of the conceptions of the "*Tempest*" and the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*." Strong in a rarely cultivated

mind, in the inspiration of an eventful life, and of an enthusiastic, almost idolatrous love of Nature, he has simplified and expounded great ideas, and, true to his purpose, he has paid an immortal tribute to Nature and to Nature's God.

W. C. G.

The Judgment of Paris.

The gods of old, in their ancient way,
Did many queer things, as the poets say;
For they loved and drank, got merry and tight,
And never were troubled 'twixt wrong and right.
Mars was *some* upon Venus, and Juno, alas!
Was ever in trouble, in spite of her brass.
Jove's thunderbolts bent, and his temper got high,
And Hermes, the scoundrel, was quick with a lie.
So, despite of ambrosial banquets, their life,
Save the good Nectar juleps, was little but strife,
Nor now can I claim, while I ask your attention,
Any wonderful virtues for those I shall mention.
In ancient times the lady of a king
Would soon become a mother and would bring
Into the world a being,—he or she,—
As to that point there was a mystery.
And as she lay upon her feathery bed
A visionary dream came in her head,
She thought her full time come and she the mother
Of but a blazing torch which none could smother.
The prophet called, in warning voice proposed,
Themselves to save, the child must be exposed.
Another day and Hecuba gave birth
To one who leave his name upon the earth;
A rosy infant, hungry, fat and fair,
With goodly stomach, precious little hair.
The mother pressed the infant to her breast,
He took a hurried meal, then sank to rest.
Soon, when the darkness of the night appeared,
And not one lonely star the prospect cheered,
A servant, hushed to secrecy with gold,
Removed the babe to Ida, as 'twas told.
From thence, his history by all is known,
How, suckled by a bear, he lived alone,

And thus was found and by a shepherd reared,
Living a youth by evil doers feared,
Paris his name, of Trojan woes the cause,
Through love of Helen, disregard of laws.
Be it my task the story now to tell
Of how he came possessed of such a belle.
O, muses all, nine in a great long string,
Settle upon me, teach me how to sing,
And on thy altars dead shall be the swine,
One for you each, in all precisely nine.

There was a wedding in Thessalia's land,
When Peleus *rex* would take a goddess' hand.
Vast preparations, gorgeous, had been made,
Casks of old wine and butts of lemonade,
Cider and apples, pastry, meats and ale,
Their friends to gladden and their guests regale.
The invitations all were duly sent,
Huge cards, on which enormous sums were spent;
The monogram "T" on a temple's dome,
While just beneath was "Mrs. P. at Home."
The appointed day was come, through all the house
There was not room to satisfy a mouse.
Laughing and talking, revelry and mirth,
Never had held such carnival on earth.
High dignities of Heaven and earth were there,
Old Jove himself sat in the loftiest chair.
Matrons and maids, in dresses nicely wrought,
Often the kind Minerva's skill had taught.
Thetis, the bride, was clad in snowy white,
Her stockens silken, laced, and very tight.
Her skirt of down hung scarce below her knees,—
Excuse the slight allusion if you please,—
Her bodice was a visionary thing,
A kind of cord looped with a golden ring,
Which, O of course, a great protection gave,
And held each eager eye a hopeless slave.
Juno, with a sharp eye on Jove, was there,
And Venus, spite her birth, divinely fair;
Minerva, too, her knitting-work in hand,
Whose deeds and arts embellish every land.
But why go on? Were every pen a score,
And every line as many thousand more,
And every page enough to cover Spain,
And every drop of ink a shower of rain,
E'en then, should I attempt to mention all,
For more material I'd have to call.
The bridal group before the altar stand,

Peleus has lovely Thetis by the hand,
 The Priest is ready to unite the boy,
 Have the first kiss and wish them boundless joy,
 When—Chuck—came something thundering through the crowd,
 Followed by "What's up now?" spoken so loud
 That all more solemn duties were forgotten,
 And every lady, fainting, pressed her cotton.
 "Silence, ye dolts," says Jove, "give me your ears,
 And in no time I will assuage your fears.
 The trouble's this. Discord, whose temper's known,
 Thinks herself slighted because she alone
 Unto these nuptials no invite received,
 And so the huzzy, desperately grieved,
 Into our midst an apple golden flings,
 A gift from her *some* trouble always brings.
 For whom 'tis meant these words will soon decide,
 It is my wish that it be for the bride.
 The sentence is, 'H καλὴ λάβερύ,'
 Look now, don't any one grab it though."
 Thus having spoken, straightway he sat down,
 Himself all smiles, each maiden with a frown.
 Then came Minerva, Venus, Mrs. Jove,
 And for the apple each most earnest strove.
 "Husband," says Juno, "Father," says Minerva,
 Quoth Venus, "No more favors if you swerve,"
 Until the ruler, quite o'ercome by beauty,
 Declared outright he didn't know his duty,
 So calling Mercury, he bid him take,
 Quicker than any sheep his tail could shake,
 These beauties three into Mt. Ida's summit,
 And let them try which could o'er Paris come it.

Thus he spake,
 And away they flew
 These two plus two,
 O'er fence of rail,
 O'er hill and vale,
 O'er plain and mount,
 O'er rock and fount,
 O'er city and town,
 Up hill and down;
 Until, at last,

On Ida's lofty top they took their stand,
 And Merc' shook Paris warmly by the hand.
 Says he "My cove, I've got you here a job,
 That may you of your senses wholly rob.
 For you must send to Jove right off by me,
 Which is the prettiest of these ladies three."

Young Paris looked round for a place to skedaddle,
Which Merc' soon prevented, in spite of his saddle,
Which hung ready fixed to slip on his old mule,
Mercury smashing it up with a three legged stool,
As he nabbed the old fellow by the seat of his coat,
And gently his back with his hickory smote,
"No you don't," quoth he quickly, "you can't come such games
Over me: now just look at these beautiful dames.
Why any one else would but think an honor,
To let e'en his eyesight a moment rest on her."
Thus he coaxed him some time, and at last he succeeded,
Although like a good fellow poor Paris pleaded.
So he sent out the ladies to dress for the trial,
While he braced up his thoughts from a black looking vial.

Soon they said they were ready, and under a grove
Where vines, thickly woven, with dark branches strove
To bar out the sunlight, there sitting within,
They circling around him, the judgments begin.
Juno wore a white rosebud tucked into her hair,
And the tiniest of slippers,—in fact, I declare
I can't say she dressed much, for except what I've mentioned,
There was nothing at all, perhaps as intencioned.
Minerva was girdled, and wore round her waist
A garland of purple, in excellent taste,
While Venus, I'm sorry, but so the tale goes,
Was bare, from her eyebrows clear down to her toes.
Paris looked at them each with an air of surprise,
Making, matter of course, the best use of his eyes.

Thus he gazed for some time
With profoundest attention,
While not one of the three
Durst a syllable mention.
Juno looked toward the ground,
With her eyebrows contracted,
While Minerva, little coquetry enacted.
But Venus, most powerful
Men's hearts to decoy,
Began with her ringlets
To playfully toy;
And she smiled, laughed and giggled,
Called Paris a brick,
And tickled his ribs
With an apple-tree stick.

Then up spoke queenly Juno, the goddess of the gods,
"Bestow on me the apple, and I on you applauds
Will shower in bounteous measure, and place withiu your hand

The power of a kingdom, the ruling of a land.
You'll be as rich as Creesus, slaves at your feet shall fall,
Acknowledged lord and master supreme by one and all."
"And I," quick spoke Minerva, "will give you wisdom great,
And that you'll sure acknowledge exceeds all power of state.
You'll be a mighty warrior, whose name the world shall know,
And even kings and princes shall bow where'er you go."
Then too up spoke young Paris, and unto Venus turned,
"Thou swayer of men's passions, if I all these have spurned,
What pray will be your offer, and let it these excel
As do in hight the heavens the depths of lowest hell."
Said Venus, sweetly smiling, "What need have you of lands,
Or wisdom great, or valor, win these by thine own hands.
I'll give thee what no noble without my aid can gain,
No vassaled chief or warrior, no pageantry or train.
I'll give to thee a maiden so beautiful and fair
That not an earthly creature can e'er with her compare.
So gentle, kind, and lowly, so plump, so white, so neat,
So perfect in her carriage, so matchless in her feet,
With the prettiest hand and ankle, and eyes so darkly bright
That they shall fill thy dwelling with heaven's purest light.
And thou shalt be her husband, and she shall thee obey.
Now mayn't I have the apple, O please do say I may."
Quoth Paris, "Jeminy-mimy, by gad the apple's yours."
And then he falls before her, and earnestly adjures
That she will surely bring him the beauty of his choice,
To fill his soul with gladness and that he may rejoice
In having one to comfort if he be badly hurt,
A wife to mend his stockings sew a button on his shirt,
To take away the lonely, when the night winds fiercely howl,
And the stars shall fear to twinkle, and the moon puts on a scowl.
Then Venus lightly kissed him and off to Helen flew,
To claim her spouse for Paris, and make her words come true.

MORAL.

If wisdom you to man would teach,
Place woman far beyond his reach,
Nor like these foolish ladies here,
Discourse of lore when love is near.

W. A. L.

Dickens and America.

THE shout of indignation, which, twenty-five years ago, hailed the appearance of "American Notes for General Circulation," has long since died away. A faint echo yet lingers in the dusty offices of the scurrilous press, which their author lashed so unsparingly; but that is all. The Notes are of the past. The generation of most of their readers and critics is past. The very features they dwell on most are so far modified as to be of the past. Their acerbity for some, their deficiency for all, are forgotten. Mr. Dickens came among us a young man, for whom a few successful books had kindled a sudden blaze of reputation. He returns with locks tinged in constant and prolific toil, the results of which have made his name a Household Word, wherever the English language is spoken.

While thousands are flocking to his readings, and speculation in his tickets is a macadamized road to fortune, may it not be well for us to examine impartially the charges preferred against him, and satisfy ourselves whether he did maliciously misrepresent the land which had received him so cordially? In reviving the old discussion, we need not enter it in the arrogant spirit of a contemporaneous article, which began by stating that the author did not deign to call on Mr. Dickens, and ended by ascribing that gentleman's infatuation to his exclusion from our *élite*. Still less would we imitate the panegyrist, who refers us to Mr. Dickens' description of Niagara, as a "remarkable piece of fine writing." To-day we need neither wince at our author's thrusts, nor apologize for his faults.

All that Mr. Dickens has written of America is comprised in his Notes, and in seven chapters of Martin Chuzzlewit. The former publication has been much the more extensively read, and elaborately criticised. In regard to the latter, the opinion of the Knickerbocker seems to have prevailed; that the caricature was too gross for criticism.

But after a careful reading of the Notes, and an unbiased perusal of the most virulent comments upon them, I fail to find a paragraph, or a sentence, which indicates a desire to misrepresent America. The spirit manifested throughout, seems remarkably

candid and indulgent. Few writers have the will, and fewer still the power, to touch so gently a prominent and annoying peculiarity, as does he the intrusiveness of his landlord, in Chap. XIV. He seeks to represent everything just as it appeared to him; but his tendency seems to be rather to extenuate than exaggerate our weaknesses. Only on three points does he betray bitter feeling. He felt that he could not protest too vehemently against the sour-riiousness of the press, slavery, and tobacco spitting. No degree of censure upon the two last of these (then) American features, can rouse offence. I refer those who deem his strictures on the press too severe, to an article in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* for Oct. 1842.

Our country at that time presented many other defects, palpable to an Englishman. Nor does Mr. Dickens neglect the grasping nature of some of our business men, or our national imitation of ancient Gascony, any more than our rude traveling accommodations, our red-hot stoves, and our insufficient public provision for cleanliness. But on all such points he is simply the observant spectator; while in several instances he makes a too evident effort to grant favorable features sufficient commendation.

Is his book, then, a faithful exposition of America in 1842? On the contrary, I doubt if a book of travel were ever written by an able author, which of itself conveys so imperfect an impression. That a true narration may give rise to a very false opinion, is hardly a paradox. The fact that Washington was a passionate man, affects very little our estimate of him; for we know the general nobleness of his character, compared with which, this exceptional weakness sinks into insignificance. But what idea of Washington would he have, who only knew of him that he often lost his temper, and swore at his servants? So to us, who recognize the distinguishing features of our country, these Notes simply parade a few minor imperfections, which, if acknowledged, could cause us no deeper feeling than vexation. But he who goes to American Notes for a description of America, is indeed sadly misled. Those features which were prominent to Charles Dickens, are doubtless accurately and candidly drawn. Unfortunately, they would be the prominent features to no other man living. When Mr. Dickens crossed the ocean, his admirers eagerly anticipated a work on this much-discussed Republic, from an author of such sagacity and penetration. Doubtless many looked for a thorough treatise—geographical, historical, and political. The

least sanguine expected sketches of our prominent men, our peculiar customs, and our moral and social condition, so that at least a broad general view might be afforded to those who knew little of us.

Such expectants were disappointed; but they had only themselves to blame; for their anticipations were unreasonable. There were special causes which rendered such a treatise improbable. He came here strictly on business, and his book was a circumstance, not the purpose, of his journey. He was lionized to a degree of ten as annoying as unaccustomed. Moreover, none can understand the social and literary condition of a strange country, without moving freely in its best society. For such association, Mr. Dickens was fitted by neither habit nor taste. But the chief and insurmountable obstacle was a peculiarity of his genius, which rendered him incapable of taking a general view of anything.

Mr. Dickens is a caricaturist. His glance is quick, but not comprehensive. He casts his eye upon an object, instantly seizes some prominent or ludicrous point, and thereafter sees that alone. Were he admitted to the presence of a score of crowned potentates, he would flash his eye indifferently over them, till it rested on something odd or droll; and were that object a footman or a lapdog, it would be the one thing impressed on his memory. His devoting more space to a stray pig on Broadway, than to the entire social and literary features of America, has many a parallel in his writings. Some of his stories resemble a series of tableaux, rather than a narrative.

This peculiarity is especially manifest in his characters. We laugh, and weep, and sigh over his human creations, yet where, in all his works, have we a real man, woman, or child? Hypocrisy appears as Pecksniff; Credulity as Pickwick; Pride as Dombey; Benevolence as the Cheerybles; and so on, through the whole list. These passions are so naturally portrayed, that they inspire in us the necessary sympathy. But the personages never appear in real life. They remind us of the Drama, when just emerging from the Moral Plays; the characters, invested with ordinary names, but still allegorical.

This concentration upon single features, makes Mr. Dickens a constitutional partizan. To nothing which interests him can he see two sides; at the first glance he conceives a fixed impression, and thereafter notes only those peculiarities which strengthen it. We see this clearly on comparing his characters with Thackeray's.

The latter's perception is as keen as Mr. Dicken's, and his humor as constant. But while Dickens is the droll caricaturist, Thackeray is the conscientious painter. An eminently kind and sympathetic nature is common to both. But while the latter is everywhere the Christian gentleman, never blind to our weaknesses, though always regarding them with charity; the former divides all mankind into two classes, and after impetuously separating the sheep from the goats, devotes all his energy to proving his classification correct. In Thackeray we find characters which we like, and characters which we dislike, but the former are not angelic or the latter satanic. He would never have said of any one, as did Dickens of Pecksniff,—“Once resolved to try him, I was resolved to pursue the trial to the end; but while I was bent on fathoming the depth of his duplicity, I made a solemn compact with myself, that I would give him credit on the other side for any latent spark of goodness, honor, or forbearance—any virtue—that might glimmer in him. From first to last, there has been no such thing. Not once.”

This partizanship in Mr. Dickens sometimes descends to positive coarseness and brutality. In the same chapter from which the above quotation is taken, the author strives to make us pleased; that Mr. Pecksniff, who, with all his contemptible qualities, is still an old man, and defenceless, is wantonly felled to the floor with a knotted cane. Even Old Curiosity Shop, the abode of the sweetest and purest of all his creations, is defaced by his final disposal of his bad characters. Not to mention the inherent improbability that two persons so thoroughly gifted with the metal that rung in their names, should be reduced to such extremity, the picture he draws of Sampson and Sally Brass, is so coarse as to be disgusting. But the driving a stake through *the dead body* of Quilp, and that, when his death was by a Higher Agency than man's, is a conception too savage, too revolting, too antagonistic to the spirit of civilization, to admit even of patient censure,

That the mind which gave us Paul Dombey and Tiny Tim, should consider such representations a fit conclusion to a touching story, would lead to this hypothesis; that from every Chap. First, he grows to consider himself the champion of some of his personages, and the implacable enemy of others; so that he cannot represent the former as too nearly perfect, or the latter as too utterly depraved. He would never have suffered Col. Newsome, through headstrong vanity, to involve hundreds of families in ruin. He could never draw a character, and say of him, in conclusion—“We

see flowers of good blooming in foul places, as, in the most splendid and lofty fortunes, flaws of vice and meanness, and stains of evil; and knowing how mean the best of us is, let us give a hand of charity to Arthur Pendennis, with all his faults and shortcomings, who does not claim to be a hero, but only a man and a brother."

It is not my purpose, at this time, to discuss the relative merits of Thackeray and Dickens, or to inquire how far the additional vivacity and vigor, which this partizanship of the latter infuses, atone for the actual misrepresentation. I have only sought to show the natural bias of Mr. Dickens' mind toward one alone of the two sides which everything proverbially presents.

From such a mind, we should expect books written with a definite purpose, to correct some existing evil, or to introduce or further some enterprize of good. This gives us a clue to the American portion of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. No more directly was *A Christmas Carol* written to encourage benevolence at that season, or *Nicholas Nickleby* to eradicate the abuses of Yorkshire schools, than *Martin Chuzzlewit* to discourage emigration to this country. I say emigration, and not immigration, for it was not through hostility to America, but through sympathy for the thousands of his countrymen who were being enticed hither with vain anticipations, that he was led to palm off exceptional features as a true likeness. There unquestionably were Valleys of Eden, which were valleys of death to beguiled settlers. And if, with his eye on this fact, Dickens forgot candor and fairness in enforcing it, this was nothing new. Jules Janin, the celebrated French critic, had already declared of Squeers,—"*Mais, juste ciel! si la cent millième partie d'une pareille horte était possible; s'il était vrai qu'un seul marchand de chair humaine ainsi bâti pût exister de l'autre côté du détroit, ce serait le déshonneur d'une nation tout entière.*" And he who finds only Mulberry Hawks and Frederic Verisophts among the English nobility, may be pardoned for recognizing at the National Hotel, only "Jefferson Brick, Col. Diver, Major Pawkins, Gen. Clarke, and Mr. Lafayette Kettle, over and over again." Indeed, it is to be regretted, that, after this, he could not be more consistent, than to find "several" gentlemen of Mr. Bevan's stamp on an insignificant little river steamer.

I conclude, then, that while *American Notes*, and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, so far fail of representing America, that they may be said to misrepresent it, this result is yet consonant with all Mr. Dickens' efforts, and cannot be attributed to prejudice or malevolence.

C. W. B.

The Class of Sixty-Eight.

Academical.

the time draws near when Sixty-Eight will no longer participate in College duties, and form a part of our College society, we prepared for the readers of the LIT., and especially for those interested, the annual Class statistics. And we cannot resist opening this Article by a quotation of that Professor who lately remarked—Sixty-eight is the best Class I have known in College for ten years. Certainly those who compose the Class do not feel like denying the assertion, for we find nothing, either in our past history or in the members themselves, to lead us to doubt its truth. The Class has comprised, in all, 167 men. By the Freshman Catalogue, it numbered 134. During the year, *twenty-three* left. *Seven* entered in Sophomore year, and by Sophomore Catalogue numbered 130. *Twenty* left, and *three* entered before the issue of Junior Catalogue, and afterwards *two* entered and *three* left, giving our number in the Senior Catalogue 107.

The Catalogue shows the following territorial divisions:—

	Freshman.	Sophomores.	Juniors.	Seniors.
Connecticut,	1	1	1	2
Hampshire,	0	1	2	2
Massachusetts,	1	2	3	3
New Hampshire,	17	13	12	10
Rhode Island,	2	2	1	1
Vermont,	32	34	33	30
New York,	43	38	31	29
New Jersey,	3	4	3	3
Pennsylvania,	6	5	5	4
Delaware,	1	2	2	2
Virginia,	1	2	2	1
North Carolina,	1	0	0	0
South Carolina,	5	4	3	2
Georgia,	7	7	6	6
Florida,	5	4	4	4

Missouri,	4	4	1	1
Michigan,	1	2	2	3
Wisconsin,	2	2	2	2
India,	1	1	1	1
Chile, S. A.,	0	1	1	1
Paris, France,	1	1	0	0

The average age of the Class, on Presentation day, will be 22 years, 4 months, 17 days, and therefore the Class birth-day was, Feb. 15th, 1846. Our oldest man (G. E.) is $29\frac{1}{2}$ years old; our youngest, (J. H. W.,) 19 years. The ages, on Presentation day, by half years, will be as follows:—

1	aged	19	5	"	$24\frac{1}{2}$
5	"	$19\frac{1}{2}$	1	"	25
7	"	20	2	"	$25\frac{1}{2}$
9	"	$20\frac{1}{2}$	3	"	26
14	"	21	1	"	$26\frac{1}{2}$
16	"	$21\frac{1}{2}$	1	"	28
12	"	22	2	"	$28\frac{1}{2}$
10	"	$22\frac{1}{2}$	1	"	29
8	"	23	1	"	$29\frac{1}{2}$
5	"	$23\frac{1}{2}$			
3	"	24			
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Aggregate age of those born in '38, 29 years, 7 months, 6 days.

"	"	"	"	'39,	66	"	11	"	5	"
"	"	"	"	'40,	28	"	3	"	6	"
"	"	"	"	'41,	26	"	7	"	27	"
"	"	"	"	'42,	129	"	11	"	13	"
"	"	"	"	'43,	148	"	7	"	24	"
"	"	"	"	'44,	190	"	11	"	15	"
"	"	"	"	'45,	413	"	3	"	5	"
"	"	"	"	'46,	615	"	10	"	11	"
"	"	"	"	'47,	484	"	10	"	2	"
"	"	"	"	'48,	240	"	4	"	12	"
"	"	"	"	'49,	19	"	2	"	11	"

" " Class, 2394 years, 6 months, 17 days.

1 born in 1838,	11 born in January,
3 " " '39,	4 " " February,
1 " " '40,	8 " " March,
1 " " '41,	9 " " April,
5 " " '42,	9 " " May,
6 " " '43,	9 " " June,
8 " " '44,	4 " " July,
18 " " '45,	12 " " August,
28 " " '46,	14 " " September,
23 " " '47,	13 " " October,
12 " " '48,	11 " " November,
1 " " '49.	3 " " December.
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Sept. is the favored month.

51, or nearly half the Class, were born in '46 and '47. A greater number was born in '46, than in any other year.

Our tallest man is 6 feet 1 inch in height; our shortest, 4 feet 4 inches. The total length of the Class is 557 feet 3 inches, and the average length 5 feet 2½ inches.

Religious denominations, (not necessarily members,) stand as follows:—*Congregational and Presbyterians*, 73; *Episcopal*, 19; *Methodist*, 7; *Baptist*, 3; *Universalist*, 1; *Lutheran*, 1.

The fellows have *nicked* one another's names as follows:—Captain, Mike et String, Skinny, Fatty, Deacon, Pope et Oriental Blister, Traveller et Lord, Martyr et Latum, Duke of Duzenbury, Dud, Sage, Hog, Frog, Jennie et Jane, J. Lip, Bowie, Jack et Politician, Ghost et Deacon Blim, Vrick et Chit, Vile, Long Tom et Greenland, Crophy, Mophy, Tophy, Woodup, Dominie, Rectus, Baldy et Absence, Ham, Satan et Imperial.

Of idiomatic middles, (ought to be excluded,) we have Goodhue, Thaddeus, De Wees, Bunce, Scribner, Marvin, Pitkin, Leach, Kinney, Bard Capron, Kirk, Roumage, Higgins, Fenner, Hauze, Dousman.

We have 13 Williams, 7 Jameses, 7 Charles, 5 Thomases, and 7 Johns. We have lost four members by death; Timmerman, Ryan, McClelland, and Loomis.

Hair bedecks various physiognomies in the following various methods:—

No hair apparent,	-	-	-	-	-	-	45*
Mustache,	-	-	-	-	-	-	25
Sides,	-	-	-	-	-	-	15
Chins,	-	-	-	-	-	-	8
Full Beard,	-	-	-	-	-	-	3
Mustache and Sides,	-	-	-	-	-	-	3
" " Chin,	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
Feels a Mustache coming,	-	-	-	-	-	-	1

The following is a correct list of the prizes and honors of the course:—

	Prizes.	Honors.	Total.
ΔKE,	30	8	38
ΥΥ,	22	7	29
ΑΔΦ,	17	4	21
ΚΣΕ,	35	9	44
ΔΚ,	15	6	21
ΓΝ,	31	4	35

The Class has been divided between Linonia and Brothers as follows:—

	Freshmen.	Sophomores.	Juniors.	Seniors.
Linonians,	68	55	59	55
Brothers,	69	66	58	50

The Class furnished *seventeen* soldiers to the Union Army.

In boating matters, the Class has always been prominent. We had one man on the great '65 crew, who left it before the race, on account of sickness. We furnished three men to the crew of '67, and will furnish one to the next crew. In the harbor races, we have generally furnished a majority of men.

We excelled the Classes above us in Base Ball, but the Ball fever has subsided during the past year.

We entered Rushes with great spirit, and lost more men by them than any Class in College. Our initiation of the Freshmen into ΚΣΕ and ΔΚ, were most enthusiastic entertainments, not likely again to be equaled in their specific peculiarities.

We are aware that these statistics are not as full as they might be made, but hope the correctness of the facts afforded, will make up for the deficiency.

* This has no reference to hairs apparent.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

The Gymnasium Exhibitions.

This very successful entertainment took place in the Gymnasium, on the evenings of March 16th and 19th. The performance was certainly quite wonderful, when the short period given to practice is considered. Many, too many for special notice, quite distinguished themselves. The proceeds, amounting to some \$300, went to the Yale Navy.

An Acknowledgement.

The thanks of the Board are due to Mr. CHAS. R. COAN, for very many kindnesses received during the year. Mr. Coan's Insurance Office is at 247 Chapel st., and we can recommend him to all desiring information on this question of growing interest.

Beethoven.

This Society gave one of their finest Concerts in Music Hall on Monday evening the 22d inst., to a large and appreciative audience. The performance was, in many respects, new, and the hearty encores showed, that the fellows can sing. The proceeds, amounting to some \$100, went to the Navy. The Navy ought to be in a pretty healthy financial condition. The Beethoven Society was offered \$500 to sing in Steinway Hall, N. Y., but the Faculty would not permit them to go.

Wanted.

No. 8, Vol. 31, and No. 2, Vol. 33, of the LIT. Cash will be paid for copies of these numbers at the College Book Store.

For Sale.

A complete file of the LITs. since Oct., 1865; i. e., Vols. 31, 32, 33. Apply to the Editors.

Junior Exhibition.

The Class of '69 very wisely voted to have the exercises of their Exhibition confined to the afternoon, with the Promenade Concert in the evening. As they could not obtain a Church, the Exercises took place in the College Chapel, on the afternoon of April 1st. The Chapel was filled with the usual stylish audience, and every one had cause to believe, that the new arrangement was a most excellent one.

We append the Programme:—

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Music: Overture.
2. Latin Oration, "De satirarum scriptoribus Romanis," by Bernadotté Perrin, New Britain.
3. Oration, "Wm. H. Seward," by Edward Augustus Coy, Sandusky, O.
4. Oration. "Thackeray," by Charles William Bardeen, Fitchburg, Mass.
5. Music.
6. Oration. "The Poetry of Keats," by Theodore F. Welch, Gowanda, N. Y.
7. Oration, "The Battle of Tours," by William Hunter Workman, Worcester, Mass.
8. Dissertation, "The Armada," by Adrian Van Sinderen Lindsley, Nashville, Tenn.
9. Music.
10. Oration, "Antagonism Essential to Success," by Charles Theodor Weitzel, Hartford.
11. Oration, "The Mudsills of Society," by John Beach Isham, New Haven.
12. Oration, "Daniel Webster," by Frank Russell Childs, East Hartford.
13. Music.
14. Oration, "The Statesmanship of Revolutions," by Stuart Phelps, Andover, Mass.
15. Oration, "Richelieu," by Henry Clay Missimer, Pottstown, Pa.
16. Music.
17. Dissertation, "The Defeat at Kolin," by Aaron Smith Thomas, Wickford, R. I.
18. Philosophical Oration, "The Arabic Learning in Spain," by Arthur Shirley, New York City.
19. Music.
20. Philosophical Oration, "Milton's Free Commonwealth," by Edward Payson Wilder, Kolapoor, India.
21. Music.

Promenade Concert.

This Concert, given by Dodworth's Band, on the evening of April 1st, was a great success. Not so well attended as the Spoon Ball will be, of course, but the dresses were stylish, the music superb, and the ladies—O dear! and what more was necessary. We have heard that Lent has seriously affected some of the most desirable partners. Admonitions are too serious a matter now-a-days to allow of any church irregularities.

Book Notices.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST. March. T. H. Pease. This is a very interesting No. of this excellent Magazine. Among other Articles, it contains the essay on the Geological Distribution of Animals, by Mr. Sidney I. Smith, that received the Berzelius Prize last year.

IN THE YEAR '13: A TALE OF MECKLENBURG LIFE. By Fritz Reuter. Translated from the Platt Deutsch, by Chas. L. Lewes. Leyboldt & Holt: New York. Notice in next issue.

Editor's Table.

UNLUCKY chance, unhappy lot! Why did'st thou turn to me a frigid shoulder, why did'st thou leave my fortune in the lurch? But from the unlucky hat I must, through thee, draw forth the number which compels me now, while the sun shines, and the birds and Juniors sing without, and Hamilton and Lieber discourse within, compels me now to scribble out pages of truth, while I would delight to be pouring forth volumes of ease-producing smoke. But such is the lot of man To-day he puts forth the tough foliage of expectation, to-morrow flowers into a nosegay, and then comes a cold snap, a death-producing snap, and while he imagines, good easy-hearted soul, his honorary degrees are coming to a head, snaps off his blossom, and then he growls as I do. I charge thee, Aquarius, sling away ambition. Seek not Collegiate honors, for printers dun letters, hiding beneath smooth white envelopes, bring more of cares than wars and women have. Had ye, subscribers, but loved the LIT. with $\frac{1}{2}$ the zeal ye loved your billiards, ye would not now have left us unclad to our enemies.

The Senior Class has almost run its race, and while we rejoice in the bright return of spring, there is, too, a feeling of sorrow and sadness mingled with our joy, for it reminds us of that day in June, when a long good-by will break our ranks forever. Different men are affected differently by a Class-day parting. Those whom bright eyes, and ruby, loving, (I believe those are the proper adjectives,) lips await, shed a momentary tear, and then haste to gird themselves with newer bonds of union. The man who goes through College with a kind of inward motion, imperceptible to those without, shakes your hand on Class-day, as he would shake the handle of a pump, and goes away to await the next sunrise. But those who know in reality what the true pleasures of a College life are, who have no hampering cares of affected affection in the future, who look upon the passing away of College life as a long measure told off from the cord of worldly happiness, who have in prospect another bachelor existence, another room hung with lop-sided pictures, another pipe as a companion, another table as a foot-stool, *they* can feel what it is to be torn from friends whose worth time has proved, and whose loss they feel will never be supplid.

For College friendship, when once proved true, is as holy an alliance as it is base when cloaked with hypocrisy.

The studies of our College are most admirably suited to the years in which they come. The Freshman Greek and Euclid, the Sophomore Mathematics, the easy hardness of the Junior course, all leave impressions on our memory, commensurate with the years themselves. And then our Senior year! Who will not look back upon its work as a fitting conclusion to such a course. The heavy thoughts of Stewart and Hamilton, the practical teachings of Perry and Lieber, and the wonders of Geology,—learned from the kind lips of Prof. Porter, from a President whom none can know without respecting, and from Prof. Dana, whose patience only ceases to be wonderful, when compared with the science he teaches, all must

be remembered with pleasure by us all. Some have been difficult, some obscure, some, perhaps, not entirely interesting. But they have all introduced us into new spheres, for which our previous training had only prepared us, and we go forth with a foundation for the future, such as no other College in the country could afford us.

We close this last Table of our course with a dish from our new possession, Walrussia. It was received by submarine cabal over the Rocky Mountains, at great expense, and clears up several points which have long been in dispute among the *savans* of the age.

STICKINTHEMUD, WALRUSSIA, }
March 29th, 1868. }

RESPECTED LIT.

The feelings which perambulate my bosom as for the first time, I take my feathery pen within my digits, (steel pens are not as yet imported here,) and indite the initiatory syllables of my Borealitic correspondence from this newly-become-important-standpoint-of-civilization, may better be comprised with the sensitive cognitions of imagination, than shown by the more cumbrous and hyper-ineffectual medium of written communication. For I may question, in the dispassionate language of one who left the realms of mundane peregrination in periods far distant from our present existence, "What go I out with the idea of seeing which?" Now, in proposing to myself and the readers of the LIT. the aforesaid inquiry, I deprive myself of much unselfish enjoyment, and remove from the aforesaid readers, information which, however unimportant and uninteresting I may consider it, would, as I am well assured, be to each and every one of them a banquet of reason, and a gushing forth of soul. Not to deal farther in dubious and so-to-be-called-without-danger-of-misunderstanding unselfsatisfying sentimentalities, I will remark, that I refer to the impossibility of my dwelling on my journey to this land; my pilgrimage to the sea; I say to the *sea*, with full cognition of my defined intention, for is not Walrussia the land of Se-ward? All my journey must be silent, all my long and weary journey, all my journey fraught with pleasure, and with spondulicks accomplished, journey over hill and valley, and across the Rocky Mountains, to the land of Californy, land of gold and Chinese Coolies, land of trees, with trunks enormous, and of lodes that load the owner with a very onerous burden. I must tell you not of codfish, sporting in the briny water, nor of seals, fresh fish devouring, nor of white bears eating honey, article of bees the product. Nor of squaws, with eyes so shining, and with locks so black and greasy, and with hands to water strangers, and with tongues that know no English; yet who love such wild adventures, love the *wyin* and the Buffalo, love the rainbow in the valley, and the steak of deer so tender, and the warming glass of whiskey, and the cocktail in the morning; go yourselves and learn the lesson; go, and don't seek to extricate forbidden knowledge, from one whose services are devoted to a land from whose bourne no frozen traveler returns. Allow me, without seeming to insist too strongly, to remark, go. I may be pardoned for premising, that I came from San Francisco by steamer. This is a very convenient method of locomotion, and one I should by all means recommend to future excursionists and Bohemians; for, since the steamer goes and returns only once in two years, its trips may be depended on with a degree of certainty, which is not apt to be confused with over-sanguinity.

Our arrival at this port was hailed with more enthusiasm, by the inhabitant, than the frequently returning periodicity of its return would seem to render unprovocative of surprise. While we were but a speck on the briny fluid, which affords lodgings to so many of the piscatorial tribe, and our smoke-stack alone told of an event which futurity might be said still to contain within the realms of her prescience, our approaching was marked, and the inhabitant proceeded to make preparations for *the event*. I may remark here, without risk of falling into a fault of anticipation, that the arrival of the boat is always called *the event*, and its departure spoken of as *ship-day*. As we drew near the shore, the inhabitant greeted us with a prolonged roar, which died away in echoes bounding from the cliffs, and sliding off the glistening ice, till they were melted in the sea. Our dock was an immense iceberg, to which we were moored, by bringing the vessel close to its side, and pouring a pail of water overboard, which at once cemented us with a frozen chain.

I might continue to illustrate the successive periods of my progress from the vessel, my reception at the hotel, etc., etc., but science claims me for her own, and to her demands I yield. My observations have extended into many branches, and, although I have been troubled with severe peritreal inflammation of the autopsy of the cardial process, accompanied with hypetrophy of the bifurcation of the aorta, I still hope to have added my mite to the lore of Kepler and Confuscius. I have discovered that, in these Northern latitudes, the diurnal precession of the solar equinox deintegrates laterally, in the proportion of twice the coördinate, multiplied by the abscissa. The question was asked me by a deceased scholar a few days since, as to when the sun approximated in similarity to a Ballét girl. By taking the *bearings*, and by the aid of calculus, I proved that the similarity existed when he exposed his lower limb.

It has long been believed by Walrussian metaphysicians, that the mind is a calcareous conglomeration of generative analyses, dependent upon the ossification of the occipital marrow, for its denotative cognitions. The fallacy of this consideration consists in an unequal representation of the Normological science of cognition, and, as Descartes has plainly shown, an assumption of connection, based upon an unfair amount of delutition. I hope, in my next, to give you still further indication of progression, but as the operator here unlike, the instrument on which he operates, has not received a sufficient training in political economy to enable him to become a believer in the noble art of giving *tick*, I shall have to close through want of farther funds.

Greasily yours,

WAY LOIL.

EDITORS' FAREWELL.

ANOTHER volume of LITS is ready to be placed upon the shelves of the Library. It is certainly with a feeling of pleasure that the Board can look upon THIRTY-TWO companion volumes, as they place their newest issue by their side. The benefit of the LIT. may be unequally divided between readers and editors; but surely if you, reader, have felt one half the pleasure in perusing, that we have in writing and compiling, our labor has not been wholly in vain.

The LIT. is the offspring of the student in College; not weighty with intellect, shining with talent, nor gilded with perfection, but surely bright with endeavor, and, we hope, not entirely free of promise for the future. It now goes into new and able hands, and we bid it farewell, only hoping that another thirty-three years may see its volumes doubled, its size trebled, its subscriptions quadrupled, and its worth increased an hundred fold.

R. W. AYRES,
J. LEWIS,
W. A. LINN,
W. A. MCKINNEY,
A. P. TINKER.

VOL. XXXIII.

NO. VII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



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Cautelant MORLES, phantique PATEA."

MAY, 1868.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII.

MAY, 1868.

No. 7.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '69.

LYMAN H. BAGG,

HENRY V. FREEMAN,

EDWARD G. COY,

HENRY W. RAYMOND,

EDWARD P. WILDER.

College Life.

A STRING long played on by musicians of every capacity, may well be considered incapable of giving forth any new tones. Yet a chance note may be struck by an unskilled hand, which has never been produced before. It is with some such hope that we have chosen our present theme, certainly one that ought to be of the utmost importance to us here. Is College life a failure or not? Are its results generally commensurate with its anticipations? Does it develop and strengthen character? Questions like these are continually arising in any thoughtful mind. To answer them fairly and fully is a somewhat difficult task. Speaking generally, we should answer at once to each question, No! We do not believe that many of those who enter College, have chosen the proper road or rather means for *educating* them into wise and useful men; for strengthening them where they are weak, and developing the strong points in their character; for giving them the particular intellectual food their nature needs, but rather cramming them with an indigestible mass in which there exists no special stimulus and agent to enable them to sift the useful and the, for them, necessary. The whole pudding has too much of one ingredient for some, too little for another; for some too rich, for others too poor. But it will not do to confine ourselves to such broad and general

theories. The College world contains three distinct types of individual character, the scholarly, the literary, and the popular. Let us look at each of them closely and critically and see whether for these three, College life *as it is*, is a failure or not. First, then, the SCHOLAR. His delight is in books. His ambition is limited to scholarly excellence. Visions of scholarships, philosophicals and a valedictory haunt his slumbers. Health becomes a secondary consideration. Plato, Euripides, Demosthenes, Virgil, Cicero and Tacitus are his Penates. He swears by Zeus and draws from Mythology his similes and pictures. His conversation is moulded on the principles of Hadley and Kühner; Andrews or Zumpt. It is an animated style of original thought put into Greek or Latin, and only translated to suit the capacity of his hearers. His thoughts are ever following imaginary lines into Infinity. To find the value of the unknown x , in whatever he meets, is his sole care. Euclid, Puckle, Legendre and Newton furnish his principles of logic. He forsakes the living for the dead, and among the ancients alone finds anything worthy of imitation or approaching perfection. Of anything like a general understanding of the principles of life, of its difficulties and trials, responsibilities and cares; of the claims of society on all its members; of the requirements of government of all its citizens, he is lamentably ignorant. Be so incautious as to mention any of our Republican privileges, and he will give you chapter after chapter of Roman or Grecian History, bewailing the substitution of the ballot-box for the ancient urns, and clamoring for a return to the days when shells were used for ballots. In one thing only great, all other things are childish. The scholar that can recite page after page without omitting a word, or work out the most difficult problems in the most abstruse mathematical studies will clap his hands with childish glee at the silliest practical joke, and find his amusement and pleasure in things a child is supposed to give up when he gets his first pair of boots. He is emphatically what Webster defines him as being, "One acquainted with books *only*." His intellect:

—"filled with store
Of syntax truly, but with little more."

Such is the *mere Scholar*. A learned book-worm. That the picture is not overdrawn or the colors too dark, many will bear me witness. And when for the scholar the one day of triumph comes; when in *him* the Public are to see the first scholar in his class, and when amid a death-like stillness, he has delivered the few words of farewell, then,

his task is done, his name forgotten, and with a shattered constitution he is to *begin* his life-work. Of what advantage to him *now*, are nights of toil and labor, days of unceasing work. For four long years he has labored successfully, but unknown, to win the laurel of a single hour. The chrysalis has become a butterfly and lives but a day. The bubble has burst, the vision faded, and where is all the splendid pageantry with which fancy had decorated his every desire. A country parsonage or a school-master's desk are his reward. Is College life for him a failure or not? Yet this one is the *successful* scholar. He fixed his eyes on one object and has obtained it; but what are we to say of the many, who have sought the same goal but failed to reach it; who have wasted their strength and the best four years of their life, for what? To show off another's superior merits. To swell his triumph.—Remember we speak now of him who makes scholarship *only*, his ambition, and for him we say College life is a failure. A powerful memory, acquired by practice and attainable in any other department of life, is his gain. Robert Houdin, the celebrated French conjurer, will walk past a shop window once, and tell you afterwards every object in the window. So four years of hard labor have brought as their fruit but little more than what a few years of practice will give any one.

Now pass on to type No. 2. The LITERARY MAN. By title this we do not mean those who comply with Webster's definition. By no means. Webster's type is rarely found in College. We mean the *College literary man*, a creature of a far different species; a sickly hot-house plant, unnatural and unreal. His objects differ from that of the scholar. He despises scholarship. His goal is a DeForest or perhaps only a Townsend. To that end he bends all his energies. From the libraries he draws his inspirations for Prize Debates or Compositions. No sooner is the subject given than he seeks the Library catalogue. Perhaps he lights on old essays on the subject; perchance only on treatises bearing more remotely. He fashions *his* work on "old authors," mingles in plagiarized sentences and trusts that the good seed thus thickly scattered may hide the original weeds in his field of thought. He spends, say four weeks in the year, in thus storing his mind (?) and creating what are to pass for original themes. We once heard the peroration to Webster's famous reply to Mr. Hayne, placed in a Freshman Prize Debate, with only a few words changed to make it apply. Suppose that this artificial writer is successful and reaps his prize! What then? Does he go into the world with a mind broadened by extensive reading and disciplined by practice; with that ability and facility of thought which an acquaintance with

many authors should give; has he, in his four years of College life, prepared himself for a Future? On the contrary, he has acquired a mere superficial knowledge of a few subjects, and has so long despised the useful that he lacks even the necessary. His College life has been for him a failure. His knowledge of literature is about as great as one gets of a new novel by cutting the leaves, or of botany, by riding through a forest. He can hardly be even said to realize Pope's description :

"A bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

Type No. 3. The POPULAR MAN. This gentleman, and the class he represents, is rather a difficult one to meddle with. People's popular toes stick out pretty far everywhere; particularly so in College, and there is great danger of stepping on somebody's when you least expect it. However, let it be borne in mind that we are speaking of the extremes in each class, of the counterfeit rather than of the genuine. There is not a better example of a College life wasted, than in the so-called popular man. Selfish to an extreme, except where policy dictates generosity; dissipated in the worst sense of the term, literally *dissipating*, i. e. scattering his talents and wasting them in vain; a fawning sycophant where it serves his purpose; the haughtiest of the haughty, when *policy* whispers her silvered counsels in his ear; his qualifications, "compromises of conscience; yieldings of that stern and lofty principle which is the only certain glory of a man; the fatal downfall of a righteous independence; the fear to stand up bravely for a conviction, and to stand alone for it to the life's end; the calling of good evil and of evil good; the winking at falsehoods and other sins, as trivial only because Satan has made them fashionable." What a success is the College life of such a one? And yet no class of men in College has more votaries or practitioners of its precepts.

So common are members of this class becoming that whenever you see any one particularly polite and forgiving, you instinctively draw back, fearing that as Mark Tapley said of a rattle-snake curling up like a cork-screw at the foot of your bed, "it means venom." Take the life of the man who courts popular favor among his mates. How lavishly he spends his money; how exquisitely he dresses; how loud he talks, yet with what honeyed words, carefully measured in the balance of a depraved judgment before uttered; how he parades what few accomplishments he may possess; how a *douceur* of some kind or other is always at hand whenever he courts the favor of some friend;

how careful is he not to offend; "*semper ridens*" his well-observed motto! What then for him is College life? A school for the encouragement and fostering of all that is vicious in his nature, where he finds every inducement and encouragement to be vicious. For him we say again, College life is a failure.

"An habitation giddy and unsure,
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart."

His attempted preparation for his life's work has brought no fruit. He has despised everything but pleasure, and scoffed at all that is noble and good. Indolence is his bosom friend, and his idea of heaven is probably like the poet Gray's, when he defined it as

"Lying on the sofa and reading new novels;"

add cigars and wine and you have it.

The old sage Socrates, lays it down pretty boldly that no regard is to be paid to public opinion, feeling probably that it oftener caused a deviation from the right track, than a moving on it. Of course we hold that the acquiring and cultivating of some genial and lasting friendships is one of the right objects of College life, but there are different ways to gain them, and surely the one we have alluded to is far from the right one.

Thus have we attempted to describe the three leading types of men that we find in the College world; of course there are others. Boating men, Religious enthusiasts and Politicians, must be passed over for the present. But it may justly be asked for what class of men is College life a success? What is the remedy for the evils? As briefly as possible will we make our answer.

The successful man in College, is the one who the best combines the characteristics of the three classes. Too little of a scholar to be a dunce; too little of a literary man to be a fool; and too little a popular man to be a knave; yet with all the principal virtues and advantages of each combined and balancing one another, he commands the respect, friendship and admiration of his mates, and is in a position to profit by all the advantages which such a College as Yale offers to all who will use them rightly. Such are the men who add lustre to the name of their Alma Mater. Such are the men to whom all point with pride, as fitting representatives of their College. Such a mind, broadened and disciplined by the four years of College life, and rising above narrow feelings and prejudices, has every avenue of wealth, honor and distinction, ready for its labors. College life for

such a one is a glorious success, and the course has been made honorable, happy and successful, both for the time while it is passing and for future manhood. And finally, that College life is the most successful and can be better made to apply to individual wants, which has an *object* to incite ambition and stimulate the slow. Your man without an object, like a ship without a captain, or a vessel starting for an unknown port, drifts listlessly hither and thither with no aim or purpose, but the "killing" of so much time.—His best energies are wasted on trivial things. The faculties which are to serve him in his life-work, are left uncultivated, and may prove unfit for the actual effort. His talents, which might render him capable of taking a high rank in some one department, are made to scatter and apply to any quantity of uncongenial matter. Like the bundle of sticks which derives strength from unity, so the talents of a man, if applied to the attainment of some one well-adapted object, will bring success and honor as their reward.

H. W. E.



Hood speaks of a bird building its nest on the ledge over the door of a doctor's office, as an attempt to rear its young in the very jaws of death.



ANCIENT AND MODERN GREECE.—Whale Oil and Petroleum.



PUNCH thinks there is an obvious propriety in going out to dinner in a swallow-tail coat.



NEVER DESPOND. Though the mid-day sun may be hidden from your eyes, we know that it is shining serenely upon the upper surface of the clouds.



He who tells all he knows will also tell what he does not know.

Puritanism in National Character.

DOUBTLESS the chief component of New England character was Puritanism. The cause for which the colonies were settled, and the rock on which they rested, early held the germs of a lasting influence. The power of religion is always strong, and doubly so when like Puritanism it is lived, labored, and if need be, died for. It then guides every action, tempers every thought, and colors every view of life. Once established in this way, it becomes a part of the people, and in a measure coexists with them.

The extension of Puritanism was necessary if it retained an influence. New York, Ohio and other northern States, widely populated by the sons of New England, partook largely of her character. Hence they must have been thoroughly imbued with her religion. For this reason it is that from being simply a sectional influence, Puritanism has become in a measure national.

But let us see in what this wide influence consists : The results of religion are not only moral, but intellectual. It either expands thought, elevates aspirations and so ennobles manhood, as in England or America ; or it cramps the intellect, feeds superstition with secrecy, investigation with deception, and loses its real grandeur, as in Italy or France. The witness of history in every nation attests this. All progress of civilization confirms it. As an intellectual influence, Puritanism was first a guiding idea, cherished and protected by its followers. Such an idea is no less important for a national, than for an individual character. Success in any direction requires some definite object toward which to direct the currents of life. This the New England settlers found in the maintenance and growth of their religion. Here they directed the energies of their manhood ; here centered their hopes. With it, friends, wealth and influence weighed lightly in their thoughts ; for it the price of sacrifice, of labor, and hardship was freely paid. In securing it were developed their chief characteristics.

Resolute and sure in the right of their undertaking, the Puritans still needed perseverance and self-reliance to carry them on ; an earnest, brave and faithful spirit, to meet and conquer obstacles ; a loyal faith and confidence in each other, to strengthen and unite them.

These their very need incited them to gain. In the gymnasium of noble actions, born of great thought were they unfolded; by daily endeavors and contest with difficulties were they expanded. A less worthy object might have developed their intellect; only a noble one their thorough manhood. Qualities like these did not spring up and flourish in one generation to fade and droop away in the next. Parents bequeathed them as choice legacies to their children. Great aims still to be attained ever forbade their sinking dormant, and the "crimson traced" struggles of the country kept them bright and glowing. Such qualities we follow through the maze of successive generations, as family tracks. In the Puritans we find them growing and bearing fruit; in their descendants we find them vigorous, and rich in the blessings they confer; now they are almost synonyms of American character.

Here too was cradled the spirit of American liberty. Freedom of thought expressed in free actions, is the germ of all human liberty. Deprived of this in England, the Puritans sought and found it in America. By their former creed they valued it. Along a path of blood we trace it, from the Mayflower, through Indian wars and the Revolution. Thence, through the sunny years of the Republic it passed, to rise again purified and ennobled by the ordeal of the war. To those with whom this march began is due the laurel of our victory.

The Puritans, of whom many were graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, and even high in an European reputation, were earnest supporters of learning and education. They embraced such men as Hooker, Sherman, Duersters and Chauncey, the two last of whom had been Presidents at Cambridge. They were men eminent even in the learning, literature and science, that raised so high the glory of "great Eliza's golden time." Milton, Baxter, and other noted Puritans were their friends and correspondents; united to them by a common interest. Naturally the greatness of the old country impressed the new. At once they became the founders and supporters of schools in every colony, and soon of Harvard University. From the height of their starting point they sowed broadcast through New England, and then farther on, the seeds of learning and intelligence.

Not less important was Puritanism as a moral influence. Almost from a necessity of its history, it was a religion of life and reality. Upon it opposition, like wind upon a well ignited fire, caused incitement, growth, strength. Its sway so wild, strong and boundless, was yet not a fanatcism, for the test of effort, danger, and oppression, disclosed a foundation too broad and sure, in which Time's sculp-

turing hand would develop a higher symmetry and beauty. Not some few extravagant ideas, now made more evident by the changes of civilization, nor the outward characteristics of this religion, should fire our opinion. The object sought is of the first importance, and towers high above the means employed. This object was manifestly freedom in religion. It was a religion without hypocrisy, because unselfish and simple, earnest because sustained by sacrifice. Hence it demands at least respect, for what life is nobler than one of self-sacrifice, and what so well can test the motive as the life itself? More than this, it was a religion of the Bible and of prayer. God's word guided the people not only in their religious principles, but to a great extent in their civil laws. Fearful of error they gave to its precepts the closest obedience and reverence. The preëminent duty of serving God was the first principle of their lives and influenced all the others. If these characteristics show extreme views, certainly brighter and clearer by far, they also show a zeal and regard for the truth, and a desire to promote the glory of God. The errors we lose sight of in their own virtues. No better legacy could the founders of a nation leave.

The strictness and rigid practices of the Puritans supplied a necessity of social improvement. Such improvement requires fixed laws in religion; it requires systematic duties in which rests the observance of those from man to man. As they are here sacred, the morality of a nation is judged; the country and its inhabitants prosper.

The natural tendency of any revolt is to seek the opposite limit. The Puritans are no exception. But while this was a blot that marred their history, it was not deep or lasting. The years have long ago erased it. Not necessarily the best religion, nor most devoid of error, Puritanism was yet whole-souled, ennobling, christian. As such it became a sure, if not a smooth corner-stone for the Republic. The necessity of religion to every people requires no argument. According as it follows the Bible, purifies the life and develops many virtues, we reverence and value it. This we think Puritanism has done, and in so doing has been prominent in making ours a christian nation, and in establishing the principles of a successful national character.

T. P. P.

FUN is worth more than physic, and whoever invents or discovers a new supply deserves the name of a public benefactor.

Singleness of Purpose as an Element of Success.

Two ideas are embodied in the word singleness, i. e. simplicity or oneness and sincerity. The man of singleness of purpose is therefore not a man of single purpose merely, but is he who, aiming at one result at a time, is consistent with an honest purpose to attain it. We measure a man's success, and give him his place in history, not for what amount of work he has done, but for the amount of good the world has received from his life. The standard is the most accomplished of the noblest work, although one's absolute rank may be higher or lower, from greater or less success in either particular of quantity or quality.

While it is *human* to strive for honor and renown, it is *profitable* and *obligatory* to strive to contribute the most possible for the welfare of mankind. Deeming it, therefore, unworthy of the present day, with its privileges and traditions, to contemplate success in personal glory won, we ought rather to recognize and seek after that only which makes the world wiser and better. And moreover, it is an encouragement that men having thus achieved success, live longest in history, and are the most honored while they live.

It is a modern idea that a man can devote himself to the successful attainment of two results at the same time,—nay, it is almost an American idea. It is an inherent principle in the theory of those who believe in innate greatness; and is nurtured and fostered by the false notion that he who becomes the most conspicuous is the most successful. Years ago, however, we find a doctrine declared and believed, that “no man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other.” This principle was taught by the most successful men the world has ever seen. It therefore carries with it *some* weight. Moreover it is reasonable to believe. For although we may for a time divide our attention upon two objects, and with apparent success in each; yet at some time, sooner or later, the requirements of the one will conflict with our duty toward the other, and a choice must be made. The attempt, therefore, to do all well—the best possible—requires the single aim. And this conclusion is logical. He who would do best, works upon but one thing at a time. He thus

works best, and attains the greatest perfection in his work. For it is concentration of power that is needed, and concentration is thus only, attained.

How absurd it would be for a man to set out from New York for London and expect to reach there, if he alternately spends a half hour minding the rigging and the helm. It is just as absurd for a man to expect to perform the duties pertaining to two offices as a sailor upon life's "high sea." Concentration is the secret source of power or adequacy everywhere,—in war and in politics, no more than in science, or art, or religion.

A man possessing this faculty, is no longer a privative entity simply, but a positive force. His life, if spent for the right, must be well spent. It cannot close with the dissolution of the body. His career is not that of a flower which men have looked upon only to admire, but when it has faded and lost its beauty they thoughtlessly tread upon and it is gone forever. No! there are seeds of influence which containing within themselves "the germs of expanded beauties" and noblest incentives, cannot perish. These will take root, "and rising up above the weeds and tangled underwood" of transitory productions that overcrop the surface, will "lift their innumerable boughs into the free and rejoicing heavens." Such is the career of Howard, Knox, and others like them. How gratefully does the traveler on life's highway, way-worn by struggles and conflicts with the evils of the journey, rest himself beneath the refreshing shade of such memories.

Besides the gain in what is left to the world when he dies, the man of single, honest purpose, has a broader field of labor and fewer drawbacks in it while he lives. He can meet misfortune without fear, for he has acted honestly; and his error has been one of the judgment only, at the most. Thus, his fellows never lose confidence in him, but try him again and again until experience shall have educated and trained him not to err.

The truth of the principle thus brought out,—concentration of power and sincerity of purpose as essential to success—is proved by the history of all successful men.

Carlyle, in his "Hero Worship," divides the history of the world into that of many men. The ultimatum of a noble, heroic life is, in his view, to avoid all worship of form, ceremony or semblance, and to cling to true reality. The men who have helped the world on most toward this end, having themselves attained it to the highest degree, are his "Heroes."

His idea of the object of living is received as true by all good men. Without admitting, however, the principal point of his theory, let us see what are the chief characteristics of his "Heroes," whose lives do almost constitute the history of the world. They are sincerity and concentration.

Having these, Mahomet lifted the thoughts of his people to higher themes, and left an influence that cannot be calculated. Having them, Luther shook the whole of Europe, and the effects of the shock have been felt for centuries. With but one, Napoleon with all his power, his resources and opportunities, failed in the "noble life," and his memory has ever been a check and stumbling block to the best interests of his countrymen.

If Mr. Carlyle had not felt that the success of republican government in this country stood in the way of the universal application of his heroic theory, he would have sought for heroes among our public men. He would not have met with worse success than he has at home. For it has always been our pride that our history so abounds in the deeds of noble men. Beginning with Washington, and running down through the long list of illustrious names, of which are Hamilton, Adams, Clay, Seward, Lincoln—those whose purpose was single and honest, stand as the brightest stars, the radiance of whose glorious lives has not grown dim, but is to-day as a "shining light."

The saddest to contemplate, are those that having appeared, shone brighter and brighter until they inspired the people with courage and the hope that they were to be the lights in times of great crises, and then suddenly went out in the darkness of falsehood and insincerity. One of these is Daniel Webster.

Not claiming for him the character of a true patriot, we maintain that his ambition was no worse than to honor himself by devotion to the welfare of his country. Year after year he labored with patient zeal to make himself worthy of the highest regard of his countrymen. The power of his influence rose, at first small, even as the mist rises from the mountain lake; but at length it increased until it became like a great *pillar* of cloud,—the guide of the nation. Thus far sincerity had been united with singleness. But when at last his vision was darkened—when the brilliancy of the reward dazzled his eyes so that he lost sight of the nobility of an honest man, the cloud of his influence sunk and soon vanished. It never rose again. From this time, though his body was animate, Webster was dead. He might have been President. What if he had? So might Douglas have been. But where do we find in the whole history of our country, a

man of such ability and power and such success in the exercise of them, more completely dead in that long line of influence that marks the after life of a *good* great man.

The lives of no two public men of our recent history are so peculiarly interesting and instructive for the ambitious young man as those of Douglas and Lincoln. The champions of contending political parties,—the former was ambitious to wield the power of the mightiest nation of the world;—the latter was ambitious of all the honor that devotion to the right and his country's greatest good could bring him. Each gives the key note to his own life. Says Mr. Douglas, "I don't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down." Says Mr. Lincoln, after having just observed how his old rival was loved, almost deified by his enthusiastic constituents, "I would rather stand in the affections of my countrymen as Mr. Douglas does, than wear the brightest diadem that ever shone in the crown of a monarch. But I would sacrifice it all before I would enjoy it at the price of one iota of principle."

The influence of the former was as the lightning—brilliant, powerful but uncertain,—now shining through the darkness of the storm and guiding us,—then flashing with destruction and terror; so that on the whole we are relieved when it has ceased, even though for a time we walk under the cloud.

The life of the latter shone as the sun, giving light and joy and peace; but gone, there fell about us the darkness of blackest midnight, Singleness of purpose marked the life of the former; purity of purpose distinguished the latter.

E. G. C.

MIND YOUR Ps AND Qs.—The most probable derivation of this phrase is, that it comes from the printing office, and rose from the fact that the *ps* and *qs* in Roman type vary but slightly in form, and that when reversed, as they necessarily are in type, they are easily confounded by young compositors. Another derivation refers it to the "scot" written up in the ale-house, where P and Q were used to designate pints and quarts. Still another derivation refers it to the *toupées* and *queues* of olden time.

"Do make yourselves at home, gentlemen," said Kean to a party of amateur actors at his house, "I'm at home myself and I wish you all were."

Over the Cumberlands.

ABOUT the middle of August, 1863, the division of the army of the Cumberland commanded by Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, had been lying for nearly a month at the quiet little town of Winchester, in Middle Tennessee. Perhaps a brief sketch of soldier life in camp at that place and on the march thence, not in the immediate presence of the enemy, may be not wholly devoid of interest in these peaceful times to the readers of the *LIT.*

After the laborious advance from Murfreesboro, the rebel army under Bragg, having been driven beyond the Tennessee River, Gen. Rosecrans permitted the wearied troops to rest for a time before the beginning of the drama so near at hand, of which the battle of Chicksauga was to be the first grand act. The camp at Winchester was long afterward one of the pleasant memories of the troops who enjoyed the relaxation it afforded. The weather which had been constantly wet, while they were advancing, was during the greater part of the time as bright and beautiful as Tennessee ever affords. And if it be possible to make camp life a delight to the soul, a luxury to be coveted, it can certainly be accomplished in weather such as the early summer often brings to Tennessee. A grove of fine old trees just south of the town shaded a part of the camp. A spring of excellent water was close at hand. It was the season for blackberries, and they were plentiful enough to yield a constant supply of health-giving fruit. The commissaries furnished excellent bread instead of "hard tack," and the people of the country round about brought in butter and eggs in limited quantities. Drilling, which often becomes a dreadful bore, was almost neglected, and the time given to the men for rest, and to the officers to make up and forward their back returns to the various departments.

But the quiet of a pleasant camp soon grows monotonous when the fatigue of the last campaign has been laid aside; and the news was not unwelcome when it was rumored that the division was about to move over the nearest range of the Cumberlands to Stevenson, Ala. The mountains were only a few miles away, and we had long beheld their wooded tops dimly through the mists of the morning or standing out boldly against the noonday sky. The forests that envel-

oped them in rich and abundant foliage waving in the breeze, often seemed inviting from the heat and sultry stillness of the plain to where shaded streamlets lent coolness to the air.

It was a very hot morning in August when marching orders finally came, and we began to pull up stakes and make ready for departure. Not a breath of air stirred the tree tops or lifted the idle folds of the flags that hung over the various camps. The plain was bathed in heat. We could see the warm air ripple and quiver as we looked over the face of the country. Preparations for the departure of regiments in active service do not occupy much time, and soon all ready to move, the men were contemplating the ruins of their once beautiful camp; now a sad medley of tent-stakes, broken camp-kettles, cast-off clothing and accoutrements. However, the noon wore away, dinner was prepared and eaten, and all were weary enough of waiting before the welcome order to fall in was given, and the regiment moved gaily out into the road. But Gen. This or Col. That had not yet overcome their laziness, or perhaps finished their ale in some convenient sutler's tent, or possibly there was some better reason for delay. At all events the troops had still to wait, and lay scattered along the roadside in the shade of fences and thickets, grouped in all sorts of picturesque attitudes, their arms stacked in an irregular line in the middle of the highway. Finally from the front of the division some distance ahead, sounded the familiar bugle call. "Bully for you, old Tooter!" exclaimed a broad-shouldered-six-feet-four-inches corporal, who had been particularly impatient at the delay, a sentiment to which all devoutly responded. One after another the regimental buglers repeat the call, the Colonel shouts "Fall in," mounts his horse, the order is given to "Take arms" and we move off down the narrow country road. This road was not of the best, narrow, apparently innocent of travel and certainly of repair since the war began. Everybody was in good spirits and song and mirth and jollity enlivened the way. A staff officer riding past was saluted by an acquaintance in the line with "How are you, Charlie?" "Hullo, Charlie!" sings out the big corporal, whom the officer tries in vain to discover, while from all directions save that in which he is looking, come similar greetings, such as "Why, Charlie, how *are* you?" "How the d—l do you do, Charlie?" putting the astonished Charlie to ignominious flight. Pleasantries of this kind were frequent, when the men were in good spirits, and often served to enliven a weary march.

Frequent streams that had not altogether lost their native mountain coolness, crossed the way, through which most of the men plunged careless of the wetting, a few dainty ones only stopping to take off shoes and stockings. The heat and dust together quickly removed the brightness of clothing and arms with which all had started from camp; and before the short afternoon march was over, the old rough, campaigning appearance had been in some measure resumed. The column was twice halted for rest, very welcome after the first few miles had been traversed, to men who had been in camp long enough to become somewhat unused to marching in such heat and dust. Soldiers when fatigued by the march, are not apt to be careful of their personal appearance. They do not turn aside to avoid either mud or dust. Experience has taught them to husband their strength, and to make as little unnecessary exertion as possible. So when halted, most of them do not stop to find a clean and grassy spot, upon which to rest, but drop down anywhere in the dust, beside a fence, even in a ditch if it is not too wet and affords a good resting place, to improve every moment of time. The few houses along the road, inhabited by the poorer class of small planters, turned out their inmates of every age, sex and complexion to gaze open mouthed at the wondrous spectacle of a whole caravan of live Yankees. It was difficult to judge which feeling predominated in the face of the whites, curiosity or terror, as the stragglers swarmed around them getting water at the spring or peaches and roasting ears from orchard and garden.

The shadows of night were already chasing the retreating sunbeams up the mountain, when the head of the column turned aside into fields chosen for the bivouac. The arms were stacked and the men with a common impulse, rushed for the rail fences around, which speedily began to move toward the arm-stacks much as "Birnam wood came toward Dunsinane." The small shelter-tents arose here and there; a cornfield near at hand furnished roasting ears to the men and fodder to the animals, and the helpless owner looked with dismay upon the disappearance of fences and crops together. The mountains lifted themselves up right over head, their steep sides seeming to forbid an attempt to ascend, yet presenting no imposing appearance as in some other parts of the same range. No craggy peaks towered above their neighbors with lofty crowns bared to the sunshine and the tempest; but a high wooded ridge extending in either direction as far as we could see, here receding from and there projected into the plain, appeared to bar further progress southward.

Early the next morning the troops were advancing along a narrow road which soon began to climb the mountain side. For several hundred feet the way was very difficult, winding hither and thither among the rocks and trees. All along the sides of the mountain ledges of rocks cropped out, so that in many places a succession of steps were formed, over which it seemed impossible for the artillery and almost empty baggage wagons to pass. Nor could they have done so had not the infantry been stationed along to lift them by main strength over the worst places of the route. It was a forenoon of hard toil both for men and animals, attended with the danger to the former of being crushed by the heavy wheels of the guns, should they slip away from the hands that held them. Orders had been issued at Winchester to send the baggage around by railroad ; but some of the sutlers, greedy of gain, had neglected to obey, and only realized their mistake when they found that their precious stores had been plundered under their noses, while the men were lifting their wagons up the mountain. It was a laughable scene ; an unsuspecting Dutch sutler at the head of his struggling team ; the soldiers swarming around his wagon, some lifting it forward, others rolling out a barrel of cakes, a keg of beer, a cheese and sundry other coveted articles, of which they speedily disposed. The saddest individual in the division that night was the Dutch sutler ; and his curses upon a certain regiment for whose assistance he had been extremely grateful, were both loud and deep.

It was high noon before this part of the way was surmounted, and we reached a comparatively level road which led upward with a gradual ascension. There were still difficulties enough to give variety to the march, and everybody was thoroughly weary when just at sunset the head of the column went into camp in a deserted clearing upon the very summit of the ridge. A ruined log hut by the road-side, if indeed it could be called a road, was the first trace of human presence that had appeared during the day. Camp fires were soon blazing in all directions, each surrounded by its little group of soldiers preparing their evening meal. The little shelter tents, familiarly known as "dog tents" or "pup tents," appeared here and there pitched where the fancy of the owners dictated, with inverted muskets used for tent poles, the bayonet sticking in the ground. When, however, wood suitable for this purpose was abundant, the men were not usually permitted to use their guns in this way, since the bayonets were easily bent. Probably there were no rebels within many miles, but an incident showed the presence of an enemy equally

hostile, and perhaps nearly as dangerous. As an officer was spreading his blankets upon some loose fodder that his servant had secured him for bedding, he was startled by an ominous rattling just beneath. Investigation showed that a rattlesnake of respectable size had appropriated the shelter tent to himself and was prepared to make good his claim against all intruders. His snakeship disdained to attempt a retreat, and perished with quiet dignity. He had probably been brought with the fodder from the rude pile of logs that had served some of the former residents as a barn. Gradually silence settled over the camp, broken only by the occasional hoarse protest of some ill-fed mule, and the soldiers wrapped in their blankets were soon soundly slumbering. What refreshing sleep sweetened by vigorous toil used to come to the bivouac under the clear heavens, only those can appreciate who have led such a free and manly life.

The sound of the reveille awoke the camp the next morning at about half after one o'clock. Deep darkness was everywhere around as we opened our eyes, save where the stars twinkled faintly in the deep firmament. Reluctantly we left our blankets, stirring up the embers at our feet for light and warmth, for the night air was damp and chill. The three final rolls of the drums and fifes which always began and ended the reveille, died away in the distance as one regimental band after another through the whole division concluded. Then came from out the darkness in all directions the quick voices of the orderlies and the responses of the men to the roll-call. Orders were given to be ready to march in an hour, and the ranks dismissed. Meanwhile the fires had been blazing up anew in all directions, by whose light preparations for departure were actively going forward. It was a strange scene,—the bright fires only making apparent the darkness,—the men passing and repassing, emerging from and disappearing into the gloom,—the low white tents and the muskets stacked irregularly, here and there revealed by the fire-light, and the dark gloomy forest for the background. Just before three o'clock in the early morning the march began, the drums waking the echoes amid the solitudes of the ancient forests that crown the Cumberland range. The men at the head of the regiment having the advance were carrying a lantern either for convenience or necessity, and the rest stumbled along over the rocks and the stumps following the light that now flashed and then disappeared like the will-'o-the-wisp before them. The march in almost utter darkness for the next two hours was anything but agreeable. The men had their attention fully occupied in taking heed to their steps, and so proceeded in silence, broken occa-

sionally by a crash and an exclamation sufficiently emphatic as some luckless individual—musket and all—measured his length over an unseen obstruction. The daylight, however, brought a somewhat better road, comparatively level and carpeted with the cast-off foliage of many years. Soon after dawn there was a brief halt, which most of the men improved by hastily starting fires and making coffee; a very simple operation, the coffee being pounded in a tin cup with the haft of a bayonet, and boiled for a few minutes in the same utensil, unless the operator chanced to be possessor of a battered coffee pot. While halting here the General commanding came riding by, attended by his staff, a few stout darkies—officers' servants—bringing up the rear, bestriding their master's extra horses with characteristic pomposity. The passage of the cavalcade drew from a disgusted foot soldier the wish that he was either "a nigger or a staff officer," so that he too might ride horseback. Gradually the day became quite warm, although so high, the heat was not nearly so insufferable as it became when we had descended the mountains. A number of cool little brooklets supplied the troops with water, and one clear pool especially made us think how delicious a bath would be in its transparent depths.

With occasional halts for rest the march continued until about ten o'clock in the forenoon, when the advance suddenly came to what some one said must be the "jumping off place." The boundary line between Tennessee and Alabama had been passed in the morning, and now we stood on the edge of a deep gorge that opened a wide view of the latter State. Here the mountains first proved that they were not entirely commonplace and monotonous. It was evidently a problem how best to get the artillery and wagons down the steep descent. The horses and mules were unharnessed, the infantry distributed along the worst places down the mountain side, and the cannon and the wagons let down by means of ropes to prevent their going off on their own hook, taking horses and men with them. It can easily be imagined how laborious was the task. The descent occupied about four hours, the latter part of it being along a gradual slope, not difficult to traverse. A good road through the valley led out from among the mountains that had just been crossed. The heat was extreme. The heights around shut out the breezes, if any were circulating on that day, but opposed no friendly obstacle to the tropical rays of the sun. The only mitigating circumstance of the afternoon's march was the abundance of peaches and apples, which certainly cost nothing but the labor of picking them. Many over-

come by the extreme heat and the length of the march, fell out of the ranks and lay stretched all along the road behind. Out of one company having thirty men for duty in the morning, only ten stacked arms at night, some of the remainder not coming up until the next day; and this was not an exceptional instance. Finally the head of the column, twenty-four miles from the camp of the previous evening, filed off into the fields by the road-side to bivouac for the night. Stevenson was not far distant, at which place Gen. Rosecrans was re-assembling the Army of the Cumberland in preparation for the advance on Chatanooga. And thus ended our march over the Cumberland mountains.

A witness spoke of a particular person as having seen him "partially clad." "Was he not quite nude?" asked the examining counsel. "No," replied the witness, "he wore a pair of spectacles."

MOTTO FOR THE CIDER MAKER.—Press on.

HIP, HIP, HURRAH!—This is said to have been originally a war cry, adopted by the assailants of a German city, in which many Jews had taken refuge. The place was taken and they were all put to the sword, amid shouts of *Hierololyma est perdita!* From the first letters of these words an exclamation was contrived.

GONE TO JERICO.—In the Patent Rolls of the manor of Blackmore, near Colchester, occurs (18th February, 1528-9) an entry of a tenement called *Jericho*, reported to have been one of the king's pleasure-houses. Hence when the luxurious monarch was missing, the cant phrase among the courtiers was that he had "gone to Jericho."

Shakespeare's Father.

IT is a characteristic of our nature to interest itself in the affairs of others. We keep a watch over those around us, and discuss whatever chances to attract our attention. Thus it is, that when some individual has drawn the gaze of society to himself, public curiosity is immediately eager to search out facts concerning him. So it has been in all ages. Great men invariably have their biographers; their lives are always interesting to their fellow-mortals, appealing to their sympathy, as well as to their curiosity. But sometimes a man has lived and died in comparative obscurity, unnoticed, or, at all events, unappreciated by his contemporaries, and not till long after his death do men desire to know more of him, and begin to inquire about his character, his surroundings, and his career. Then it may be too late to obtain the wished-for information. So it was with Shakespeare. "That William Shakespeare was born in Stratford upon Avon, that he married and had three children, that he wrote a certain number of dramas, that he died before he had attained old age, and was buried in his native town, are positively the only facts in the personal history of this extraordinary man of which we are certainly possessed; and if we should be solicitous to fill up this bare and most unsatisfactory outline, we must have recourse to the vague reports of unsubstantial tradition, or to the still more shadowy inferences of lawless and vagabond conjecture." When our knowledge upon a subject of such interest to all is so small, every little becomes of importance. This is my excuse for calling attention to one or two facts, calculated to throw additional light on this matter, which, strange to say, seem to have been heretofore overlooked.

The thought which I am about to state, and upon which my argument rests, first occurred to me while reflecting upon Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. I was struck by the way and the thoroughness with which he killed off his characters, and meditated somewhat as follows. "Why! how he does slaughter them! One after another, all except Horatio, and even Horatio does his best to kill himself. Surely, he must have been familiar with carnage. *His father must have been a butcher!*" The more I thought of it, the more this conclusion impressed itself upon my mind, till, after debating the subject with my-

self for a long time, I became fully convinced about it. It all seemed so clear, that a fear came over me lest some one should have discovered it already, and so have deprived me of the credit which I would otherwise gain; but having eagerly ransacked a "Life of Shakespeare," and finding there no allusion whatever to the subject, I felt reassured. Esteeming it my unquestionable duty to the world to make known my fortunate discovery as soon as possible, I began to consider in what way I should do so, but my sense of loyalty soon impelled me to decide in favor of the pages of the "LIT." Let me, then, state the arguments which apparently establish this fact.

It is almost an axiom to say that an author's mind can be discerned in the works of his imagination. This is found to be true in actual fact, and is generally agreed to. The sanguinary spirit to which I have referred is manifest, not in *Hamlet* alone, but also in many of Shakespeare's other plays. If, then, a love of bloodshed is a characteristic of many of his dramas, and consequently, as we have a right to infer, of his character, how and when did he acquire such an unnatural propensity? He must have done so while a boy, for in his maturer years he lived a respectable life, and probably devoted all his time to study and his literary labors. Moreover, the violence of the passion can only be accounted for by supposing that he was accustomed to scenes of carnage in his childhood, for then it is that the mind is comparatively plastic, and surroundings produce the deepest and the most lasting impressions. Under these circumstances, it is the most reasonable, and every way the most satisfactory explanation, to suppose that his father was a butcher, and that in this manner he became familiar with slaughter, and gained his fondness for it. Yes! while the point does not, from the nature of the case, admit of a mathematical demonstration, there is yet such an overwhelming probability on the side of the hypothesis I have advanced, that I fail to comprehend how any unprejudiced man can doubt its correctness. To any one disposed to do so, I say, "consider the catastrophe of *Hamlet*, and then tell me whether the imagination that could devise such a wholesale slaughter, must not have had its sensibilities destroyed by being, from its earliest youth, accustomed to scenes of carnage and how, if Shakespeare's father was not a butcher, he could have been brought under such influences." And until he can explain away these things, which he never can do, let him not deny the conclusion which justly, inevitably, and irresistibly follows, that Shakespeare's father was a butcher.

F. G. C.

A Generation of College Poets.

WITH the present volume our Magazine completes its thirty-third year—having lived through the period conventionally allotted a generation of mortal men upon the earth. It is fitting, then, that a record should at this time be made of what has been accomplished by its writers of the generation about to close; that their successors of the next, looking back upon their work, may avoid their faults and emulate their merits.

Anticipating the time when the support of an high-minded and enlightened public sentiment will enable us to put in print a complete general index to the Lit. which has been carefully and laboriously compiled, we offer our readers at present, from our manuscript notes, a desultory account of what the College Poet of the last half dozen lustrums has left behind for our inspection.

He has been industrious, and has left us considerable. The record of his work takes up thirty-five pages of our manuscript, and embraces something like a thousand titles; and after making due allowance for repetitions, there will still remain enough to give him on the average three representations in each magazine issued.

The Seasons have of course been touched upon. Spring has three notices, Summer only two, while Autumn and Winter have each a half dozen or more. Of the months, May and June each appear three times, and April once, while the other nine await the attentions of the future poet. The Years are three times mentioned, and numerous Days are celebrated. Morning is contrasted with Night, and the latter is separately noted. While beside Morning Bells, Serenades, and Thoughts, we have Night Musings, Reveries, Shadows, Songs, and Winds. Evening is also spoken of, as well as Evening Thoughts; and Midnight greets us often, with its Bells, its Music and its Reflections. Midnight suggests Moonlight, of which we have three specimens, as well as Sunlight, and Sunbeams, while even the Sun himself gets one address; and then there is Sunset in general, and from East Rock, and Sunset Thoughts and Walks. The Stars are of course not neglected, and even their Birth is commemorated. The Pleiades are noted, and the Comet's Song is swiftly sung. A word is said for the Astrologer, and perhaps the whole subject made light of in the

Astronomical Rhymes. At any rate Darkness nowhere appears, but in addition to the other varieties given, there is simple Light, and the Light of Beauty's Eye, and also considerable Twilight, some of which is experienced on the Ocean, and affords an opportunity for more Thoughts.

But in spite of many Pleasant Days, there are Clouds, which produce Rain in Summer, Rain Drops, and even Rainy Days, so that we are glad at last to stand Under the Rainbow, Behind the Cloud. Yet the Thunder Cloud may raise the Wind, whose Song is not always a Song of the Zephyr, and result in Storms, which may be at Sea, but wherefrom comes not the Frost nor Snow, nor yet a single Snow Flake.

In addition to the Morning and Midnight Bells already mentioned, the Chapel, the Curfew and the Old Church Bells are heard from, as well as the Old Belfry. Then there are Bells in general, also Belles in general, and an invocation to the Belle of Due West in particular. A dozen other damsels, with names in blank, are called upon, while Agnes Vane, Lady Alda, Celestine, Eliza, Elizabeth, Ethel, Henrietta, Hortense, Leonora, Lilla, Louise, Maria, Mary, Rosa Lee, Seraphina, Viola, Zara, Zeila, Zenobia and Zoe find themselves directly addressed.

The Prettiest Girl I ever Saw may have been identical with Ye Gaye Damosel, or perhaps was the Red Man's Daughter, but certainly not Jephthah's. So, too, the Grecian Maid may have been the one Listening or Wading in a Brook, but the Won Deserted was neither the Forsaken, the Forlorn or the Outcast one, paradoxical as it may seem.

Joan of Arc and Fanny Willoughby, Marie Antoinette and Warwickshire Ellen, the Lady of Katzenjammer and the Leonora of Burger, Mermaids and Dryads, Syrens and Sisters, Sappho's Lament, and Sea Nymph's Song, historical, mythical, or imaginary, have been duly immortalized, as well as Woman and her Origin, and Eve, the mother of all.

Guneology of course suggests Beauty, and so, Love, which seems to have been a favorite subject with our poet, as with others, for there are no less than twenty titles relating thereto. There are Platonic and Horticultural Love; Love Flattery and Lover's Vows; Mathematical Love Song, and I Love Thee; The Accents, Three Ages, and Trial of Love; Love's Difficulty, Home, Last Visit and Rash Promise, and the Loves (not Love) of Spirits. Cupid also shows his Wings, is Wounded, and attends Bacchus, which, except a notice of

Goblets and Glasses, is the only hint we have at Wine, though Woman and Song are so often mentioned.

There are only two Brides, the Indian, and King Ninus's, and two Faerie Bridals. The First Born, however, is duly introduced, the Father Speaks to His Child, and the Widow and Her child make two appearances. Childhood is spoken of, and its Consolations; Youth, likewise, and its Joys; the Hymn of Age is given, and the great mystery of Life and Death, naturally, treated of at length, though we do not say treated naturally.

Life by itself, and the old Enigma of What It Is, and its Dreams, Promptings, Shades and Lights, Statues, Voyage and Voyager, are all to be found; and Death, likewise, both in the abstract and in the cases of Elisha and of Saul and Jonathan, of King Philip and of Lyon, of an Aged Friend and of an Infant, as well as a Song and a Psalm of Death, and the Dying Chieftain, Christian, Girl, Poet, Soldier and Templar, beside the Dead Soldier and the Nation's Dead.

Kindred subjects are Dirges for the Fallen, the Triumphs of Decay, the Time to Die, and the Obituaries which in times gone by were duly printed in place of the prose "resolutions" of the present day. Several Graves may be here noticed, such as My Own, My Mother's, Mary's, Wayne's, the Regicides', the Huntsman's, The Snow Clad, the Grave by Ocean, and the Grave of Hearts. Mount Auburn is also mentioned.

Our poet, however, is not always thus sombre-minded, for he has written many Songs and has much to say of Music; both in general and in a Wood, that of Ancient Greece and of Winter, of Earth and as connected with Memory. Of Memory and Memories also he says considerable. He has many Dreams, Musings, Vagaries, Reflections, Reminiscences, Retrospects, Reveries and Thoughts.

The Young Dreamer, Dreamdoomed, floats Dreamward into Dreamland. In a Fairy Bower, of Fairyland, he sees the Faerie Bridal at the Fairy's Home, and their Migration; then hears a Fairy Tale from the Modern Fairy.

Alone under an Almond Bough, in Loneliness, he witnesses the Battle of the Woods, and sees the Butterfly, the Whippowil, the Emigrant Birds and the Birds of Passage, hears the Humming Bird's and the Sea Bird's Song, and makes an address To the First Blue Bird of Spring, in his Ode to Solitude.

He visits Saltonstall, Thimble Islands, Mount Carmel, and the Judges' Cave, hears from a Cottager a Tale of East Rock, or a Legend of the Cliff, over which he throws his Cigar Stump, and in a

Free and Merry mood writes Lines to His Cigar and Meerschaum, on an Excuse Paper, of Tobacco; while the Sleepers of the Forest are startled by the Echoes of his Merry Farewells, to Home, to the Potomac and to 1839.

Again, from his Arbor Cradle, beneath his Favorite Elm he looks upon the Honeysuckle, the Rose, the Violet, the Lilies, and the other Flowers, wherefrom he learns a—not his—Lesson. He hears the Ambitious Soliloquy of the Freshman Dig, who thinks of Phi Beta Kappa, and sings the Examination Song, written for the Biennial of '56.

He likewise notices Columbia's Banner waving from the New Alumni Hall, and thinks how at the Battle of Ball's Bluff, and at Chancellorsville on the Third of May, De Lopez, the Brave, with the cry of Chairete, led on the Charge of the 56th.

The Tree Toad, in the Vine Clad Tree, Waiting, through the Wakeful Night, pays his Tribute to the Wonders of Nature, and the Bullfrog croaks his Threnody beside the Mountain Stream.

The Tom Cat, Tired of Waiting for the Robin Redbreast, Under the Pines in the Hazel Dell, listens to the Song of Milgenwater, and in Pumpkin Pie accounts a Treasure Found.

But the Lost Student in Cumberland Valley, having Wandered from a Rill to the Roaring Brook, admires the Cascade, and in the Old Canoe is borne along by the Waves and Waters to the Sea. He hears the Sailor's Carol and Song and cries Salve to his Appeal. Sailing from Italy in the Ill-fated Ship, as the Shadows of night succeed the Ocean Twilight, the Phantom Ship appears, like a Dream of Terror, and so of course, through this Fatal Curse, he meets with Shipwreck; but clinging to an Iceberg he is rescued by the Ancient Fisherman, Von Leopold Waterman, inhabiting the Deserted Castle on the Quinnipiac, who teaches him the Hermit's Song, gives him his Last Silver Sixpence, and a Lock of Hair, and placing him in safety upon the Hallowed Ground of Plymouth Rock, plays a Farewell Song upon the Steel Strung Harp, in honor of the close of our Four Years' War, and the Victory of the Red, White and Blue.

The Collegian, puffing out a Smoke Wreath, from behind his Closet Door, tells us of Trumbull Gallery and the Library, of College Compositions, Ghosts, Miseries, Mysteries and Legends. He listens to the Complaints of the Sweeps and the Voices of the Elms. Sings Gaudemus and Lauriger in his Serenades, and After Sumter, by Ambition fired, flings out Our Flag from his Castles in the Air.

But with the Destruction of the Temple and his Riches, he loses his Freedom and Contentment : Conscience, Purity, Faith, Hope and Religion all depart ; and in spite of the Mussulman's Prayer he bids adieu to the Dead Sea, follows the Course of Empire, Westward, and in Anti-Arcadian Bigotry and Inconstancy makes a Vow with the Pearl Diver to Pray with him for the Progress of Vice.

At the Chess, or in a State of Clairvoyance, they scorn Alike the Cypress and Laurel, until the Revelations of the Alchemist bring a Bitter Change, over their View of Life. Then, thinking of Immortality, they Beware of the Dewdrop, but it swells into an Earthquake and engulphs them with the Skeletons of the Mound Builders, while the Guardian Angel of Old South Middle sheds Tears over their Melancholy end, and Laments the Arrest of Alpha Sigma Phi.

Napoleon is twice mentioned, as also the Pyramids, which look down upon his actions ; and the Place de la Concorde is referred to. Washington Crosses the Delaware, and Visits the Grave of De Kalb. Mount Vernon is noted, and likewise Bunker Hill. Sir John Franklin is not forgotten, nor the Open Polar Sea which he never reached. Iceland is twice touched upon. The Banished Pole and the Exiled Hungarian utter their Laments. Luther relates a Sad Experience. Lucifer Falls. Marius and Scipio stand triumphant amid the Ruins of Carthage. Bartholomew, the Sculptor, and Beethoven, the Musician ; Columbus and Cōriolanus ; Midas and Montezuma ; General Sheridan and Colonel Trumbull, are all arrayed before us. We find Legends of the Iroquois, and of the Mohawk, of Mackinaw, and of Knocksheagowna, of Alhambra, and of Grenada. This suggests the Moorish War Song and the Spaniards in America, and so Gauti-mozin, and then a Scene in the Mexican War.

The Knights of Guiest, though they did not arrive on the Battlefield till After the Battle, and assisted not at the Victory of Dunbar, sang the Ballad of the Crusades, and bring to mind the Siege of Palmyra and the Fall of Babylon.

Like the Everlasting Jew, our poet wanders, from New Haven to Naples, from Parnassus to Alabama, visiting the Lakes of Killarny, on St. Agnes' Eve, and skipping from Westminster Abbey to the Convent of Vardoun. He imitates Æschylus and Anacreon, Horace and Ossian, Sappho and Spenser. Quite likely he imitates others. Nestor and Œdipus, the lordly Agamemnon and the crafty Ulysses, again stand before us. Again Baucis and Philemon entertain gods unawares, Leander swims the Hellespont to his Hero, Electra spurs on Orestes, Paris gives his Judgment, Arion rides the dolphins,

Alcestis suffers, and Orpheus descends to Hades. So, too, on the other hand, Oliver keeps Asking for More, and Barkis is still Willin'.

Poetical Definitions are given; the Birth of Poesy, and Palace of Poetry are described, and the Poet is twice Dying, but you may be sure never dead; though we have a Martyr Band, and the Bard of Pompeii, likewise. Of course there are Pens and Ink, and also a Steel Pen, which in time becomes a Worn Pen, and besides there are Pensive Thoughts. These, in addition to the many Thoughts mentioned and the multitude unnoticed. Of Songs, too, besides those specified, there is a great quantity, and the number of nameless Epigrams, Fragments, Lines, Odes, Paraphrases, Pastorals, Sonnets, and Unfinished Tragedies, is part computation.

Such, then, in outline, is the sum of the treasures left to us by a Generation of College Poets. That they have produced some genuine poetry is perhaps conceivable. That they have manufactured a good deal of respectable verse is not to be disputed. But that the greater part of their work has resulted in neither the one nor the other, the impartial historian is bound to admit. Such a result, however, was inevitable, and determined by a natural law that knows no variations. For, taken as things are, our poets may doubtless be judged successful, as not having written altogether in vain; and their successors of the next generation may well be content if the compiler of 1900 form from their works so creditable a record.

L. H. B.



SPIDERS' WEBS.—Leuwenhoeck has computed that 100 of the single threads of a full grown spider are not equal to the diameter of the hair of the head; and consequently, if the threads and hair be both round, ten thousand such threads are not bigger than such a hair. He calculates farther, that when young spiders first begin to spin, 400 of them are not larger than one of a full growth; allowing which, 4,000,000 of a young spider's threads are not so big as the single hair of a man's beard.



GREAT talkers are like broken pitchers, everything runs out of them.

A Sabbath at an Unfashionable Watering Place.

MY patriotism may have warped my judgment, but I have always believed that the admirer of nature need not cross the ocean to find scenery picturesque, romantic, or sublime. With this as my creed, I walked up the valley of the Connecticut, in the summer and fall of 1866. As far as Hartford, I thought myself a wicked heretic. At Springfield, my heresy became comforting, to say the least; but after passing the Hadleys, and cloud-capped Holyoke, not all the edicts and bulls of the whole race of foreign travelers, could have turned me from my faith. But I do not wish to describe at any length, the peculiar richness of that most charming of all seasons, nor the quaint relics of our forefathers, nor the places baptized with the fanciful names of the red men, nor that river unveiling to the sky a purer face than that of the Bandusian Fount, fit theme as it was for pleasure-loving Horace. On a Saturday morning, inflamed by rumors of a wonderful water-cure recently established on Mount Mineral, (which name the proprietor had wisely substituted for the less euphonious "Horse Hill,") I lured my companion from the sung retreat of a country parsonage on the borders of Vermont and Massachusetts, with the design of making it a visit. After a ride of six or seven miles, through a country almost as wild as if peopled by wild beasts alone, we were left at the foot of the famous mountain, with the firm promise from our charioteer, that he would call for us toward evening. On climbing to the summit, our exalted ideas of hotels, waiters and thronging guests were somewhat taken down. We saw only the fag end of what had been a large building, facing every quarter of the heavens apparently, and presided over by a large sanguine looking man, in rusty broad-cloth, a white neck-tie, congress gaiters, and other articles of apparel, which gave him a decidedly ministerial aspect. Our welcome to the privileges of his mansion was formal enough to satisfy the most fastidious, but we chose to patronize a cool grove near by, which was more conducive to bodily comfort than his "hotel," judging from his faded appearance. The Springs, however, were a rare curiosity, right out of the solid table-rock gushed nine clear streams, each having a little reservoir at its source, and each an entirely different taste, and withal different healing properties. No humbug here, but one of

nature's great medical dispensaries. Hither come the scrofulous, bilious, dyspeptic, nay, even the blear eyed, the lame, halt, and blind. They drink, then go their way rejoicing. And there was no waiting for any fancied troubling of the waters, as at Bethesda's Pool, but a continual dipping. To be sure most of the patients preferred an out door residence to the tender mercies of the "Mount Mineral House," but this was healthful in itself, and water combined with bracing air to restore the shattered frames of all. O that the bed-ridden, quack-consulting sick folk could exchange their useless mixtures for these sparkling prescriptions of the earth. Of course I was at once troubled with all kinds of imaginary diseases, which required copious draughts from all the springs together. My companion also would have me believe that he was in a decline, and followed my example. The result was what might be expected, if two healthy boors should help themselves plentifully to the contents of an apothecary's jars. We were well convinced, that there was was virtue in the water. Well, the day, and the week drew to a close, and from that grand old Shutesbury range, we saw the sun go down amid all the luxurious tints of an Italian sky. But still our friend came not, and at last we betook ourselves to the grove to sleep.

The next day was the Sabbath. O the bliss of awaking from that uneasy morning dream, in which were ever pealing about twenty-five chapel bells, to find the trees nodding sententiously over us, the birds eyeing us curiously, and chirping unintelligible questions at us, as if in the simplicity of their little hearts, they supposed beings who were versed in the dead languages, must surely be acquainted with a brogue in such common use as theirs! I remember once, when on that strange border land between sleep and consciousness, that the figure of a gigantic robin appeared close by me, and after muttering something to himself about "another babe in the woods," seized a leaf about as large as a blanket, and advanced to cast it upon me. But my intense desire to let him know that I did not yet desire his services as sexton, awoke me, and his charming image receded, growing smaller and smaller, until it vanished altogether. With all respect for College exercises, I was benefited more by that morning's freedom from rules and regulations, (which sometime affect as well our inward as our outward worship,) than by a whole month of carefully registered attendance on morning prayers.

"The rage of thirst and hunger satisfied," we strolled leisurely toward the bluff, before which we might well imagine all the kingdoms of the earth to be spread out. At our feet, with its curtain of fog

just lifted, stood a little church, almost buried in trees, and facing a cool lake of exquisite contour. Then, onward even to the far horizon, lay panoramic farms and villages, and cities, now belted and now separated by a glittering river, and set off by long fields of velvet green, or wooded hills. A lovely scene, and over all a Sabbath stillness. Down a winding footpath which led us through thickets, under dripping arches of rock, over mountain streams, and among groves of oak and hemlock, we reached the valley. Almost unconsciously we followed a little company of youth to the church on the margin of the lake. Curious eyes greeted us, and whispers reached our ears, which told how rarely strangers visited that little temple. The service was over, the minister seeking to enforce the truth in his shirtsleeves, which were barely respectable, and his hearers interrupting or encouraging him *ad libitum*. But it was evidently interesting and helpful to them. And I could not but contrast their appearance, and that of the neighborhood, with the heathenish condition of those hamlets through which I passed, where the church was in ruins, and even the burying ground desecrated. Well, I have heard more elaborate sermons, but there was a homely earnestness about this which impressed me, and as we climbed the mountain in return, I found some uncouth phrase still ringing in my ears. I afterwards learned that this preacher was a day laborer, and swung his scythe as lustily through the week, as any man to whom he ministered. We spent the rest of the day in discussing with the host, (who proved to be as we had surmised, a retired minister of the methodist persuasion,) or in reading the books which by a rare piece of fortune we had with us. Nor was it unpleasant to recline at full length just above the springs, and listen to the bubbling and gurgling of those nine throats, or watch the different parties who came for water. Nor was the scene a common one. A little level plain of earth, far up toward the skies, surrounded by the forest, visited by every breeze, and almost as lonely as the desert. A place for meditation, for rest. And it is with the hope that this brief description of an almost unknown region may be a savor to you, Lit-reader, of the glorious mountain air which you will breathe, and the undisturbed quiet of the rural districts over which you will wander in the long vacation beyond us, that I venture to insert it among productions more worthy of your attention.

B. P.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—“Mephilipenatrasecomoment,” is the name given to a new musical instrument, on the other side of the Atlantic.

Gleanings.

ENGLISH MINISTRY.—"The ministry is, in fact, a committee of leading members of the two Houses. It is nominated by the crown; but it consists exclusively of statesmen whose opinions on the pressing questions of the time agree, in the main, with the opinions of the majority of the House of Commons. Among the members of this committee are distributed the great departments of the administration. Each minister conducts the ordinary business of his own office without reference to his colleagues. But the most important business of every office, and especially such business as is likely to be the subject of discussion in Parliament, is brought under the consideration of the whole ministry. In Parliament the ministers are bound to act as one man, on all questions relating to the executive government. If one of them dissents from the rest on a question too important to admit of compromise, it is his duty to retire. While the ministers retain the confidence of the parliamentary majority, that majority supports them against opposition, and rejects every motion which reflects on them or is likely to embarrass them. If they forfeit that confidence, if the parliamentary majority is dissatisfied with the way in which patronage is distributed, with the way in which the prerogative of mercy is used, with the conduct of foreign affairs, with the conduct of a war, the remedy is simple * * * * * They have merely to declare that they have ceased to trust the ministry, and to ask for a ministry which they can trust." (*Macaulay.*)

LAWYER'S QUALIFICATIONS.—"He must be to a considerable extent acquainted with the leading details of the art and sciences, of trade, commerce and manufactures; of the sister professions; of even the amusements and accomplishments of society—for in all of these, questions are incessantly arising which require the decision of a court of justice.—A knowledge of constitutional history, also, and the many important topics subsidiary to it, can hardly be dispensed with. The barrister moreover who aspires after *eminence* should possess a keen insight into character, and strong powers of eliciting truth, detecting falsehood, and unraveling intricate tissues of sophistry. His mind should be in such a state of health and discipline as to render him

capable of deep abstraction, of long and patient application, and in short, give him effectual control over his well-tempered faculties, so that he may *concentrate* them upon any subject he chooses, passing rapidly from one to another of the most opposite character." (*Warren's Law Studies*.)

NUMBER OF BOOKS IN THE WORLD.—D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, states that the four ages of typography have produced no less than 3,641,960 works! Taking each work at three volumes, and reckoning each impression to consist of only 300 copies, (a very moderate supposition,) the actual amount of volumes which have issued from the presses of Europe, down to the year 1816, appears to be 3,277,640,000. Between the years 1474 and 1600, it has been estimated about 350 printers flourished in England and Scotland, and that the products of their several presses amounted in the aggregate to 10,000 distinct productions.

ARCHIMEDES AND THE LEVER.—The apothegm of Archimedes—"Give me a lever long enough and a prop strong enough, and I will move the world"—arose from his knowledge of the possible effects of machinery; and however it might astonish a Greek of his day, would now be readily admitted to be as theoretically possible, as it is practically impossible; for, in the words of Dr. Arnott, Archimedes "would have required to move with the velocity of a cannon ball for millions of years to alter the position of the earth by a small part of an inch. This feat of Archimedes is, in mathematical truth, performed by every man who leaps from the ground, for he kicks the world away from him whenever he rises, and attracts it again when he falls." (*Wells*.)

"It is rumored that one of our gravest professors was detected by a student, engaged in reading 'Our Young Folks,' while pretending to be hearing a recitation." (*Advocate*.)

THE ABYSSINIAN KING: THEODORE IMP.—"The *Times* (London) newspaper, under date January 4, says, "his descent from King Solomon has not been questioned." Shakespeare has instructively traced the dust of Cæsar to a bunghole; but the blood of Solomon in the veins of that imp Theodore? To what base purposes, indeed! Joking apart, however, one would be glad to know the precise channel of descent by which it flows; and also to learn if the Hebrew nation have preserved authentic records of any other descendants of King Solomon." (*Littell's Living Age*.)

SINCE, at the present time railroad accidents are becoming matters of almost daily occurrence, the following suggestions as to appropriate epitaphs for those who were killed, and which we clip from an old *Harper*, may not be inappropriate :—

OW ON TRACK.

A bovine wail from the adjoining field
The track invaded and my fate she sealed;
By the cow-catcher caught, she flew sky-high,
And so, dear friends, I hope at last shall I.

MISPLACED SWITCH.

A son of Erin, to the duty new,
And slightly tipsy, the wrong lever drew.
Thirty were killed, and here, in sweet repose,
They wait till Gabriel's warning whistle blows.
The Smashtown Railroad Company with a sigh
Records their fate—but ah! we all must die;
And as life's tracks all end in Death's abode,
Much those escape who take the shortest road.

OPEN DRAWBRIDGE.

"Drawbridge shut!" the signal said.
'T was'nt shut. Alas! how solemn!
Such is life! See list of dead
On the other side of this column.

NATURE OF THE SUN.—The most recent observations confirm the supposition that the Sun is a black, opaque body, with a luminous and incandescent atmosphere, through which the solar body is often seen in black spots, frequently of enormous dimensions. A single spot, seen with the naked eye, in the year 1843 was 77,000 miles in diameter. Sir John Herschel, in 1837, witnessed a cluster of spots including an area of 3,780,000 miles. The diameter of the Sun is 770,800 geographical miles, or 112 times that of the earth; its volume is 1,407,124 times that of the earth, and 600 times that of all the planets; and its mass is 359,551 times greater than the earth's, and 738 times greater than all the planets.

AMONG the dead of 1867, were N. P. Willis, Artemus Ward, Charles King, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Alexander Smith and Victor Cousin; Governor Washington Hunt, Hon. Joseph A. Wright, Isaac Newton, Judge Wayne, Henry Dodge, Thomas Francis Meagher, John A. King, J. A. McDougall, John A. Andrew, Reuben H. Walworth and Sir Frederick Bruce; Rear-Admirals Ringgold and Bell and Commodore Spaulding; Prof. A. D. Bache, Michael Faraday and Lord Rosse; Maximilian, Soulouque, the ex-President of Hayti, Richard O'Gorman, Sr., the Irish patriot, and Samuel Downing, the last surviving soldier of the Revolution. (*College Courier*.)

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Record of the Month.

THE term opened on Thursday, April 30, and our record closes with Saturday, May 16. Though the interval is short and not particularly momentous, we have yet considerable to chronicle. To many, no doubt, the explanation why the College Catalogue makes each term begin on Wednesday, when in reality it opens Thursday, will be a real item of news, and as it serves, besides, for an example of the power which tradition exerts in a place like this, we give it at this time. In the dark ages of the past, then, when there were regular chapel exercises twice a day, the terms did actually begin on Wednesday; that is, all were expected to present themselves at evening prayers that day. In time, civilization increased, and evening chapel was abolished, but as it had been "the custom" for the Catalogue to announce Wednesday as the opening day, the practice was still adhered to, and, we venture to add, will be; so that the unborn generations of Freshmen who are to follow in our footsteps, will, like us, anticipate by a day the time of departure from the ancestral roof-tree, and like us, learn that the official statements of those high in authority, are not always to be relied upon.

As to Studies,

The Seniors have four recitations a week; "Theism"—a prize essay, by Dr. Tulloch, to Prof. Porter, and Geology, to Prof. Dana. Besides this they attend the lectures of the President on International Law, and the Rights of States; of Prof. Dutton, on the Constitution; and of Prof. Hadley, on Roman Law, but yet have sufficient leisure for the many outside duties incidental to the last term. They seem to be engaged, just now, in exchanging class pictures and the like, and are apparently satisfied with their counterfeit presentments as supplied by Mr. Warren. Their speakers for Commencement Day, July 23, are: Beckwith, Brewster, Chapman, Davenport, Farnham, Hume, Lawrence, G. Lewis, J. Lewis, McKinney, Mead, Miller, Tinker, R. Williams, W. Wood and Wright.

The Juniors recite Astronomy to Prof. Loomis; Greek (Demosthenes' Oration on the Crown) to Prof. Packard; and Logic (a new work of Dr. Atwater's, Yale, '31) to Tutor Wright. The Greek recitations of Monday and Thursday are omitted, and lectures on Greek History take their place. Prof. Loomis, also, on Thursday mornings, in place of the usual recitation, gives private, informal lectures on Optics, to such of the division as choose to attend them; the opportunity for each division to attend—or to escape recitation—thus coming only once in three weeks. All in all, for this class there is a good deal of work, and a very small allowance of holidays,—a state of things reminding one quite forcibly of his Freshman year.

The Sophomores recite Day's Art of Discourse (which supersedes Whately's Rhetoric,) to Prof. Northrop, writing extempore compositions in connection therewith; Latin (Plautus' Captives) to Tutor Otis; and Conic Sections to Tutor Bingham. They have no noon recitation on Saturday.

The Freshmen—now almost Sophs—recite Greek (Herodotus) to Tutor Sumner; French (Magill's Reader) to Prof. Coe; Stanley's Spherics to Tutor Smith; and Latin (Horace) to Tutor Keep. They also read Compositions each Saturday noon.

The Division officers of each class are in the order named.

The City Hall

Was frequently frequented by College men, during the first week of the term, the attraction being a somewhat notorious divorce case. All of the lawyers engaged were Yale men, namely, ex-Gov. Dutton, '18, and G. H. Watrous, '53, on the one side; H. B. Harrison, '46, and T. E. Doolittle, '46, on the other. Being the worst case ever tried in the city, it was of course quite attractive, but as the "nineteenth day of the trial"—for this is the way the city papers had come to reckon time—drew to its close, attention became turned in another direction, for the shad-eaters were gathering together, and on Wednesday, May 6, came the great

Election Day Parade,

Which, being the only one that has occurred in term time during our College course, deserves a passing notice. We believe, and trust, that the "custom" is one peculiar to Connecticut. "Election Day" is applied to it about as appropriately as "Commencement" with us, to the last event of the course. But the flags waved,—including the one on Alumni Hall, which we never saw flying before,—the drums beat, the militia men tried to march in line, the troopers to keep in their saddles, and the multitudes looked on, and were happy. In the procession we noticed Franklin Pierce, a former President of the United States, also Mayor Hoffman, Richard O'Gorman, and other dignitaries. We must not leave unnoticed the fine marching of the Hartford companies, or the comical appearance of him whom we took to be their mounted leader, who, as some one remarked, would have served Mr. Samuel Butler as a model for Hudibras.

In the Legislature,

Yale is represented by A. Coit, '56, in the Senate, and by E. B. Bennett, '66; J. H. Glover, '46; H. L. Hall, '60; J. Kendrick, '43; W. T. Minor, '34; I. W. Pettibone, '54; E. Sanford, '54; H. B. Sprague, '52; A. B. Woodward, '53; A. S. Day, '68; and H. G. Lewis, of the Law Department, '44. J. U. Taintor, '66, and

Dwight Marcy, '63, are clerks of the Senate and House respectively. R. W. Wright, '42, is private secretary of the Governor, and C. E. Searles, '68, messenger between the two Houses. The members of the Senate, who are *ex-officio* members of the Corporation of Yale College:—Hon. E. H. Bugbee, Hon. Isaac T. Rogers, Hon. Mr. Austin, Hon. Mr. Gallagher, Hon. Mr. Street, Hon. Mr. Brainerd.

The Freshman Prize Debates

Took place last week. Linonia's on Wednesday, May 13; the question being:—"Is universal male suffrage in the United States desirable?" There were fourteen speakers, divided equally between afternoon and evening, and arranged as follows:

W. D. Mills, N. Y. City.	C. B. Dudley, Maine, N. Y.
T. P. Vaille, Springfield, Mass.	C. D. Hine, Lebanon.
O. S. Bliss, Chicago, Ill.	E. D. Coonley, Greenville, N. Y.
J. B. Morse, New Haven.	C. Deming, Litchfield.
F. E. Sweet, Vineland, N. J.	J. W. Hird, Bradford, Eng.
A. W. Curtis, Worcester, Mass.	E. T. Owen, Hartford.
C. G. Jewell, Hector, N. Y.	A. B. Mason, Chicago, Ill.

The judges were Hon. W. T. Minor, Tutor E. B. Bingham, and Prof. E. B. Coe; and the prizes fell to Sweet, Mason, and Bliss.

There were twelve speakers in Brothers, on Thursday, upon the question:—"Would extension of territory be advantageous to the United States?" The order was as follows:

G. M. Stöckel, New Haven.	W. R. Sperry, Unadilla, N. Y.
H. E. Kinney, Griswold.	A. F. Currier, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
H. B. Elliot, New Haven.	C. H. Clemmer, Cincinnati, O.
C. H. Board, Ebenville, N. Y.	C. H. Hamlin, Plainville.
D. Hitchcock, Unionville.	H. Mansfield, New Haven.
T. M. Parsons, Nantic, Ill.	C. E. Cuddeback, Port Jervis, N. Y.

The judges were Hon. Roger Averill, Rev. T. K. Fessenden, and J. T. Platt, and the prizes fell to Mansfield, Cuddeback, Sperry, Board and Elliot.

Ourselves.

The present Board was chosen at a class meeting of '69, on Jan. 22, and elected E. G. C. its Chairman, on March 19. The nine numbers of its year fall successively into the hands of R., W., F., C., B., R., W., F., B. It was initiated into the mysteries of Chi Delta Theta, on the evening of March 13-14, that is to say, it gave the old Board the traditional supper, at the New Haven House, and swings out again the old Triangle badge, obsolete for a dozen years or more. The supper was—Oh! wasn't it though, and the—Well, well, just imagine it, if you can!

Brevities.

Alpha Delta Phi.—The Thirty-sixth Anniversary of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity took place the 29th and 30th of April, in New York. Prof. Dwight presided, in the Academy of Music. An address was read by Edward North, a poem recited by James C. Moffat, D. D., and an oration by Geo. W. Curtis.

Boat House.—We have heard during the past four or five weeks, a rumor to the effect that the Boat House was in need of repairs. We trust that it is merely a rumor, and that the matter has been properly attended to by those having it in charge.

Boating.—The gymnasium seems to be unusually well patronized at all hours of the day. The crews for the summer races are all hard at work, and the cultivation of "muscle" is "above par."

Art Gallery.—The celebrated collection of paintings, known as the Jarves collection, is at length thrown open to the public, the long expected catalogue being at length published. The Gallery is open, *free*, from 9—1 and from 3—5. All should make it a point to see these valuable relics of old masters.

Theological Seminary.—The anniversary exercises of the Seminary occur on May 21. There will be an address to the alumni and other interesting features.

Base Ball.—The University nine have been selected and are practicing regularly for their match with the Columbia nine, May 23. The '69 Base Ball Club have refused the challenge sent by the '69 Base Ball Club at Harvard, to play at Worcester next July. Also the Class of '70 have declined the challenge of the Harvard '70, to row a race at the time of the University regatta.

Psi Upsilon.—The Thirty-fifth Annual Convention of the Psi Upsilon fraternity will be held with the Phi chapter, in Ann Arbor, Mich., on the 17th and 18th of next June. The oration will be delivered by the Hon. Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, and the poem by Charles H. Sweetser, of New York.

A Relic.—A monitor's check list has been found between the leaves of an old book given to Yale College by its first President, Rector Pierson. It was dated 1663, 1664, and belonged to Harvard College.

New Book.—"The Myths of the New World; a Treatise on the Symbolism and Mythology of the Red Race of America; by Daniel G. Brinton, A. M., M. D., member of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, etc., etc." The above work is to be published in May, by Leypoldt & Holt, publishers, 451 Broome Street, New York. Rumor speaks very highly of the work, as being about to be a valuable addition to the literature of the day. It is to be printed in two editions. One 8vo., extra cloth, price \$2.50; also quarto, on plate paper, price \$6 each.

Broadsword.—We see by the "Vidette," of Williams College, that Major Beatty is now instructing the students there in the use of the broadsword. His class numbers twenty-two.

Madden's Oyster House, No. 102 Orange St., opposite New Haven Savings Bank.

Amusements.—New Haven is enjoying a rare season of first-class entertainments. On the 20th and 21st, Edwin Booth in *Hamlet* and *Richelieu*; on the 22d, Ristori as *Elizabeth*; on the 28th, the Oratorio of the Creation, with Parepa Rosa, Simpson and Whitney for Soloists, and the Beethoven of Hartford, and Mendelssohn of New Haven, in the Choruses; while "Maggie Mitchell," "Stradella," etc., are in prospect.

Exchanges.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *Advocate*, (IV, V,) *Nation*, (Nos. 147, 148 and 149,) *Littell's Living Age*, (Nos. 1248 and 1249,) *Dartmouth*; *Michigan University Magazine*, *American Literary Gazette*, *Loomis' Musical Journal*, *Miami Student*, *Western Collegian*, *University Chronicle*, *Cincinnati Medical Repertory*, *Collegian*, from Denison University, Ohio; *College Courier*, *Brunonian*, *Vidette*, *Virginia University Magazine*, *College Echo*.

We thank our friends of the *Michigan University*, for the correction of their premature announcement of our death. We propose to be found not only alive but "*kicking*." With regard to the typographical error they mention as having found in our last number, we have nothing further to say. Prof. Hadley is still here. If they subjected us to as severe a criticism as they did the *Dartmouth*, we can only thank our stars that a mistake of an accent in a Greek word, is the only fault they have found. We would, however, in turn, like to put a question to the author of "*An Outside View of Journalism*," and inquire where he finds authority for his somewhat remarkable statement that "the *New York Tribune*, *DAILY* pleads the cause of the slave to a *quarter of a million*?" Is not that rather strong, friend, "not yet of the Fourth Estate?"

The *College Courier*, from Monmouth College, contains the following *slight error*: "There is some talk of a College boat race between the Harvard and Yale crews, but no definite agreement as yet. At their last contest the Yalensians were *victorious*. As a matter of course, it is the Harvards that desire the race." Cart before the horse, *rather*!

Literary Notes.

In the year '13. A Tale of Mecklinburg Life. By Fritz Reuter. Translated from the Platt-Deutsch, by Chas. L. Lewes. Leypoldt & Holt, N. Y. 1868.

The work before us is a novel. Its plot is exceedingly simple, its characters not powerfully drawn, yet sufficiently distinct; its descriptions brief; its general cast easily comprehended by the veriest Hollander who ever shovelled on a dike. In comparison with the higher class of English novels, and perhaps with many not so high, it may be called Præ-Raphaelite. In it stones fill mud holes, mills grind flour, and Dutchmen eat cheese and sausages just as nature intended them to. The sun never rises through a mist of description, nor sets beneath clouds of verbiage, nor do soldiers go to battle with chapters of encomiums. As a consequence we have a volume of some three hundred pages mo., of coarse print, when with the same ideas an Englishman could easily double the size. The writer seems to be jotting

down events as in a diary, and yet we experience no lack of connection. The translator in his preface says, "Although his (Reuter's) name is unknown in England, in Germany he is one of the most popular authors of the day. His stories and poems are written in *Platt-Deutsch*, and are read wherever that dialect is spoken.

* * * * * The following story, called in the original, "*Ut de Franzasentid*," was published in 1860, and rapidly passed through several editions. It is one of a series, to which Reuter has given the name of "*Alte Kamillen*," literally, "Old camomile flowers," by which he means, "old tales, old recollections, useful as homely remedies."

The story is a humorous one, filled with Dutch bombast, Dutch hatred, and Dutch justice. Indeed one cannot fail to be reminded of some of Knickerbocker's early heroes, by these descriptions of more modern ones. The French and a Jew bear the brunt of the ill-feeling. The book abounds in odd and quaint sayings and similes. We have called the work *Prae-Raphaelite* in style, yet the author in places allows us to see that he is not wholly ignorant of colors, as at the close of Chapter XV. "But in two hearts care found no place; love had entered into them with its princely company of Secret Wishes and Hope and Trust; and the Secret Wishes flew through the whole household of the heart and into all its recesses, like active brides' maids, pushed aside all that stood in the way, and wiped the dust from table and chairs, and cleaned the windows, so that one could see far out into the beautiful country called life; and they spread the table in the bright room, and made the bed in the quiet room, and hung fresh garlands of flowers and evergreens over windows and doors, and beautiful pictures on the walls. And Hope lit her thousand wax lights, and then sat quietly down in a corner as if it had not been at all she who had done this, but her step-sister, Reality."

We can place this book with *Fathers and Sons*, as a new gem from a lately opened mine.

Kitty's Class Day. By Louisa M. Alcott. (Boston: Loring.)

This is one of Loring's "*Tales of the Day*," and we think not one of the best of a really excellent series. The story is founded upon the mishaps of a young girl who attended Harvard Class Day with her cousin. Had the authoress been willing to send her heroine to some boarding school exhibition her remarks and accidents would have seemed much more appropriate. An American College story never has been written, and never will be if this is to be a beginning.

Editor's Table.

"To all whom it may concern, greeting:" Our venerable and right reverend chairman suggests that this method of beginning a new "table" is hardly dignified. Can't help it. The old table was about worn out and it was high time to change the style. Our political editor suggests "friends and fellow citizens," but as students have but few of the privileges of Irishmen and negroes, why that won't do. If we wanted to reach by far the greatest portion of our readers we should begin something after the Ciceronian style: "*Quosque tandem abutere, patientia nostra,*" you subscribers who have forgotten to settle the bill, or promised contributors who have not had time to write, etc., *ad infinitum*. Perhaps the first mentioned class is numerous enough to have omitted mentioning the second. There is a story told of a celebrated French preacher, who on delivering a sermon on the duty of wives, said: "I see opposite me in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of the sin of disobedience to her husband; and in order to point her out to universal condemnation, I will fling my breviary at her head." He lifted his book, and every female head was instantly ducked. Readers may make their own application of the story. Comment would be superfluous. Reader! has the thought ever entered your mind that the YALE LIT. is *not* brought forth by a process resembling spontaneous combustion? If the thought never has entered, cry "Open Sesame" at once, and let it in. Let me give you a little idea of the valuable hints an editor stands a fair chance of getting, while straining every nerve to have an interesting number of the magazine. Brown (we use the name figuratively as it is a rare one) meets you and exclaims, with an important gesture, i. e. either scratching his head, or placing his forefinger on his nose: "By-the-by, you won't have any poetry in your number, I hope; such stupid stuff generally; wearisome to read it; better leave it out. Exit B. Enter Smith: "I say, when is that LIT. coming out? Capital poetry in the last number; hope you will have as good; put in plenty of it; such variety you know; old proverb, "Variety spice of life"; remember it? of course you do; editors always do; sly dogs; ha! ha!" Pokes you in the ribs and forgets to offer the mate to his cigar. Exit S. Enter Jones. "How are you, old cuss! Congratulate you on your LIT. editorship. Get up a tip-top story of student life, and let it run through the year. Come the *Ledger* dodge, 'To be continued in our next.' Good idea! Heard lots of fellows speak of it; bring money in like water; 'word to the wise' you know, by, by; search the Scriptures." Exit Jones. Enter Robinson. "Beastly warm day. How under the sun can you work to-day? Just met Jones. Says you are going to begin a sensational story in your number; something in the 'Scalping Knife, or the New Haven Fiend' style. Don't do it. It will kill the LIT. Students can't write stories; have not seen enough of the world; try some other dodge; Faculty down on novels you know; expect they'll get up a new rule forbidding a fellow to read one on the College grounds; stick to the old track; or get something Frenchy; see Prof. Coe; Parley-vous frangais, Mademoiselle, in the

cellar, broomsticks!" Exit Robinson, whistling the Marseillaise! Or their advice takes another turn. Here comes ———, and casually remarks: "By the way, have you read over the first LIT. ever published. Some first rate articles in it. Among others, "The Coffee House Papers." Get something of the kind in your LIT." Then he adds a remark about good judgment, wisdom, etc. Now, all we have to say is this. If you think of any way to improve the magazine, sit down and put your ideas into some practical shape. If you want a poem, write one; if a story, begin one; if a humorous piece, try one; and in that way all will be satisfied, but general advice is so useless and even discouraging because it so disagreeably reminds one of the fact that however hard you try, some will be disappointed and grumble. But we will not bore you with a long "table." We do not think the example of the Japanese author worthy of imitation or especially commendable, who wrote an eleven act tragedy requiring a week for its performance. He has since died. Peace be to his ashes. Thankful are we that he is to favor us with no more *pieces*.

Therefore, we make our bow to you, readers, in behalf of the whole board. We intend to do our best for you, and to try in every way we can to make the magazine as entertaining and popular as possible. Will you not do your share? All short comings in the present number must be attributed to our being "raw hands," and not yet fairly in the traces, and not to any lack of good intentions. With time, patience and perseverance we hope to see the LIT. a good and faithful representative of the college literary element; its monthly advent welcomed, and its readers repaid over and over again for their interest in its progress. Thus, kind friends, individually and collectively, the YALE LIT. Board of '69 gives you a cordial greeting.

VOL. XXXIII.

NO. VIII.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens gratia nunc, nomen laudisque YALENSIS
Cantabat SOPHIA, transiitque PATRAS."

JUNE, 1868.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII.

JUNE, 1868.

No. 8.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '69.

LYMAN H. BAGG,

HENRY V. FREEMAN,

EDWARD G. COY,

HENRY W. RAYMOND,

EDWARD P. WILDER.

The Gentleman.

THAT peculiar institution called society will pass through strange contortions, and we must not be surprised if we sometimes see it in curious forms. One of its commonest freaks is to alter and disguise the meaning of its words,—chopping its language as if it were a block, strangely manifesting its eccentric character in its peculiar dress. And yet not strangely; for when ideas and principles become distorted, we cannot expect that words which are only their exponents will remain inflexible. Thus it happens that few words have borne such a variety of constructions as that simple one—a gentleman. Its original meaning is a man of high and aristocratic birth, and society which has not altogether emerged from its primitive peculiarities, still sometimes clings with fondness to this ideal. Examine it for a moment. It has the weight of antiquity. It dates from the times when gentlemen of Athens, filled with aristocratic notions and sitting in palaces of Parian marble, used to discuss with similar gentlemen from Sparta, the vulgarity of Athens' Ecclesia, and the propriety of altering such an odiously democratic government. It refers to the days when gentlemen of Rome indulged in the highly refined amusement of popular proscriptions, and when young gentlemen of the Catilinarian stamp were wont to be filled with patriotic disgust at the elevation of a "new man" to the Republic's head. Patricians,

to be sure, was the ancient name of these estimable persons, but that is only the Latin for 'gentlemen.' It was such gentlemen too that 'civilized' Europe in the Middle Ages,—the days of chivalry and knighthood. Ah! those were gentlemen! They lived in castles, they led troops of retainers, they rode upon splendidly caparisoned horses, they were armed in glittering coats of mail,—they never ate but they feasted, they never fought but to conquer,—so loyal were they in love, so brave in war,—their views of honor were so high, they killed one another so beautifully. Dueling was essentially a *fine* art in those days. These mediæval gentlemen have not even yet entirely passed away. But they haunt for the most part the old castles in which their ancestors were born, as lichens cling to their aged decaying trunks, and like them, when the old towers crumble they too will pass away. Sometimes a gentleman of this school will wander away to America. But he is usually to be pitied. He can seldom take root here, and when he does it is generally in Virginian soil, where his growth is at best a sickly one. He always carries about him a musty atmosphere like the odor from a clothes-press or a very old book. He speaks with authority, and is quite disgusted with the idea of a Republic—especially a Republic of *young* men. In society he is extremely punctilious; his conversation smacks with a flavor like that of old cheese; his sense of honor too is acute as the twisted ends of his moustache. Occasionally one of these gentlemen, rudely tossed about the young Republic, will become reduced in means, and you will find him after a desperate struggle with his 'honor,' condescending at last to work for lucre. It is plainly a trial, but he must submit. Then is somewhat suggestive, the complacency at certain times and the humility at others with which he views himself,—the dignity in which he invests his new occupation in public,—and the loathing which he feels for it in private. Himself becomes a 'Professor,' his trade an 'art,' his office a 'studio,' or his workshop an 'establishment.' In case he should teach, he covets classes of young ladies, and wears very black neck-ties. He loves to tell his gentle pupils of the old country, and his vocabulary is largely made up of such words as 'generous' and 'brave.'

This, however, is the mediæval type of a gentleman. The more common modern one is based upon his purse for a platform. These are the gentlemen whose houses line the avenues of our cities; whose names are written in large letters opposite similiar amounts on charitable subscription lists; whose families attend the first Church and occupy a seat in the middle aisle, or rather the central nave; whose

daughters are sent to country boarding-schools where they have the remarkable faculty of gaining the confidence and favor of teachers. Nor are these gentlemen confined to the cities. Country towns are sometimes honored with their residence, and when this is the case, a magic spell seems to be over the villages. On all great occasions, the advice of the squire, the *déacon*, and old uncle Nathan was wont to be diligently sought,—and especially at raisings and town meetings the presence of these worthies was as indispensable as the cider-mug itself. But now it is all changed. The old squire is quietly forgotten, the deacon is presumed to be busy inspecting the new minister's domestic affairs; even uncle Nathan is suffered to read his bible in peace,—while the gentleman of the great brick house absorbs the attentions and controls the wills of the community. A singular biped is this gentleman of wealth. At election times he swells to unusual importance, and in some way the results of the suffrage are often to be traced to his peculiar 'influence.' Quite often he is himself elected to office, and as education is seldom a necessary qualification, his chance is as good as any. And yet he will not sneer at letters. His daughter is furnished with a library, a piano, and a year or two at boarding-school. That she may be 'accomplished,' he will spare no expense. Nay, one of these gentlemen was once known, when the preceptress complained of his daughter's want of capacity, to have generously directed her to purchase one for her at once, and place it to his account. In the summer time he is a regular visitor with his family at the Springs, and will quite often astonish the city visitors by the extravagance and the peculiar taste of his dress and habits. Unlike our aristocratic friend, the subject of pedigree does not form the staple of his conversation. He is even sensitive on the point, although to be *called* aristocratic he does not usually object. Gentlemen of this school especially flourished in the Southern States before the war. Undoubtedly theirs was the most complacent life in the world. In the words of the old song :

" 'Down in the old Palmetto State the curious ones may find
' A ripping, tearing gentleman of an uncommon kind.
' You trace his genealogy and not far back you 'll see
' A most undoubted octoroon, or mayhap a mustee;
' He always wears a full dress-coat pre-Adamite in cut,
' With waist-coat of the loudest style through which his ruffles jut;
' He looks on grammar as a thing beneath the notice quite
' Of any Southern gentleman whose grandfather was white.' " &c., &c.

No higher than this, is the ideal of a gentleman practically entertained by many of the American people. That this is a popular

ideal is attested by the host of its imitators,—men from the lower and coarser classes, who may be seen lounging about bar-rooms and saloons, dressed in the cheap finery of Chatham street, with very greasy hair under second-hand beavers, with voluminous neck-ties and large paste pins on soiled shirt-bosoms, and, finally, swaggering about with heavy brass watch-chains, and smoking very poor cigars. These are the gentlemen of the prize ring, the race course, the cock-pit, and quite too often, of the platform and the polls.

In opposition to these types of “civilization,” the true gentleman would seem to deserve a place. But our ideal is peculiar, and would require for its full expression some space. To express it briefly, however, no one ever more successfully attempted, than did our favorite poet Wadsworth, when he said,—

* * * * “true knowledge leads to love,
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart!”



HORÆ OPIMÆ.

I HAVE a favorite resort, whither every fine summer morning I love to betake myself. This spot, which so often allures me, to the neglect, I sometimes fear, of my designated tasks, is on the edge of a dense woodland, and at the foot of a little waterfall. The road I take in search of this place, after various windings semi-circuits the mid-height of a mountain, below which, with all but perpendicular descent, lies the woodland stream. A lovely picture is that formed by this mountain road—on each side the underbrush has formed a fence, and over-head, the tops of the fir-trees have entwined, excluding the sunshine and inclosing the traveler. While walking through this tenement house as it were, of Nature's handiwork, the murmur of running water becomes more and more audible, until at length, below you, you can see the mountain stream. If you follow the stream, you will shortly come to the foot of a ledge, over whose brow the water, pausing for a mere moment, plunges at length into its rocky basin below. Oh! how I love this spot. Here, at the base of the rock, under the shade of a

weeping willow, I am seated sometimes for hours. The sound of a running mountain stream has always had a musical charm for me, and often I find myself investing a brook with an animate existence. The murmuring of the water seems to be a vocal utterance, and its swift disappearance emblematical of life. And here I loiter away the morning hours, forgetful of all past disquietude, and lulled into reverie by Nature's music. And such reveries are not, I think, without great advantage.

It is a favorite theory of mine, of which my own experience affords no refutation, that there are certain phases of Nature which are better calculated to excite our thoughts and elevate our souls than anything beside; that a Divinity lurks in Nature which sounds the profoundest depths of the human heart, and wakes it into a responsive and concordant sympathy. The heart, it strikes me, is more susceptible to the Sublime and Beautiful than to trite and didactic sermonizing. Theology has a weighty advocate in Nature, whose influence, in truth, our hearts cannot withstand.

Chide not then as useless fantasies, those reflections induced by natural influences, but deem them rather the emanations of a mind dissociated for a time from its burdening cares and resuming its native unworldliness, and encourage that love of Nature from whose indulgence we derive both pleasure and profit.

I have always felt a deep joy in studying Nature in any of her manifold forms. Here, she appears in the character of a recluse. Sequestered in this wild spot, she lives a hermit life. Like the misanthropist, she has become sick of ostentation, and conscious of her own excellence, avoids the applause of the world. With virgin modesty, she seems opposed to an indiscriminate familiarity, and extends her acquaintance only to those who are susceptible to her influence, and can appreciate her worth. Forgive me if I should become a bit egotistical; but I do aver, at the risk even of such a reproach, that often when in her presence, I have fancied myself the discoverer of her beauty, and have demanded, as the reward of my hearty courtship, the enjoyment of her choicest favors. And I may add that my demands have not been disregarded; for, to be conscious of deserving happiness, is to obtain it. Self-satisfaction is a panacea for all kinds of despondency.

Often it must have occurred to you, how great an influence is exerted on one's mind by visiting Nature,—how much her equanimity disarms one's passions, and tames them down to a proper level,—how quickly the quiet of earth and sky strikes a harmonizing chord in the human heart, and lulls its stormy throbs and raging passions. Whose

passions are so stormy, that they cannot be calmed by the calmness of Nature? Whose heart so disturbed that it is not appeased by her sympathetic and quiet appearance? And to all she is equally friendly,—

“To those men that seek her sweet as summer.”

And the poor man and the rich, the peasant-boy and the king, can together quaff from her abundant well springs a deep and pervading pleasure. It may be that their thoughts are tinged just a little with a twilight gloom; but then they do not discord with the surrounding influences. I am confident that Nature if animated would be a trifle melancholy; and I do not think that such a disposition is often the less happy,—for it is further removed from the impressions that provoke disquietude. To stretch the thought still further, it is a mark of mediocrity to be always facetious, or, in other words, sobriety is twin brother to genius.

But not always is Nature thus serene. I remember well what happened once when I sought to escape from the sultriness of an August afternoon to the shades of this mountain retreat. As I journeyed thither, hardly a cloud was visible on the surface of heaven. Not a breeze disputed the sovereign sun, or stayed for a moment the stifling heat. It was as if Nature had renounced her guardianship of the world, or that she, like other respected Dames, was taking an afternoon's nap. But suddenly the sun and sky were darkened, the birds ceased to carol and betook themselves to their nests; a breeze, sprung from nothingness, was swelling into a gale, sweeping the surface of the earth, and now and then there was a blast of thunder and flash of lightning as heaven discharged its huge artillery. Sublimely grand was that combat of the elements. The sky had gathered its forces, and was threatening to deluge the earth. The earth, aroused at length from her dormancy, had called forth her greatest strength, and was proving equal to the dread onset. Her strength, like the strength of Samson in the temple of Dagon, had seemed impotent and vain, but like his, it appeared when the crisis was reached that demanded its exercise. At length Nature, as if exhausted by her convulsive throes, relaxed her fury, and began to weep as it were for very shame.

A remarkable dilution of pleasure is produced by a drenching rain, and the interest with which I viewed the scene was considerably abated by the succeeding shower; but the grandeur of this elemental warfare did engender a pleasure, and give birth to emotions, which it is *difficult* to describe or analyze. The utter loneliness of the place

and its isolation conspired greatly to enhance the sublimity which the same occurrence would elsewhere have exhibited. And yet, could we wholly divest ourselves of the awe which such sights inspire, perhaps we would find a stratum of ludicrousness, after all, underlying this apparent sublimity; for, I submit, there is no sight in all creation,—no, not even Babel unfinished,—more pitiably ridiculous than that of an usually quiet, aged dame incensed with frightful frenzy.

But the little brook of which I have spoken affords me a fund of thought. A mountain stream seems to me to have more of a native and unartificial character than other streams. It has more of the vitality and recklessness of youth, and it bounds along as if its life were nothing but a gala-day. It has never woven a thread of yarn, nor wrought a single clapboard, nor ground a grain of wheat. And hence, it has none of that sluggishness of movement which follows a life of labor. In no respect has its primitive nature been annulled by subserviency to the world. Its life is country life contra-distinguished from city life,—it has native grace and talents instead of acquired accomplishments,—it is, in short, a denizen of the forest, and no metropolitan.

But the brook, in other ways, may be made a source of reflection. A leaf, floating on its surface, will spin for us a thread of thought, as it dances along the rippling waters, hastened here by a stronger current, meeting there with some unlooked-for impediment, and lost at length to our view. So, think I, dance we on the giddy dance of life, impelled at times with surprising speed, tripped frequently by some cruel misfortune, inconstant and uncertain in our progress always, and finally quietly gliding away. You know, do you not, how a brook will accommodate itself to the state of mind in which you approach it. Unlike the earth and sky that regulate and control our thoughts, a brook will adapt itself to them with wonderful facility. A serious turn of mind will create a solemn analogy between the brook and the stream of life that we journey. The joyous hearted will laugh and be merry though told of the analogy. I have so stood beside the brook, that I have seen in the water the reflection of the sun cut up into a hundred segments by the rippling surface, and sometimes I have fallen to wondering if the brook was become a merchant to retail the sun by *avoirdufois*, or whether it sought to lessen the sun's lustre by ridiculous mimicry. Could it be that the brook was playing the merry-andrew? Ah, no,—not so. All Nature is coöperative with God, and would neither strive to depreciate, nor fail to exemplify the wonders of His creations, and thence I drew a reason (so broadly range one's reveries) why the moral tone of an agricultural community is

always, as you may have noticed, preëminently pure. If its virtues be not illustrious, its vices, at any rate, are infrequent. An intercourse with Nature must induce a recognition of Divine goodness, and the farmer, more than any other man, is thrown in daily contact with her. He is the purchaser, and she the sales-woman; and he contracts with her to provide him with certain commodities; and he cancels his indebtedness by restoring her original fertility; and, at last, he presents his own body to enrich her soil. This latter thought, surely enough, is a cathartic for all worldliness of plans, purging us, for the time being, of all ambition and selfishness and vanity of purpose. We search for some way whereby we may escape from the labors and cares of life. We would forego that engrossing competition with the world, which is the price of our success and the source of our vexation. Our fancy dwells on a state of society where equality shall be extended to all men,—where the wealth and knowledge of the few shall be distributed equally among the multitude,—where selfishness of purpose shall be checkmated by nobility of character, and the passions of mankind by an equalization of its blessings.

But these are the vagaries of a morbid fancy—these are among the bastards that people Dream-land. Ah no, said I, arising and twirling my staff in the brook,—life is earnest and laborious and prosaic, and its demands are not met by bandying poetry in a forest, nor by dreaming of its future betterment; and so I will hie me homewards.

T. W. S.

A Word to the Wise.

THOUGH fully sharing with our classmates in their hatred of *Æschines*,—not only for his disreputable character in general, but especially for his causing *Demosthenes* to produce such a very long oration on the Crown (*πρὸ τοῦ στεφάνου*), we yet have to recognize the good sense and justice of his demand that the latter individual should give in his accounts in due form before receiving any extraordinary honors for services rendered. Now, though the average college committee-man may resemble the great Athenian orator in no other respect, he at least shows the same unwillingness to give in his accounts, and the same readiness to consider himself insulted if invited to do so. For his benefit and possible reformation, then, we have to say a word or two regarding the subject which the classical example cited suggests to us.

The old proverb which reminds us of the easy departure of that money which is easily acquired, may perhaps in a measure explain the general apparent carelessness of college men in regard to the disposal of their contributions to this or that ostensible object; but it is still a thing hard to understand. Irresponsible power of any kind—whether it be of taking away another's liberty, or of simply spending his money—must ever be a thing which poor human nature cannot exercise without abusing; and we have no doubt that the easy morality of college as to pecuniary matters, results, in no small degree, from the prevalent system under which the college public allows its chosen servant to make way with its funds, without rendering a strict account therefor. To a certain extent, for this state of things, one disposed to find fault with those in authority might hold the faculty responsible, in that, with its accustomed logical justice, it forbids all class organization, because a certain class president misbehaved himself upon a certain important occasion a quarter of a century ago. But though it is evident that such class organization, as it exists in other colleges,—by allowing a responsible treasurer, with his public record of receipts and expenditures,—affords a security for the right performance of duty which we do not possess, yet it by no means follows that the absence of it furnishes a justification for the unbusinesslike financial management which we have to criticise.

Let us look, then, at the facts in regard to this matter, noticing in the first place the navy, inasmuch as the amount of money contributed in its support renders it the most prominent example. There are a great many things included in its expenses: the boat-house debt, principal and interest; the keeping of the house and its boats in order; the purchase of new boats; the harbor races; the training of the university crew; the salary of their trainer, when they have one; the annual pilgrimage to Worcester; and the many incidentals which need not here be mentioned. Yet our subscriptions are asked for no particular one of these, but for "the navy" in general,—that is, for any or all of them, as may happen; the apparent exceptions of levying upon the Freshmen definitely for the boat-house debt, or upon all for the Worcester race, being, as is generally understood, exceptions in appearance only. The entire expenses of the establishment are reckoned in a single mass, and those having them in charge think their duty done if by any possible means they are able seasonably to meet them. To inform college how they do this; to make public each separate item of expense; to fairly give forth the names of those who support them by something more than words, are apparently matters too trivial to secure their attention.

It affords a good indication of the regard which even the least public spirited among us have for the boating interest, that, in spite of the unsatisfactory way in which contributors are treated, enough money is annually procured to afford it a respectable support. But has it never occurred to any one in authority that some men by nature have a distaste for the "vague, illimitable perspective," and prefer in general to squander their treasure for a plain and definite purpose? That one may be interested to pay off the boat-house debt, who cares but comparatively little about the result of the next regatta? That another, who would hardly cross the street to save the boat-house from falling to pieces, may yet be disposed to give a generous amount toward the retention of Mr. Dennis Leary as trainer for the university crew? Or that another may willingly pay his share toward purchasing "the best boat that Elliot can build," who would be likely to express his feeling in dashes and exclamation points before giving a cent to buy the beefsteak or horse-car tickets of a crew in training? Whether considered or not, these are certainly facts, and facts, too, which it were well for those especially interested to have regard for. Were an opportunity given each man to contribute to a specific object, with the assurance that his contribution should be used for no other than the ostensible purpose, and were a strict, itemized, account kept of even the smallest expenditures, and published at stated intervals, together with the names of individual contributors and the amounts actually paid in by each, every one would be satisfied, every pretext for not supporting the navy would disappear, and double the amount of funds would be raised with half the trouble that is incurred at present.

So, too, in regard to the university ball-club, there is no security if a man makes a contribution for its current expenses, or for the entertainment of a club from another college, or for its trip to Worcester, that his money will not be used for either or all of these purposes indifferently; and yet many a man may willingly support one of these objects, and at the same time have no interest in either of the others. Suppose, now, that the same plan were adopted in regard to this which is recommended in the case of the navy; would it not be possible, for instance, to offer hospitalities to a rival club without 'spouting' watches or swindling landlords?

There is the same indefiniteness and irresponsibility attending all of the numerous class expenditures, from the class hat and supper committee of Freshman year to—well, say the Junior Ex. and Spoon committees of two years later, for we will not trench at present upon the expenses of Senior year, of which we have as yet no actual expe-

rience, though we hardly think them to form an exception to the rule. The committees, in these and similar cases, generally make a statement of the round sum that will probably be required, levy a proportionate tax, collect as much of it as they are able, and, as popularly supposed, fill up the deficit, if any exists, from their own pockets, as a sort of return for the "honor" of their position. But no one ever hears of the items of expenditure, seldom even of the total, nor the names of those who did and of those who did not pay their taxes, nor of the individual losses of each committee man.

We insist thus strongly upon the publication of the names of the men who pay their money in support of college interests, not only for other important reasons, but especially as a preventive of the meanest kind of fraud. You read a subscription list, and notice five, ten, or twenty dollars, as the case may be, attached to this or that man's name, but you have no means of knowing that he will pay, or even that he has agreed to pay, the amount in question. Does some honest farmer ask, Why so? Let us relate an incident: During our last summer's sojourn at Walrussia, "a prominent boating man" asked from us a contribution in support of the Sitka crew at their approaching race upon the Kvikhpak. Not being a generous person, we offered in turn the sum of three dollars in lawful money, whereupon he remarked that payment was not cared for at that time, but that we could "put down our name for five dollars," and when the collection was made we should be called upon for only three. What our reply was to this delicate proposition, we hope it is needless to specify. Now, this Sitka subscription paper was, unfortunately, essentially of the same nature as its fellows which circulate so freely among us, since from them, as observed already, it is impossible to judge with accuracy as to how much actual cash any given amount of figures may represent. Of the morality of this sort of thing, and of the public sentiment which tolerates it, we have nothing to say; but, the fact being as it is, it seems evident that the only remedy for it lies in the plan before suggested. If every man were publicly credited only for the amount of money actually paid by him in support of any given object, this species of fraud at least would be rendered impossible, even though some reputations for liberality and public spirit should thereby be brought to grief.

And here we cannot refrain from saying a word concerning the essential dishonor of refusing—or neglecting, which often comes to about the same thing—to pay one's subscriptions and class or society taxes. It really amounts to receiving credit for another's labors; to being supported at another's expense; to filching money from another.

er's pocket. If men are willing to do this knowingly, they cannot object to appearing under their true colors, and allowing those who think that financial honor is, after all, a rather creditable thing, the opportunity of appearing under their true colors also.

Supposing the plan adopted of reporting to the college public a strict, minute, itemized, account of all receipts and expenditures in its behalf, the particular method of carrying it out could soon be decided upon. The accounts might perhaps be published among the advertisements of the *LIT.*, the *Courant*, or some other of the city papers; but probably the most satisfactory way would be to issue a pamphlet, say, at the close of every term, made up entirely of such accounts,—those of every class and organization being included,—and paid for by each organization represented in proportion to the space occupied. In this way satisfaction and justice would be accorded to all.

It is possible that this article may be misunderstood by some, yet in reading it over we find nothing whereat any right-minded man can fairly take offense. If we have said some unpleasant things, the facts, and not over-statement of them, must be held responsible. We have intended no implications upon any man's integrity, but have criticized the carelessness rather than the honesty of those who superintend our college interests; and it is a sincere desire to render easy the collection of funds in support of those interests which prompts us to remind all concerned, that in a community where such a little thing as the collecting of Freshmen's money in support of fictitious "base-ball clubs" and imaginary "Thanksgiving jubilees" is thought rather a neat joke than otherwise, there is apt to be a large class of persons not given to drawing fine lines of distinction, and prone to impute the faults arising from carelessness or mismanagement to more discreditable sources.

L. H. B.

The ORCHESTRA has an idea of musical "variations" which is not altogether a fallacy, in these days when every sweet harmony is distorted with trills and runs and flourishes. Those who love pure music, therefore, rather than "skillful" performance will see the point of the following irreverent variation from the journal mentioned:

"To be, fiddle—or not to be, diddle—
That is the question, de rol de dol day,
Whether 'tis nobler, doodle—in the mind to suffer, poodle—
The slings and arrows, noodle—of outrageous fortune, foodle—
Or to take arms, Kaffozleum—against a sea of troubles, Kadoozleum—
And by opposing end them, ti roodle, ti roodle, ti roodle, ti ray."

A Dirge.

THE mother's parting prayer had been forgot,
The boy ran wayward from a father's care,
He dipt into the vice of College life,
Drank the enticing cup of self-conceit,
Gave up the inner to the outer man,—
He's now become the "perfect gentleman,"
Whose cunning courtesy would have him bow
As low as earth, to win some selfish end,
E'en though no more than join some secret clique.
A moral sepulchre, a puppet dog
To popularity,—vain fashion's slave,—
A creature of the hour; but change the style,
And he who wears a Christian's robe will wear
An atheist's as well.—Such is a type
Of all too many men in College life.
As vilest gems are counterfeits of best,
As deadliest foes are those assumed as friends,
So these pretending men but counterfeit
Creation's purest gem, a Christian man;
Wherein they make religion, mockery.
As a proud bark with traffic laden low
Moves onward through the heaving deep, and now
Disdains to turn aside and save some wreck'd
Some wave-tost victim of the gale; so these
High-minded men, o'er fraught with selfish ends,
Sail onward through the rough, uneven tide of life,
Regardless of a fellow creature's fate.
Oh ye! who view the inmost part of man,
Whose duty is to shape his destiny;
Are these your Christian men? whose icy hearts
Ne'er melted to a tear of sympathy.
Are these your Christian men? whose pent-up souls
Ne'er ray of charity hath pierced? Are these
Ah, well! may not the future writer say
Of us, as Gibbon said of men of old,
(If such the *learned* Christian of to-day,)
'The *simple* man possessed the earnest soul.'

Education and the State.

"GOVERNMENT," says Webster, "is a compact between one individual and the whole body." This definition seems to apply only to that form which exists for the welfare of the people. Governments have existed which were simply means of revenue and glory to the ruler. There are some of the same nature now. Such can hardly claim consideration inasmuch as they are not worthy the name they bear. A government should be a power, to secure the life and property of the people; to care for the social peace; to punish and prohibit crime; to encourage virtue; and to legislate for the public happiness and prosperity. Such seems to be the object of a true government,—to look after those general interests which can not be cared for by each individual separately. Our own government may not be the only true form, but American-like, we are disposed to think that the world recognizes her as far in advance of all other forms. In this compact each individual, as well as the whole body, has certain requirements to meet. Each is a real workman in building and preserving our national edifice. Whether it stands or falls depends upon the faithfulness of these citizens, and I hope to show, on their enlightenment. (Let it be remembered I do not now speak of national edifices where ambitious men sit and rule for selfish glory.)

It is fitting that the work on our national structure be done according to principle and intelligence. It is as necessary there as in a private building, that the work be done by intelligent hands. We do not intrust the building of a house to a man who is unfamiliar with the carpenter's trade, and it seems as necessary that intelligence should do the work on our national structure. If this be so, our citizens must be made intelligent. How shall this be done?

The inhabitants of the world seem divided into two classes—the affluent and the poor. The former from the very nature of their social position are either what citizens ought to be or what they will be. These, however, comprise but a small portion of mankind. The great mass of the people are poor and ignorant. To a great extent they and their ancestors have lived for ages, as mere beasts, under the despotic sway of tyranny. Evidently such people cannot be capable of meeting the stipulated requirements in the political compact. Something must be done. They must be *made* fit to meet these

requirements; but the question comes, "How shall this be done?" History, the course the world is now taking and the results attending it all answer "by education."

Everything goes to show that education is a necessity. It is the strength of a free government, while it tolls the knell of tyranny. When the people begin to drink of these waters there may be seen oozing from the rock of tyranny, moss-grown with age, those drops which soon swell into a stream bearing resistlessly on to the ocean of freedom. Tyranny seeks to oppress its people and keep them in ignorance finding therein its strength; a free government, on the other hand, seeks to raise them up and educate them, finding *therein* its strength. The nations of antiquity found the periods of their greatest power and greatest enlightenment coincident. A free government exists for the people. It has its rise in their will. It is supported by them and its aim should be their happiness and prosperity. It is an object to be loved by them, and that government which fails to win and hold the affections of the people fails of its mission. Education has been found to be the means of binding the people to the government. Enlightened Athens was not blind to this truth. She recognized the will of the people as her parent, their support as her strength, and saw the inevitable necessity of providing a way by which she might make her people worthy to be depended upon. She saw, as every enlightened nation has since seen, that education is the parent of virtue, ignorance of vice. She sought to spread intelligence among her youth, that she might rest secure in the virtue of her citizens. She saw that if she must drink of the muddy and poisonous waters of ignorance and vice, her whole system must soon become poisoned and diseased, and it was evident that decay and death must follow; but if she could drink at the clear and sparkling fountain of intelligence, she might grow strong and vigorous and even become the Methuselah of nations. In this respect Athens was wise beyond many nations which have lived since her day. Her literature and attainments in the arts and sciences are lasting monuments of her greatness. Sparta, the cotemporary of Athens, well carried out the same principle in a different form. Her beau ideal of a nation was one where Mars was the worshiped deity. While Athens sought to make her citizens virtuous and intelligent, trusting her life to their education and virtue, Sparta sought to make hers warriors, trusting to their bravery and patriotism for her defense. She knew what she wanted to be, and the proverbial power of Sparta attests the attainment of her object. Nowhere else does history furnish an illustration of a nation so thoroughly realizing her ideal of nationality.

Other nations too have risen and fallen like bubbles on the water. A very few like Athens have trusted to the virtues of the people. They have fallen, but their fall is due, not to this fact, but to some other cause; in many cases to the want of that one element of strength, the Christian religion, for national as well as individual character must be seasoned with the leaven of Christianity. Some even have passed away scarcely leaving a history or one soon forgotten. As the ocean surf washes the foot-prints of a child from the sands of the shore, so the great tide of life's ocean has washed from memory's sand even the infantile foot-prints these have left behind. All these have lessons of wisdom. They show that where the government rests with the people they must be something more than animals; they must be intelligent, human beings. Rome proved this. Education must carry away the filth of degradation, as a sewer, or the corruption within is liable at any moment to appear on the surface in the festering sores of civil tumult or open rebellion. Such are the teachings of history. Our government needs education even more than others, inasmuch as, more than they, she invests the people with freedom and power. Athens found education necessary for her security. Even more must America find it necessary; for her large extent of territory, her prosperity, her individual freedom, the open avenues to wealth and fame are attracting hither multitudes of the old world's population. The never-ebbing tide of immigration is constantly beating on our shores great waves from the sea of humanity; but the humanity it thus ruthlessly throws upon the strand much as the sea tosses a pebble upon the sand, is but a wreck of humanity. Having lived for ages under the despotism of Europe, it has become degraded as only despotism can degrade. It has but an instinctive idea of freedom, (that glorious word seems to open a hidden spring in the human heart which all the degradation of the world cannot choke up). Stepping forward at once into the full realization of perfect freedom, these waifs on the sea of life, intoxicated with the new found joy, revel in it as if there were no limits, and they indeed know of none. Yet we are yearly naturalizing thousands of these as citizens of the United States. We are permitting them to vote upon principles of whose import they haven't the slightest idea. Our ballot boxes are being stuffed at every election, with votes which express nothing at all. A ballot ought to be the expression of an individual opinion, but we are all aware that in this respect it sadly fails. Mere political demagogues seize upon the unsophisticated foreigner, hurry him, as soon as possible, before the registrar, then to the ward room, cram a ballot into his hand and a vote is deposited—a vote which may count

a great deal; which may decide the triumph of wrong over right. Evidently this is not in accordance with the true spirit of our institutions. The principle upon which they are founded is a compliance with a majority of opinions expressed through the ballot box, not with one expressed a greater number of times than another. This state of things is revealing what Athens saw,—that her citizens must be capable of deciding with fair accuracy what tends to strengthen and what to weaken the State, or politicians will use them as mere tools when they ought to be workmen in our national structure; thus endangering our constitutional forms. Our constantly increasing immigration is rendering education more and more imperative.

In a less important view, education is necessary to the security of life and property. Where our public courts and police forces are remedies for the invasions of either, education is the best preventive. No skillful physician fails to administer a preventive rather than a remedial prescription, when equally effective. Our community is a diseased body. The preventive in this case is far better than the remedy, for while the latter merely punishes the crime or awes it into obedience, the preventive, digging to the very root of this evil, *uproots* it, and “the most effective means of stopping the streams of pollution, is to close and seal up the fountains whence they flow.”

Education, too, contributes to the prosperity and happiness of the people. It raises them from the enjoyment of mere sensualism into that of refinement. It brings into play all those finer sensibilities which distinguish man from beast. The unintelligent man enjoys simply the license of mere animal passions. The refined, educated man rises above these and breathes a higher atmosphere. Moreover, it promotes the happiness of the people by contributing to their prosperity. It makes a man strong in something more than physical power. His business failing, he has something to fall back upon. Always worth something, he is in constant demand. In countries where intelligence has been the most general, the people have been the most prosperous. The case of England and Scotland well illustrates this. An “Edinburgh Review” of 1813 states the poor rate of England as over six millions, while in Scotland there was none, and further adds, that “the ratio of criminals is as one to eleven in favor of Scotland.” Such has been seen to be the results of education wherever it has been adopted. It has ever been the means of making the poor independent, relieving poverty and removing want.

But are not safety for the State, security for the individual, and happiness and prosperity for the people, what have seemed to be the

very object for which the government should legislate? If so, and if education has been proved a potent agent for effecting these, it is the power which the State may take to attain the end.

Many admit the right but doubt the expediency of the interference of the State in the matter of education, for they say, "How far shall the State go in this matter?" To reply to this question and to dispel the doubt of expediency, it is necessary to consider what opportunities are offered for the education of the people, and what may be the requisites for general intelligence.

There are two sources whence education may draw its support—from private liberality and State patronage.

Private liberality has been tried and found to be inadequate and attended with difficulties. It has produced many educated men, but failed of the great end. It has founded colleges and academies, but has proved insufficient for endowing them so thoroughly as to bring their benefits within the reach of all. The religious prejudices, too, of men, have dwarfed the good their liberality has accomplished.

State patronage, on the other hand, seems to be the natural way of providing for the public good. As a whole neighborhood does not depend for a daily supply of water upon the wells of a few enterprising citizens, though they be deep and abundant, but each house has its own, so we should not seek to draw our supply for the support of education from the abundance of a few, but rather let each furnish his proportion, and let the abundance of the few be as the spring by the roadside, bubbling forth to the joy of those who are destitute or want more than a common share. The State from its fund, raised by taxation, can and ought to provide a system of public schools where the youth of all classes may assemble *together* to acquire the blessings of knowledge. It is an act of policy as well as of humanity, for there is a class of people who will become educated at any cost, and if a portion cannot, the wealthy will obtain undue advantage over the poor. The rich gaining the power which inevitably springs from knowledge, will soon begin to use it, and our freedom is endangered.

It is for the safety of the State that she go so far, at least, in this matter as to afford all equal advantages; and to do this she must not only institute a system of free public schools, but effect that the education therein obtained be in nowise inferior to that of private academies of the same grade, else the rich will desert them for those private institutions which are better, and thus we bring about a separation of the poor from the rich, which is but scattering seeds of evil in our public garden.

The duty of the state does not end with the lower schools, but extends to the higher grades, until she has laid the foundation in her scholars of intelligent thinking citizens. But is this all? Will this make *all* our citizens practical and intelligent? Will it make the attainment of education not only a possibility but a probability? And this seems to me the true position of a state in the matter of education,—not merely to provide that her people *may* become educated, but that they *shall*. It seems that she should not only freely offer them this cup, but should press it to their lips. Perhaps a large proportion would need no urging, but would eagerly seize the cup and drink with eyes beaming with gratitude. But there is a class (and it is rapidly increasing with this flooding tide of immigration) who care little or nothing for this blessing. They, it is, who inhabit the by-ways and dark garrets of our cities. The parents are living a life of mere sensualism. Their children are growing up in the same way, familiar with vice and wholly unacquainted with purity. Such are they who are to become future citizens of our Republic. The blessings of education are daily within their grasp, yet they heed them not, but like the panther which cares nothing for human flesh until compelled to taste it, but once having tasted, likes no other, so this class of people, though having constantly within their grasp the daintiest morsel on which the mind can feed, may never touch it, but if they can be induced to taste it, panther-like they will manifest for it the greatest avidity. It seems necessary then, that the State do what she can to bring this “juvenile depravity” into the public schools.

At the risk of tediousness, I make bold, in conclusion, to consider briefly a few objections supposed by some to make it illegal or inexpedient for the State to legislate in this matter. The ablest advocate of their principles is probably Herbert Spencer, who claims in the first place that “the same definition of State duty which forbids the State to administer religion, also forbids it to administer education.” In reply it is to be said, that no definition of State duty can be true which forbids the State to support religion as far as it is able without committing itself to any particular creed. It has been said that our constitution does not uphold religion. It recognizes no particular sect, it is true, but its every sentence breathes the spirit of Christianity. So, in reference to education, it is not to be supposed that the State has a right to give preference to any particular branch, but as in religion there are certain principles common to every sect, so there are fundamental principles of education common to all men. We do not propose to make every man a philosopher, but simply to make him a “thinking citizen.”

Again, grumbling tax payers may say "we have no children; this tax for education does us no good." Is it no injury to them that our polls are crammed with votes absolutely meaningless? Does it not affect them that there exists in the State a class of human beings whose lives are but careers of vice and their homes but dens of iniquity whence there is flowing out upon the world a stream of pollution and misery—the very Cocytus of our social life? Because a certain road may not benefit a few individuals, is the town not to pay for its construction?

Our distinguished objector further endeavors to prove that "the same course of reasoning which demonstrated that the State ought to educate a man's children, will also demonstrate its obligation to feed and clothe them; and whatever proves that the State ought to care for the mental wants of the people, proves also its obligation to care for their physical wants." If mental and physical wants were "equal in every respect," this demonstration might hold; but they are not. Whatever the people will provide for themselves and can with equally good results, it is quite proper should be left to them; but when this is not the case, we must look to the State to do what the people cannot or will not do. The physical wants of a man are of such a nature that, even to the most stupid mind, they make themselves so manifest as to obtain compliance with their demands. If a man be cold he is soon sensible of it, however unenlightened his mind, and it is the most natural thing in the world for him to warm himself. Mental wants, on the contrary, have not the same force, but render the mind like a benumbed limb, which does not feel the pain consequent upon its destitution. The body realizes its wants; the mind does not. The former will be cared for; the latter may not, but if the mind be brought to a realization of its wants they may be provided for. It is one of the benefits of legislative action to awaken the knowledge of the want by offering the means of meeting it.

He further complains that the State can place no limit to her action, but subsequently allows that the people are able to judge with tolerable accuracy what is wanted. If the people, why not the State? The State is but a government from and by the people. It legislates quite well in other respects, why not in this? We see no reason why the State cannot decide as well and in many respects better than the people, nor do we see any why "the legitimate realization of this theory is despotic power." The supporters of "State interference" do not contend for an arbitrary law, for it is doubtful if one could be enforced. We do not wish to make the State a machine for "turning out to order" educated men, but by uniting "State patronage"

with "private liberality" to give a renewed impetus to the cause of education—to scatter far and wide the seeds of knowledge, that thereby the standard of virtue in our land may be raised and the basis of our national structure be made firmer, indeed so firm that it shall endure until the end of time.

There seems but little force to his objection, that "the tendency of education, controlled by the State, is to create servility among the people." There is little to be feared from that servility which springs from the hearts of educated men, especially when a free press is scattering broadcast over the land, its discussions of all important matters. Prussia serves to illustrate this. In her case it has been found to be a fact that nothing else has so engendered the spirit of freedom and liberality as education, though under the control of the State. Servility is the characteristic of unenlightened minds.

Whatever minor difficulties there may be, I am convinced that inasmuch as the State is legally entitled to legislate for her safety and benefit, she is legally entitled to legislate in the matter of education, since this contributes to both; and more than this, that the State ought to use every means in her power to make the attainment of education by all her people a probability. Such a course seems necessary inasmuch as other means are not adequate for the purpose; and education is necessary to make a man a virtuous citizen, and virtue is a government's pillar of support. Whatever has been said for our government alone is applicable to all, since the primitive source of power in every true government, is the virtue and intelligence of the people. Education is the seed; this virtue and intelligence, the fruit.

The histories of many nations which have fallen, are like buoys on the water, warning the mariner of a rock where some ship has gone to pieces. Let our "Ship of State" strike not on this rock of ignorance and leave but a warning buoy behind, but let her be the flag-ship in the squadron of "Ships of State" sailing on the sea of national life.

J. H. C.

Our philosophic friend up in North College was bitterly upbraided for his impudence, the other day, by a young lady upon whom he was proposing to inflict his company in the street. He replied apologetically that all young ladies walking in the street "might be divided into two classes,—those who walked briskly as if out on business, and those who loitered along as if in want of company;" and hoped she "would excuse him!"

Hypothesis.

It would be hard to find a point in which classical students have erred so persistently, as in regard to the early history of Ireland. The same men who have ransacked mouldy books and racked their own brains to determine just at what age Homer became blind, have at once rejected all information bearing on *this* point.

Some years ago, I framed an hypothesis in direct contradiction to "Wolfe's theory" in regard to the authorship of the Homeric poems. I have a somewhat paternal feeling towards it, as I never saw the idea in print.

As I drew it up in my note-book in rather stately form, it runs thus.
"Though

'Seven cities claim the poet Homer dead
Through which the living Homer begged his bread,'"

each of those seven cities claimed a man who was born on an island as lovely as Eden or the fabled garden of the Hesperides, yet farther from those seven cities than the mind of a Grecian ever strayed. From a critical review of Homer's poems, I infer that he was born at Dublin, about the year 1000, B. C., or 300 years before the first Olympiad, when Ireland was in its palmy days, and every Irishman sat under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest nor make him afraid.

If I have this date correctly, it was just three years after St. Patrick had frowned down upon the frogs and snakes, and three thousand years before England, the foe of liberty, had landed her invading armies on Irish soil."

I will not transcribe the whole hypothesis here; as it is immeasurably wordy and makes quite a sizable manuscript.

But, in brief, I suppose that the language which we call Greek, was spoken in its purity, only in Ireland; that Homer, traveling into Greece for his health, was somehow inveigled into the Trojan war and participated in it with great spirit; first as a private but afterwards as a corporal; that he taught his language to his fellow-soldiers, who received it at once on account of its flexibility and expressiveness.

The poems which Homer afterwards wrote and committed to 'rhapsodists who made it their especial business to sing them in their appointed method,' must have been quickly caught up by the hearers

and sung as popular airs. Under these circumstances, it was quite natural that the Greeks should throw away the "vernacular," and adopt the Homeric dialect.

Now most of the arguments to support the supposition that Homer went from Ireland to Greece, I draw from the many passages in the Iliad and Odyssey, in which the author makes incidental mention of his native land. I draw an argument, moreover, from the fact that he carried the civilization out of Ireland into Greece, to such an extent, that Ireland never had any afterwards. A still stronger argument is, that he transported the *language* so thoroughly, that in the Irish language of to-day, only a few words remain to show its connection with the classic Greek. One of these is Eringobraugh, supposed to be compounded originally, of *ἐρι* - very, *γοῶν* - to groan, and *βόρθος* - ditch, meaning altogether, groaning much on account of ditches. In this compound word, contrary to all usage, *ἐρι* evidently takes *ν* moveable before *σ* consonant; to atone for this unwarrantable insertion, not only the connecting vowel, but also the last vowel of the stem in *γοῶν*, is dropped, then *βόρθος* suffers metathesis, *ρ* before *σ* being a combination particularly offensive to the Irish ear.

But Eringobrothos being an unwieldy word, *θ* was rejected entirely, and the remaining vowels and consonants run together into an open, long diphthong, not correctly represented by any letters of the English alphabet, but most resembled in sound, by the bleat of a modern calf.

Another instance is seen in the vulgar word "Paddy"—footman, from *ποῦς*, by an interchange of vowel and doubling of the *δ*.

These instances, few as they are, go far to show that the founder of the Greek language who may as well be supposed to be Homer as anybody, was a native of Ireland.

The information incidently given in the Homeric poems concerning the early history of the Irish people is invaluable. Judging from this, they were a strictly moral people, skilled in throwing the discus, and playing base-ball.

There was no such thing practiced as hen-stealing, which is shown by the fact, that nowhere in 9000 lines is hen-stealing mentioned, and where we should have expected such mention if the practice were known; no such mention is made.

The promulgation of this hypothesis demands, I trust, no apology. I invite discussion on the subject.

Miss Bremer.

IF we allude to some of Fredrica Bremer's most prominent faults, or pay homage to some of her remarkable excellencies as an authoress, it will be that we may gain a clearer insight into the workings of that mind which has pictured *itself* so vividly in its own created fancies. We shall present simply a review of her life, cautiously attempting to fathom the peculiarities and caprices of her brilliant intellect.

Fredrica Bremer was a Swede by birth, by nature, by education. The first thirty years of her life were spent almost entirely at home. Her father, stern, rigorous, and gloomy in his character, unconsciously contributed much to her unhappiness during this period. He governed his whole family with a system of routine and formality, which was exceedingly oppressive to a nature so versatile as her's. As a child she was always in mischief, often willfully disobedient, yet extremely sensitive to the frequent reprimands of her parents. This made her whole early life an unhappy one. She speaks of her home as "a prison, compared with which a real prison would have been a delicious retreat." She became dissatisfied with self, disgusted with the world, and "longed for death as a release."

Her mental suffering during these many dull, monotonous years of home life is best expressed in her own words. "I suffered like Tantalus. Year after year a heavier and a darker cloud lowered itself over my home, and still more over my own soul. * * * I read heaps of novels; they awakened within me a longing for happiness and love which could not be realized. I read large quantities of sermons which did not make me a bit better or less unhappy. Exasperated I turned away my looks from heaven, and asked, with my eyes riveted upon the night of human misery, a shuddering 'wherefore?' No voice, either from heaven or from earth, returned an answer. My faith and hope were shaken in their deepest foundations. Every thing was tottering. I doubted, I despaired, and now I understood—hell."

Such was the intense agony, such the passionate yearning, of a soul for long years, cramped in its usefulness, unsatisfied in its desires, for something,—it scarcely knew what,—but something higher, nobler, purer.

And now, though sunk so low in the depths of despair that body and soul alike seem on the point of yielding to gnawing disease

though no friendly hand is stretched out to help her, she rises; not slowly, not through protracted struggles,—but suddenly, instantaneously, completely. Throwing off the dark shroud of discontent which had so long enveloped her mind, she appears before us ready to enter upon that great work for which she was so eminently fitted. Now, for the first time for many years, can she ask herself the question, “Would I live longer?” and answer it with a happy “With God’s will, yes!” At last she is satisfied, for at last she has found her life’s work.

The world is now to reap the fruits of that mind, matured by the sufferings of thirty years. In her new life as an authoress the past is forgotten; for a glorious future of activity and usefulness opens before her. Her whole outward life, too, is changed. No longer confined at home, she travels leisurely through the Continent. Scarcely a country of Europe is left unvisited. She courts the society of literateurs, and by them is acknowledged and welcomed as an equal; for her “Sketches of every-day life” have won for her golden praises. This is the turning-point of her career. The first thirty years saw the preparation; the remaining thirty constitute the victory. Boarding with some friends at Arsta, she gives herself up completely to literature and charity. Spending part of each day upon her books, the rest she devotes to the alleviation of the sufferings of mankind. Not even the frightful prevalence of the cholera could frighten her from her noble undertaking. The humblest hovels were illuminated with her presence. The prison doors opened before her as to a ministering angel. Her natural sympathy for the oppressed made her an earnest advocate for the cause of women; and to her endeavors are due many important changes in the education and civil rights of the women of Sweden.

Year after year she labored on, patiently and perseveringly, and when the end of her life approached, though tortured with intense physical pain, she lifted her eyes hopefully to heaven, and with the words, “Light, eternal light,” upon her lips, she passed away. Happily chosen were the inscriptions placed upon her coffin: “Beloved and regretted by all who knew her, she leaves behind her only dear and loving memories;” and also, “Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God!”

Her own character, her home-life, her family, her friends, are all so clearly revealed to us in her writings, that our narrative would be incomplete, did we not take a hasty glance at her works, and briefly indicate those ideal personages, into which she has so skillfully, yet, almost unconsciously woven so much of her own personal experience.

This constitutes the most striking excellence of her works. She rarely indulges in wild vagaries, by dreaming of unnatural perfection, or depicting hideous and impossible contortions of character. She neither deifies nor demonizes. With but few exceptions she introduces us to real characters, *mutato nomine*. The plots are, for the most part, fictitious; but the actors are herself, her parents, sisters, brothers, friends. She shows us just how these persons, whom she met so often, and knew so well, *would* have acted had they been situated in those circumstances in which she places them. And even in her plots we detect much that is true. Many a little incident of which she was a witness, many a real drama in which she was an actor, has she seen fit to reveal to us. It is to the life and spirit infused by this fidelity to nature, that she owes much of her literary reputation.

One who carefully reads her writings cannot fail to be interested in watching this skillful transformation of character.

In "Judge Frank," "Col. H." and the "President," how clearly is the image of her father brought before us. In the "Judge" we see, more particularly, his virtues; but in the "President" none of his many faults are spared. We catch occasional glimpses of the characteristics of her sisters, in almost every one of her numerous heroines. "Cornet Carl" well represents her mischievous brother. We have a complete biography of her most intimate associate in childhood, in the tale of "Emma Rönquist."

And we might enumerate many similar examples; for in her novels she carries us into the same circle of society in which she herself moved. But we are most attracted by the frequent passages in which she lays bare to us the innermost recesses of her own soul. With "Petrea" we pass through the same unhappy, morbid childhood; through "Edla" we gain an insight into the sufferings and sacrifices of the woman. "Angelica" displays to us her insatiable ambition and thirst for knowledge. The "Solitary" reveals to our astonished gaze the almost incomprehensible depth of doubt, and gloom, and despair into which she sank. The "Comforter" shows us the sudden transition from darkness to light. In the literary labors of "Elise," in the busy, self-denying life of "Christina," we read the contentment and happiness of her after years.

This infusion of self is at once a virtue and a fault. It adds power but at the same time gives a tinge of unnaturalness to some of her characters. It is her own self that we see; but the photograph is too accurate. What was a terrible reality to her seems to us false or exaggerated. From the depths of her own soul came up the frenzied rhapsodies of "Angelica;" yet she makes them so vehement, she in-

troduces them under such unsuitable circumstances, that we almost lose sight of the powerful, struggling soul, and see—only a monomaniac. The mental sufferings of "Bruno" grew out of her own sad experience; yet she has failed to add to the scene the same counter-acting influences which *she* enjoyed; and the consequence is, that she has drawn a character which, if its existence were possible, would be that of a villain in its life, of a fiend in its passion.

Such extremes, however, are exceptional; and where such a character is introduced, she takes pains to relieve its discordance, by placing by its side some such quiet, unassuming, pleasing personage as we see in "Madame Werner," or in her noble, generous-hearted husband. She hurries us from some terrible, solitary struggle for the mastery of self, into the midst of "fashionable" society; and amuses, and at the same time instructs us, by pointing out the peculiarities and weaknesses of its devotees. In some places she indulges in a vein of weak sentiment, which has been described as "a defect, not in the reality and substance of the book itself,—not in the meat, but in the sauce that has been poured over the meat." The same critic adds: "They who, in spite of the oil, can eat the fish, will find it choice and delicate."

Often, in striking contrast to such sentimentality, she goes to the other extreme, and through some "strong-minded" woman makes an earnest appeal in behalf of woman's rights. Social, political, and even theological questions she frequently discusses; and she treats them with so much good sense and good humor that, whether we agree with her or not, we are compelled to respect her sincerity and earnestness.

And yet, after all, these are but side issues. It is around the distorted and terrible workings of the few powerful, passionate minds she has described, that the grand purpose of her literary life centers. For by such characters she endeavors to instruct us in the same great lesson that the bitter experience of life taught her; that there is no affliction so severe, no gloom so impenetrable, no anguish so intense, that the light of Christianity cannot penetrate it by its glorious rays, turning night into day, bringing relief and joy to hearts oppressed with sorrow.

The inscription upon her monument is the record of her life, and the motto of her books: "When I cried unto the Lord he delivered me out of all my trouble."

M. S. P.

Music in War.

THE power of music is universal. All being, both inanimate and animate, acknowledges an influence from concord of sweet sounds. The massive church, which no ordinary mechanical power can affect, trembles responsive to the deep tones of the organ. The wild horse, dashing furiously over the plain, is brought to bay by a simple air, and

"His savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music."

The realm of music is in the soul. It derives its life from the sentiments of the heart. Its influence upon mankind therefore is a natural consequence. In private and in public—in family, church or state,—its majestic charm is recognized by all.

"Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving."

But beyond all these, music has a power in the bloody scenes of war, which none, save the veteran soldier, can fathom or fully estimate. That two forces, apparently so unlike both in nature and workings, should coalesce and not be mutually repulsive, seems at first sight strange and inexplicable. Music has power to soothe the passions; war has power to inflame them. Music is calm and gentle and pacific; war is tempestuous, turbulent and distracting. In order, therefore, to explain the seeming anomaly, music must be admitted to have a two-fold power; a power to arouse as well as to allay; a power to inflame as well as to appease. As water produces even combustion, when applied to certain kinds of matter, so, in a far higher degree, music, though wholly mild in its primitive nature, excites, under suitable conditions, with a quickening flame, the already enkindled passions. Another cause, however, strikes more deeply into the root of the whole matter. Music is a mighty power in love. It appeals directly to the feelings, and is fervent and sincere. It alone makes the course of love run smooth and kindles rapture in the coldest eye.

Far above the realm of individual affection rises the love of country; the noblest love of all. Here music holds supreme control, impelling every action, directing every move.

An indignity is offered to a nation, and a call for troops issues from the head of the government. What urges enlistment forward with rapidity? Not, forsooth, the noisy speeches of enthusiastic men; but the sound of a national air, from fife and drum, or instruments of brass, penetrating every heart, rehearsing, mayhap, the catalogue of wrongs, or calling to mind the glory of other days.

In camp, too, music lightens the burden of military drill, rendering it pleasant and attractive. It rouses the soldier at early morn, sends him forth upon the duties of the day with gladdening sound, and at night bids him retire to his welcome couch. It relieves camp-life of dull monotony, and sustains the hopes, and lulls the complaints of all. It nourishes the flame of patriotism, by keeping constantly in view the causes of war, and especially, by calling up, in the well-loved tunes of yore, remembrances of home and friends, for whom the soldier has come forth, "to do or die."

On the march, likewise, national music enables all to keep the step, regulates every change upon the line, and contributes largely to a healthful discipline. It continually animates the spirit, quickens every nerve, and almost makes the tender muscle strong. It causes the soldier to think lightly of the long advance before him, and when the flesh is weakest, and the body is most weary, it comes as a sweet restorer, to strengthen and encourage.

But, more than all, upon the eve of battle, or in the bloody strife itself, the power of music is displayed in its sublimest aspect. And first, it acts as a great equalizer. It stimulates the downcast and weak-spirited, moderates the ardent and impetuous, and tempers all hearts to the golden mean of true heroism and patriotic devotion.

Unanimity of sentiment, too, is impressed upon an army. Contentions between the various departments of government and different parties of men may have existed; political faction may have embittered fellow soldiers against each other; but when the martial air sounds forth, proclaiming a battle imminent, it raises the soul above the trammels of petty strife, and bends all energies toward the attainment of victory.

During the early part of the second Messenian war, the black cloud of defeat hung heavy upon the Lacedæmonians, lined with no silver border, to tell of a single success. Not only did the brilliant leadership of Aristomenes and the indomitable courage of the Messenians prove disastrous to their interests, but, still more, their own country was rent with internal dissension. Despair was preying upon the vitals of Sparta. At length the Delphic Oracle, in response to their petitions, announced that an Athenian leader must be their sal-

vation. Tyrtæus, the musician, was sent, in obedience to the divine command. He composed and set to martial music a variety of pieces, by which he exhorted all to bravery, inciting the cowardly, and restraining the rash. As a result, unanimity pervaded the Spartan ranks, where discord had reigned before; the domestic wounds were all healed; warlike spirit returned to the downcast soldiery, and victory soon was theirs. The bard, Tyrtæus, had saved the country from destruction.

Great weight is also added to the power of music in war, by its antiquity. Age invariably brings with it reverence; and if a martial air has led armies of fellow-countrymen to victory in the past, it will exert an influence in a present battle, which scarce can be resisted. The glory of other days and other men clusters around the national melody, and it becomes almost always a presager of success. A brilliant example in point here is the great war-song of the French, *La Marseillaise*. Loaded with the honors of triumph and victory, from fields of battle, fought in every clime, it is the grandest motive power which can be brought to bear upon the soldiers of Napoleon.

In the battle of Quebec, the Scotch troops, generally so brave, began to waver and give way. They had been deprived of their bagpipes, and courage had deserted them. Gen. Wolfe, ascertaining the reason of this, caused their bag-pipes to be returned, and they then fought with their characteristic bravery.

Thus, in all the phases of warlike life, music is an ever present power. Not only is its influence universal in times of peace, but

"When the trumpets call
Hot Mars to the harvest of death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands,"

then is its power felt to elevate and purify the soul; inspire true bravery in the heart; quicken and invigorate the passions; increase noble patriotism, and make every man a hero.

G. L.

The Hamilton Lit. offers a suggestion, "that the choir sing something new once, just for novelty's sake." Apropos of which it occurs to us that the hymns with which we likewise are daily and Sabbathly regaled were once new. Nay, it is a fact, now perhaps generally forgotten, that once the college choir was a chief attraction at the Yale Chapel! People actually used to come from far and near, to hear the students' superior singing!

Memorabilia Yalensia.

The Month,

The balmy month of June, has been, in general, up to the time of closing our record, Wednesday, 10,—one of preparation rather than accomplishment. The incessant rains of May have in a measure abated with the approach of summer, and the sun occasionally makes his appearance. The first crop of hay has been gathered from the College yard, the walks trimmed and put in order, and if, under the bright sunshine of a clear June day, there is any one who doesn't think Yale a pleasant college and New Haven a pleasant city, we really pity him. In spite of the pouring rain,

The Theological Seminary Anniversary

Was duly observed on Thursday, May 21; the addresses of those graduating being delivered in the College Street church during the forenoon of that day. The speakers were: D. J. Ogden and W. D. Sheldon of '61, E. B. Bingham of '63, S. O. Allen, G. S. Dickerman, C. H. Gaylord, A. McLean and S. S. Martyn, of '65, R. P. Hibbard and S. W. Powell.

Only a moderate sized audience was present, as many who make it a point to patronize exhibitions of this kind, were kept away by the storm. More propitious skies, however, favored the following Wednesday, when

The Literary Societies,

So-called, held their so-called campaign-elections, which, though formerly of vast importance, are now notable only from the fact that the Seniors then take their formal farewell, and a quorum of members assemble to hear the Freshmen howl, when for the first time addressed as Sophomores. This duty was admirably performed by the members of '71, who, after the elections, rendered night hideous by the tooting of tin-horns and the pursuit of some imaginary Fresh of '72. The Linonia election took place on the 27th ult., when E. F. Hopke of '68 delivered the valedictory oration, his subject being the Political Duties of Educated Men; the Brothers, for want of a quorum, was deferred until the 3d inst., when R. W. Ayres, of '68, delivered the valedictory oration upon the subject of Chivalry. There were few if any candidates in opposition to the officers chosen, who stand as follows:

LINONIA.

<i>President,</i>	Stuart Phelps, '69,
<i>Vice President,</i>	Edward Heaton, '69.
<i>Secretary,</i>	D. M. Bone, '70.
<i>Vice Secretary,</i>	A. B. Mason, '71.

BROTHERS.

T. W. Swan, '69.
F. A. Scott, '69.
J. S. Chandler, '70.
W. R. Sperry, '71.

The *Censor*, *Orator*, and *Poet* of Brothers, are Henry Lear, W. G. Sperry, and J. H. Traynham, respectively, all of '69. This society, by the way, holds its Centennial Anniversary on Wednesday afternoon of Commencement week, when the Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, D. D., of Providence, R. I., will deliver an Oration, and Theodore Bacon, of Rochester, N. Y., a Poem. In the evening, a collation will be provided in Alumni Hall. Prof. Cyrus Northrop is the manager of the affair, in behalf of a Committee of the Faculty. It strikes us that the occasion would furnish a suitable opportunity for the definite closing up of both the "Literary Societies," which have plainly fulfilled their mission, and are dead in all but the name; in which respect a notable contrast is furnished by

The Class Societies,

Which were never in a more flourishing condition than at present. The real "campaign," now a days, is fought out by the Freshmen Societies, and is this year to be directed by the following recently elected officers:

Kappa Sigma Epsilon.—I. H. Ford, C. H. Clark, Fred. Collin, J. Few Smith, E. B. Guthrie, J. H. Hoffecker, E. F. Sweet, and I. O. Woodruff.

Delta Kappa.—W. D. Mills, R. W. Archbald, C. E. Beebe, E. M. Jewett, F. Mead, F. E. Murray, and W. K. Townsend.

Gamma Nu.—O. J. Bliss, E. Cramer, D. Hitchcock, H. Mansfield, W. Morris, W. W. Perry, and R. E. Williams.

The respective society presidents stand first on each list. The Sophomore Societies gave out their elections to '71 on Thursday evening, June 4, and initiated their new members Friday, June 19, Phi Theta Psi taking 30 men, and Delta Beta Xi, 31; the former having given out 9 class elections during the year, and the latter 10. The Junior Societies gave out their elections to '70 on Tuesday evening, June 9, and hold their initiations Friday, 26. Alpha Delta Phi takes 19 men, Psi Upsilon, 27, and Delta Kappa Epsilon, 32; the number of class elections given out by each society during the year, being respectively, 12, 5 and 7. The Sophomores anticipated the traditional Friday night, in order that those of them who are University players might be fresh and in time on Saturday, 6, for the grand match of

Base Ball,

Which was played at Hamilton Park with the Unions of Morrisania, "the champions of the country," commencing at 2.30 p. m., and lasting two hours and a half. At the end of the fifth innings, the score stood 8 to 4 in favor of Yale, at the end of the regular nine innings the game was a tie, which the tenth innings decided in favor of the Unions, 16 to 14. Over 1,200 persons witnessed the game, and toward the close, the interest became intense. Though a defeat, the result was a triumph for the Yale men, as few of them expected so near an approach to victory. Owing to the importance of the affair, we infringe upon our usual rule, and insert the score:

UNIONS.		YALE.	
	R. O.		R. O.
Goldie, 1,	3. 3	Buck, '70, 1,	3. 3
Austin, m.	2. 4	McClure, '70, 3.	2. 4
Ayres, r.	0. 4	Condict, '69, c.	1. 5
Pabor, p.	4. 2	Deming, '71, 1.	1. 3
Wright, s.	4. 1	Hooker, '69, p.	3. 0
Birdsall, c.	2. 2	McCutchen, '70, s.	0. 4
Shelley, 3,	1. 4	Selden, '70, 2,	1. 4
Beals, 2,	0. 5	Lewis, '70, r.	1. 4
Smith, 1,	0. 5	McClintock, '70, m.	2. 3
	16. 30		14. 30

The umpire was W. B. Macdiarmid of the Star Club, of Brooklyn, and the scorers were, R. M. Lush, for the Unions, J. H. Wood, for Yale.

The match with Harvard comes off at Worcester on the morning of Regatta day, and in the meantime the University club keeps itself well in practice. The Lowells, "champions of New England," contend with us at Hamilton Park on Saturday, 13; and the Stars, of Brooklyn on Saturday, July 4; between which times it is hoped to arrange matches with the Libertys, of Norwalk, and the Niceans, of Amherst. A game with this latter club was arranged to take place at Springfield, Saturday, May 30, but given up on account of the Faculty forbidding the University to attend base ball matches out of town for the rest of the term. A large delegation went down to the city on Saturday, May 23, to witness the match with the Columbia nine, which had to be given up on account of the rain. Every possible attention, however, was shown to their visitors by the Columbia men, and the supper provided at the Hoffman House, was a superb affair. It is useless to say that it was fully appreciated, for if there is anything which your average collegian *does* like, it is—well, say good old "smear," whether "red" or otherwise. However, there is one sport which the rain cannot injure, inasmuch as

Boating

Is wet business at the best. Making all due allowance for the "new broom" theory, it seems likely that the class system adopted by the navy last fall will be a success. At all events the harbor races of June 30 bid fair to be more exciting than for several years past. Each of the four classes enters a shell and a gig crew, except '71 which enters a gig crew only. The scientific crew, which drilled for a while in the gymnasium, has been broken up, and will not enter the race. All the crews go out at 9 in the morning, and the '69 crews also at 6 in the afternoon. The university likewise goes out twice a day. The boat-house, therefore, presents quite a lively appearance as its fifty oarsmen are getting ready for their morning pull. Several improvements, by the way, have lately been made in the house, such as the elevation of the closets above the main floor, and the construction of a substantial bridge. The university crew stands as follows: S. Parry, '68 (stroke), W. A. Copp, '69, W. H. Lee, '70, G. W. Drew, '70, S. F. Bucklin, '69, R. Terry, '70 (bow). Except in case of accident no change will be made in this crew before

the great trial of July 24. The first three men were in the race last year, and the second also in the race of two years ago. The crew is a very heavy one, weighing more than that of '65, and the lightest man turning 160 pounds, though of course their weight will be greatly trained down before the race. Besides rowing, their exercise consists of an early morning walk of three miles. They go into active training about the first of July, or perhaps a little earlier. Dennis Leary, who managed the victorious Freshman crew last year, acted as their trainer during the last fortnight of May, and will again take them in hand for the fortnight immediately preceding the race: giving them in the meantime, an occasional visit and inspection. The new boat for the race, which has just been received from Elliot, is a shell 53 feet long, and cost \$325. The Freshmen have refused the challenge of the Harvard Freshmen for a race on Regatta day, but a ball match between the two classes is likely to take place about that time. All in all, boating matters look decidedly more encouraging than they did a year ago; and, if not cheerful, we shall at least be less despondent than last year, when we again turn our faces toward Lake Quinsigamond. This naturally suggests to us the

Prizes Awarded the Seniors,

At the close of last term, the mention of which was neglected in our last issue. They are as follows: *For Composition*, 1st prizes,—I. T. Beckwith, C. B. Brewster, S. A. Davenport, J. Lewis, E. W. Miller and H. P. Wright; 2d prizes,—R. W. Ayres, E. A. Lawrence, G. H. Lewis, W. A. McKinney, A. P. Tinker, J. K. Thacher, and W. C. Wood. *For Astronomical Problems*,—E. W. Miller. *The Townsend Premiums*, given out on the 10th, fell to I. T. Beckwith, G. H. Lewis, W. A. McKinney, E. W. Miller, E. K. Rawson, and A. P. Tinker. The orator and poet for Presentation day, July 1, are C. B. Brewster and W. A. Linn, who happen also to be class-historians for the same occasion, T. C. Wells, of the *Courant*, being the historian of the third division. The Wooden Spoon Exhibition, of course comes off the night before, and upon this, and the "Promenade" which precedes it, the committee are hard at work, holding frequent rehearsals at Music Hall and so suggesting to us

The Town Shows

Of the month, which, if fewer in number than usual, were of a quality far superior to those usually embraced in the record of so short a period. Edwin Booth, with a company that well supported him, gave us "Hamlet" on the 20 ult. and "Richelieu" on the 21; Ristori, "the queen of tragedy" presented "Elizabeth" on the 22; and Parepa-Rosa, by her share in the rendering of Haydn's oratorio of the Creation, made a success of the "grand sacred musical festival" of the 28, at which other distinguished singers were present, and the Beethoven of Hartford and Mendelssohn of New Haven, supplied a chorus of nearly 200 voices. Besides this, Lingard, the wonderful London mimic, gave a pleasant entertainment on Saturday, June 6, and made friends enough to secure a good reception when he returns again next month; and Mrs. Elizabeth Gray, the notorious, the irrepressible, devoted the evening of Thursday, 4, to unfolding the bad qualities of her ex-spouse, the Reverend Judd, for the delectation of a small but appreciative audience. The protracted length of the divorce trial, however, and the free admittance to the court room, have tended to satiate public interest, and prevent her last enterprise from being a financial success.

Editorial Notes.

Exchanges, Items, Literary Notices, &c.—Received, the past month, the Atlantic, Littell's Living Age, Nation, Advocate, Dartmouth, Michigan Uni. Magazine, Union College Magazine, Virginia Uni. Magazine, Hamilton Literary Monthly, Griswold Collegian, College Days, Collegian of Dennison Uni., University Chronicle, Miami Student, Western Collegian, Beloit College Monthly, Albion College Standard, Williams Vidette, Hamilton Campus, Qui Vive, Trinity Tablet, Am. Literary Gazette, Cincinnati Medical Repertory, Loomis' Musical Journal.

The Advocate complains that the art of Oratory is lost in Harvard, and that the last Junior Exhibition there was a failure. The Hamilton Lit. also grumbles because the ladies at their exhibition are so "noisy" and "ill-mannered." Let us congratulate ourselves?

Harvard students have been giving "private theatricals in Horticultural Hall, Boston, for the benefit of the Harvard Base Ball Club," with some success. At any rate, the Advocate speaks of "quite a considerable acquisition to the Club's treasury" resulting therefrom.

Where are you "Beethoven?"

The Virginia University Magazine, Vol. VI., No. 5, contains a short poem entitled "The Angel in the Cloud," the author of which, if he is an undergraduate student, might well have subscribed his name thereto. It is the best thing, in a poetical way, that we remember to have seen in a college periodical.

The editors (pardon the personality) are, we should judge, rather severely on the political rampage. We are reminded in their editorials of occasional columns of Richmond and Mobile papers. They propose the following Dilemma, which will be clear to those who have studied Logic a-Wright:

"A man drinking Lager three glasses did pour
Of the beer down his throat, then said he forbore.
Now could he bear four without drinking one more?
How could he take more, as he said he forbore?"

The Griswold Collegian is not exactly a voice from the wilderness, but one from the very far West. We are glad to see its second number, and shall welcome its 'right ascension' among college magazines.

The Qui Vive is six months old and doing finely.

Michigan University has two societies, Alpha Nu and Adelphi, which, we should imagine, much resemble our Linonian and Brothers in Unity; and are carried on in pretty much the same way. We are sorry for them.

The Western Collegian is about as spicy and original a college paper as we see now-a-days,—a lively semi-monthly of eight pages, J. B. Battelle, Editor. The pest connected with most college journals—whether papers or magazines—is, that they represent not the literary abilities of *students*, but of students, Professors, and graduates all together. When one picks up a college periodical, it is an awful damper upon his spirits to find his eye forced to rest on an article written by some gray-beard of a graduate, and better fitted for the Independent or Bibliotheca Sacra than for a lively undergraduate affair.

The Ladies of Ohio, we understand, are forming organizations for the purpose of raising funds to enable *Students* of Ohio colleges to go home and vote at the Fall elections. A printed circular, coming from the Ladies' Suffrage Aid Society, discourses as follows: "We deem it of importance to all, and to none more than women, that fair and intelligent suffrage should be exercised in the choice of our lawgivers. To deprive our students, whose education fits them for discriminating electors, of the inestimable right of suffrage, is to distinguish in favor of ignorance and treason." If that isn't heaping coals of fire, what is? What college will exclude the sex from its halls and recitation rooms after that?

For the benefit of some *very remote* colleges, whose publications make occasional mention of "Professor Woolsey of Yale,"—we would state that the gentleman to whom they allude is *President* of Yale College.

Small matter, you know, but then it is just as well to have it right!

College Days is a new monthly magazine of twenty-two pages, and not arrived at its second month. Rather an odd compilation, and resembling Littell's *Living Age* somewhat, in typographical appearance. The Editorial Department contains some irrelevant matter; but on the whole we like and welcome it.

The May number of *Blackwood* contains an article upon Lord Chesterfield, the Man of the World, which we wish might be read by every student in the United States. Littell's *Living Age* for June 6 also reprints it.

The Beloit College Monthly "regrets to announce the election of Prof. Elijah P. Harris to the Chair of Chemistry in Amherst College," and hopes he will not accept. Why so? Is that hard on Amherst or the Prof.?

It is not our custom to turn aside to specially notice journals not of a collegiate nature. But when something comes up that belongs to that faithful band of workers whose efforts are directed in the cause of liberal education, even though not in our own comprehensive departments,—we will hold out to it a cordial hand.

Gay Colleges those Western ones! One of them (so says an exchange) has among its laws the following: 1. No student shall burn the College buildings. 2. No student shall, on any consideration, kill any member of the Faculty.—(Union Coll. Mag.)

Trinity, our Hartford neighbor has swung out, it seems, with an "organ,"—The Tablet, Vol. I., No. 1. All hail to the neat little sheet! It is something on the College Courant order, and is published—now and then—we presume.

Loomis' Musical Journal, published in this city, is just one of these workers. To cultivate musical taste and promote the *study* of music among American people, are its objects; and the growing appreciation of fine music, the opera and oratorio, noticeable in the citizens of our goodly town, is proof that its efforts are not in vain.

The Nation is our best outside exchange. Any one who is tired of swallowing Bennett, Greeley, and the World, in daily doses, will find a refreshing political antidote and regulator in the Nation.

Lippincott's Magazine, we notice, publishes among the Press' opinions of it, this puff from the New Haven Register: "It has no superior." Surely Lippincott's fortune is made!

Book Notices.

MOZART. A Novel. By H. Rau. (From the German.) To one who is an admirer of music, and has some faint conception of the mysterious influence which it at times exerts over the human mind, this book will be a treat. It is in fact a musical rhapsody. As a novel, indeed, it has many faults. It is very highly wrought; and sometimes rather fanciful. Again, it is charmingly simple. Though the production of a German mind, it is pervaded by an Italian warmth and passionate ardor which constantly surprises the reader. The description of the famous *Miserere* in the Sistine Chapel, is to us the most impressive passage in the book. The author seems to be perfectly at home in his descriptions of music, and with considerable allowance for his fervor and enthusiastic praise, we can obtain quite a distinct and correct idea of Mozart's great masterpieces. We seem to hear the music, as it rises in grandeur, or sinks tremblingly down in faintest tones, at the bidding of that genius who revolutionized the whole musical world. As a biography, it falls into the too common fault of indiscriminate adulation. As a novel, it is meager in plot, and of an extravagant, almost unnatural sentiment. But as a musical romance, it cannot fail to delight all those who know what Mozart did to elevate, strengthen, and almost glorify the art of musical composition.

It gives us pleasure to note the receipt this month, from the well-known firm of Lee & Shepard, of another of the "Young America Abroad" series by Oliver Optic. *Dikes and Ditches* is the title, and a jolly story well told, it is, of "moving accident" especially "by flood." Call Oliver juvenile if you will. We are not too old to find pleasure and profit in many of his books. The present story dresses up in the fascinating style of adventure, more useful and interesting historical facts, legends, and popular traits of the Low Countries, than anything else—short of Mr. Motley's inimitable works—that we have seen. Proceed, Mr. Optic, we say, and enlighten us further. The appearance of the book is very creditable also to the publishers.

EKKOES FROM KENTUCKY. By Petroleum V. Nasby, P. M. at Confedrit X roads (wich is in the State of Kentucky), and Professor uv Biblikle Polity in the Southern Military and Classikle Institoot. Bein a perfect record of the ups, downs, and experiences of the Dimocriey, doorin the eventful year 1867, ez seen by a naturalized Kentuckian. Illustrated by Thomas Nast. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1868. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

The above title page indicates the character of the last published collection of Mr. Locke's famous letters to the *Toledo Blade*. They are full of the merits and faults that distinguished the earlier series, and like them naturally read better in a newspaper than in a book, though they are perhaps worth preserving in this more permanent form, for the benefit of the future writer upon "American humorists." Many of the letters which we enjoyed at the time of publication, now seem pointless when reproduced. The most ludicrous thing in the present collection, as it seems to us, is the description in regard to the "Laying of the Corner Stone;" though the book abounds in excellent hits. Mr. Nast's illustrations are good, of course, and may be recognized as his as far as seen; while the typography and binding of the book leaves nothing to be desired.

The much-talked-of new collection of college songs is out at last. The publishers having as yet sent us no copy of the work, and we having seen none, we cannot venture to comment on its merits or defects very extensively.

Editor's Table.

WELL, benevolent reader, after the substantial feast of *Atlantica*, *Putnams*, *Harpers' Riversides*, and the rest of the June magazines with which you have been regaled this month, we offer you at last in the LIT. a side dish made entirely of stuff from your own garden. Whether spoiled or not in the cooking, whether seasoned too much or too little, it surely brings to you no flavor of the market stall. It is all of your own raising, and like a certain article sold by the great Carthaginian's namesake, it is 'fresh, pure, superior, home-made, old-fashioned,' and craving a candid perusal.

A very anxious month to interested parties, the past seems to have been. What hopes and fears, what prayers and tears have the agonized in silence experienced, and are likely to for a fortnight to come, none will ever know, unless it be some stray unscrupulous rascals who persist in observing things, and whose penetration into the student heart at such times is peculiarly aggravating! Said rascals, however, we confess, are no bad philosophers; they are at any rate the most comfortable looking men we have seen about college! Well, the Seniors will soon have shuffled off this academic coil, when vast burdens of anxiety will doubtless be removed from many hopeful and expectant bosoms (shirt bosoms included), whose heirships to certain craved Senioric estates we should solemnly weep to see blasted! Alas! too possible!

As for the Sophomores, their doubts we presume are already settled, save in the minds of some stray unhappy ones who live by the noble motto "so long as there's life there's hope!" And now soon will fall upon their devoted heads the momentous questions of college politics. We trust the grave issues will not serve them as they once did a certain class of our acquaintance; and that they will remember, while properly laying the wires with reference to the permutations and combinations of this peculiarly trying period, that "there's many a slip," &c., also one or two apophthegms about "digging pits" and "falling therein," besides others which might commend themselves as not inappropriate!

The Freshmen enjoyed the rare social advantages of college life a week ago, and again last night. We must say the order prevailing upon the former occasion was remarkable ("considering"); especially when we remember the occurrence of a similar event a year ago, at which time we solemnly resolved that if ever it occurred again, and we could foresee the evil, we should hide ourselves, or emigrate to parts unknown. And so, kind reader, would you have done, if you loved midnight slumber as do we, and your virtuous couch, like ours, lay squarely in the thoroughfare of every clattering, howling, yelling, singing, roaring, stamping crowd that came along with its jargon of "Phi Beta, hic, raise the devil, Psi Theta, as much as, hic, Delta, we like, Xi." We solemnly repeat, philosophic gazer upon this page, that if you sojourned where we do, and could anticipate the night upon which an event like the above was likely to occur, and had an unlooked at 'Logic' for the following morning, you would, like us, have resolved to migrate from the wrath to come!

However, we will let the dead bury their dead, and turn, editorially, to bid the Seniors a tender farewell. Very few of you, oh Tutored underclassmen, and you *οἱ πολλοί*, who read, from without, the LIT's venerable pages,—very few of you can realize what a solemn tide of reflections flows in and out of a Senior's reverend breast, when with Townsend duly handed in and furniture sold to 'that Freshman,' he calmly awaits his sheepskin, now only six weeks off! 'Life is earnest,

becomes in view of Commencement day and those 'portals' a maxim of profound significance. How apt is the Senior to soliloquize, speculate, gaze up among the elm-tops, stare mournfully at the Freshmen, or loiter about the old State-house,—seeking perchance a glimpse of his own future in the conclave of Solons there assembled! What effect from all this reverie will be apparent, when, three years from now, '68' re-gathers here to pat its first boy under the chin, no one can venture to say. But we solemnly warn all underclassmen to keep well off the track, when, in a single year from this, '69' shall have arrived at this same speculative period! Well, '68,' good-bye. And when on Presentation Day you gather upon the green for that last lingering, peaceful smoke, save us a pipe and we will do the right thing by way of a Godspeed to you. And when in one, two, three, or a dozen years, you are snugly settled in the bosom of your family, send the LIT. an 'invite,' and we will come and do the congratulations. And as for the old Board, why! we shall hang up their pictures somewhere to gaze upon; we shall wish them in after life that sort of success of which their college life has been a type,—only more of it,—and lastly, we shall send them the regular LIT. Surely than this, greater love hath no man seen!

And now while June is smiling (which means,—for the benefit of our unpoetical readers,—that it don't rain any more,) and while the grass is recovering its eloquent verdure, which last week looked like an unlucky Freshman's hair after a night among Sophs., and while we are all put in good humor by the recent displays of our Yale's prowess upon the Park, and while the old elms are nodding as gracefully as possible their displeasure at those who 'cram' for 'annual' under their leafy shelters;—let us just whisper, to those who will listen, a word or two of a practical nature.

We are soon to have the Wooden Spoon Exhibition. We all of course hope, and are perhaps sage enough to believe, that *this* Exhibition is going to far transcend all former ones. We all certainly mean to attend. Some of us, lucky or not, mean to attend in company with sundry pieces of silk and lace and ribbons, and all that sort of thing. And now rises the question, 'where shall we put them.' The seats, aye, there's the rub. Seats cannot be bought; that would be gross and mercenary. The Spoon Exhibition is a very 'nice' affair. Tickets are only complimentary, just to exclude, you know, the vulgar—the rabble. Reserved seats 'can be had by applying to the Spoon Committee,'—free also. Ah! that's fine! No charge there! So up trots A. B., a timid fellow, to a Spoon-man, and modestly asks for 'a couple.' (A. B., by the way, when the subscription list came around, put down manfully an X or a V, which he moreover calculates to pay.) Said Spoon-man scrutinizes a small book. 'Ahem, I'm really sorry, you're behind a little.' A. B. is also sorry. Spoon-man still scrutinizes. His seats he finds are all 'spoken for;' besides he don't believe A. B. is in his 'sub.' Sure enough! he isn't, and is therefore recommended to call upon such another Spoon-man, the 'coch' of his sub. So off starts A. B., and after laborious persuasion and importunity, obtains a couple in the gallery—say third row back.

Meanwhile C. D. approaches first Spoon-man. 'Hullo, Jack, I want some seats.' 'Well,' *inquit ille* reluctantly, 'I haven't many left, how many 'll you have?' Now C. D. to be sure saw the subscription list when it came around; but just then he was fearfully 'hard up,' had an awful bill at Hoad's, hadn't paid Thill yet, either. Accordingly he with modesty put down a \$2.00 or a \$3.00. But what of that? His heart was in the work. Hadn't he helped engineer that coalition? To whom, if not to himself, was Jack's own election due? And then, too, C. D. is popular,

and a 'fine fellow.' So he cheerfully replies to Jack's interrogation, 'I'd like about eight or ten, Jack,—and say, middle aisle, you know, somewhere about H or I, eh?' Jack is sorely perplexed; he knows this thing isn't coming out right; but this is C. D. How can he refuse him? Slowly he pulls out the book, and with a 'Well, I'll see,' jots down 'C. D., center, H, 8;' and with an 'all right,' a wink, and the tender of a cigar, said C. D. vanishes.

Now nobody blames the Spoon-man. He does 'the best he can,' which is precisely what we would all do—to our friends—in like circumstances. But what on earth is the use or propriety of this senseless *system*? Why, even Charles Dickens, imposed upon as he was, (poor man!) by his rascally agents, had a better *system* of disbursing seats than this! Ten dollars would at least buy five seats, though the buyer took them 'blind.' But according to our sagacious and unmercenary method, the seats are given—not sold,—and to whom? To those who have shared liberally in defraying the expenses of the Exhibition? Not much,—unless perchance they be 'heavy' subscribers. To those then who cannot afford to give largely out of a slender purse, but still would like a modest seat or two? Not to them either. But to those men who, like C. D., are 'fine fellows,' wear good clothes, have got 'friends,' are supposed to move in good society, and may fill their ten or dozen seats in the middle of the hall with birds of extra fine plumage!

Now what if all this red tape were ripped off, and the Spoon Exhibition, like all other exhibitions, placed upon a *fair financial* basis? We are sure the Spoon-men themselves would hail with joy any measure which would lessen their labor, and insure them pecuniary support. The performance with its paraphernalia, all told, may cost perhaps \$500 or \$600; nay, for the benefit of those whose estimates, like their hearts, are large, we will place the figures at \$1,000. Music Hall will seat over two thousand persons easily. Let the 'Cochs' offer,—say fifteen hundred of these seats at one dollar each, their location being determined by the buyers on that old principle 'first come first served.' How long, think you, would the boards lie open, before every seat of the fifteen hundred would be bought,—and bought by *students*, who would fill them with precisely the same kind of an audience as under the present system,—besides which enough might be reserved by the Spoon Committee to answer all private purposes, as well as to seat many who could not afford to buy reserved seats? And how long, at this calculation, would it take to not only pay for the Spoon Exhibition, but, out of the surplus, pay off the navy debt and various other aged enterprises for which college benevolence is periodically solicited? Wouldn't it equalize things, so that he who had little money might still contribute something and get a seat or two thereby; while he who had many ladies, relatives, &c., to seat, should at least be required to contribute accordingly? At any rate, it would do away with the nuisance of subscription lists, and subscription duns. Just try the plan once. Abolish the old notion that to be unjust is better than to be what some aristocratic granny of a student in times past was pleased to call 'mercenary' and 'not nice;' and allow the Spoon Committee of '89,' who, we are persuaded, have talent enough to give us the best Exhibition this college will ever have seen, if they could by some such means raise the necessary funds; and the disposition to do uprightly by all parties, if but the blight and mildew of a foolish old custom could be removed from their shoulders;—allow them, we say, to strike out into a new policy of fairness, solvency, and common sense.

But, we have inflicted upon you, kind readers, a very long editorial talk. We have meant to draw no unfriendly cuts, and hope you will not interpret our remarks 'as such.' We wish you all the jolliest month of June you ever passed.

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NO. IX.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLIS, unanimique PATRES."

JULY, 1868.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIII.

JULY, 1868.

No. 9.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '69.

LYMAN H. BAGG,

HENRY V. FREEMAN,

EDWARD G. COY,

HENRY W. RAYMOND,

EDWARD P. WILDER.

Conceit.

"Pride, of all others, the most dangerous fault,
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought."

EVERY one knows what self-conceit is, and has no difficulty in applying the proper name to any manifestation of it that chances to come within his observation. Nevertheless, since it is often difficult to define clearly and fully our own conceptions, it is well to have a definition of our subject from undisputed authority. We discover that conceit is defined to be "a lofty or vain conception of one's own person and accomplishments." We think the lexicographer might have made the definition a little fuller, but will not venture to take issue with him upon that point. Let us not, however, forget carefully to distinguish between self-conceit and a just self-confidence, which, though often confounded, differ widely from each other. The latter is simply the result of a right estimate of one's own powers. It is in fact under proper restraints, one of the noblest qualities of human nature, the want of which causes indecision of character, and must often produce that sad poverty of the soul, a lack of self-respect. Whoever is destitute of a just confidence in himself, plods ever in the same beaten track, and rarely rises above the level plane of his existence.

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Yet it must be confessed that the distinction between the two is often very slight. It is difficult exactly to draw the line and say to self-confidence, "Hitherto shalt thou come but no further." An overweening self-confidence is undoubtedly self-conceit, so that the difference would seem to be chiefly in degree. But he who possesses a confidence not the result of vanity, not founded upon an effort to persuade himself that he really is what he would like to be, or what he wishes others to think him, but based upon a cool and dispassionate estimate of himself, upon the result of repeated tests, can not be called conceited. Such an one does not think more highly of himself than he ought to think. He may not possess commanding powers of body or mind, but he is usually a person of cool temper and excellent judgment. He will not feel capable of every achievement, but what tasks he does feel equal to, he will enter upon with an energy itself the guarantee of success. His prudence and foresight will often enable him to accomplish undertakings of a magnitude beyond his unaided strength. While a conceited man in the same circumstances, placing no limit to his own powers, rushes forward with headlong impetuosity, and for a time, perhaps, overcomes great obstacles, but in the end when his resources are exhausted, finds himself involved inextricably in confusion. And here is the great distinction between a just self confidence and self-conceit. The former is the offspring of the judgment, the latter of the passions. The one with prudent foresight prepares for emergencies. It knows that success must be gained by the proper use of instrumentalities. The other relies wholly upon itself, always anticipates success, never prepares for failure.

Self-conceit, however, sometimes grows out of a commendable self-confidence. Success in difficult undertakings and the praise of the world are exceedingly apt to turn the wisest heads. The best of men have found constant watchfulness absolutely necessary to prevent undue exaltation of spirit when borne along on the flood-tide of success. And the many who have failed to bear prosperity with moderation, attest most completely the truth of the assertion, "He that ruleth his own spirit, is greater than he that taketh a city." The Spectator ascribes to Cæsar the following meditations said to have been written on his tablets after the battle of Pharsalia, showing how watchful was the great Roman, lest he should become unduly exalted and self-confident in the hour of victory: "I have cooled my heart with reflection and am fit to rejoice with the army to-morrow. He is a popular General who can expose himself like a private man during a battle; but he is more popular, who can rejoice but like a private man after a victory."

Both the greatest of Grecian and Roman orators appear to have laid themselves open to the charge of possessing a "lofty conception of their accomplishments." This was especially the case with Cicero, whose self-conceit as displayed particularly in his letters, is almost unbearable. And Demosthenes tells the Athenians "There have been many celebrated and great orators before me." Quite excusable, however, in this case, perhaps we must allow, if, indeed, the expression was not deliberately chosen by the greatest of orators. Not to mention other historical examples, we have a notable instance in the case of one of our modern Senators, who however high an opinion others may justly entertain of his abilities, allows no one to surpass himself in this regard. To a spectator in the gallery of the Senate, he appears the very personification of conceit, as swelling with his own importance he looks grandly about to see if any one is observing him. This Senator it was who upon being introduced to a gentleman from a distant section of the country, is said to have directly inquired, "Well, Mr.——, what do they think of *me* out your way?"

Ambition is a fruitful source of self-conceit. Men try to persuade themselves and others that they are worthy of the honor which they covet. It is needless to say that though the ruse may be successful for a time, and with certain men, yet in the end they deceive no one but themselves. The Ass's ears refuse to be concealed beneath the lion's skin.

In common life a very disagreeable kind of conceit is that which is sometimes engendered by wealth. Who has not met the conceited coxcomb, who would, perhaps have been an excellent fellow if the accident of birth had not made him wealthy. If such youths are sent to College unless they have had the wisest parents, they are apt to expect the universal homage of their Class. They usually, however, get that idea summarily extracted, for the life here affords any one unequalled facilities for getting "the conceit taken out." Sometimes, however, they hold on to it in spite of the friendly efforts of their comrades to effect a cure, as a dog to a dirty bone. You stone him and he runs, but clings to it still. In society these men are marked by their insolence, and the cool matter of fact way in which they try to snub better though poorer men. If you should tell them that these men laugh at and despise them, they would not believe it possible, so utterly are judgment and good sense beclouded by an all enveloping idea of their importance. However, a young man of wealth is the object of so much servility, that really he is not so greatly to blame if he is conceited. Many who rail at him would behave exactly as he does in like circumstances. But we reflect

we shall remember that it is the mark of a little mind to pride itself on what is in no way due to its own labors, but is the merest of accidents. If inherited wealth were an individual merit, it might be an object of just pride. Its possession involves great responsibilities, and its abuse carries disgrace, not honor.

A kind of conceit that is very annoying is no oftener seen in College than elsewhere. For College life is but an epitome of the world beyond its walls. Here upon a smaller scale are found the same passions, the same intrigues, the same virtues and vices, which are characteristic of human nature everywhere. We allude to that manifested by the individual, who imagines that his good fellowship is perfectly irresistible; loves everybody himself, and can not conceive how it is possible that everybody should not love him. He refuses to be "bluffed," for he believes that he will surely captivate you in the end, so he hangs around, is always full of laughter, invites you to oyster suppers, to ice cream saloons, never lets you pass a soda fountain with him, and thinks himself all the time the most agreeable fellow you have ever met, while you are inwardly groaning at the infliction. The worst of it is that such conceit is not at all incompatible with the most unblushing rascality, which it can not always cloak. Horace in his ninth satire of the first book, has well described the annoyance which such fellows inflict. He represents his parasite as saying with affected jollity—

"Misere cupis, ———, abire
Jamdudum video; sed nil agis; usque tenebo;
Persequar hinc, quo nunc iter est tibi."

We do not propose to dilate upon the evils of such manifestations in ordinary life. Of these, all of us have had more or less experience. Let us rather look at another side of the subject and see if even self-conceit has not some recommendations. While men whose abilities were undeniably great, have sometimes been noted for their conceit, it is usually those of the smallest calibre that make the greatest display. In fact there is no more common method of judging people than this. We intuitively distrust the capabilities of any man who appears conceited. We feel at once that he can not have a well balanced mind, or he would not reveal his self-esteem. For if the truth were known, we imagine that all of us are about equally conceited, the only difference being that some are wise enough to keep it to ourselves. Some of us know that we are conceited, others never dream of such a thing, and thus kindly Dame Nature makes up the loss to those whom she has refused brains, by letting them persuade

themselves more and more every day that they have a surplus rather than a deficiency. And we doubt not that all of us find consolation sometimes in the same way. If others do not estimate us at our proper value, at least we can applaud ourselves. Other men may slight us, and self-esteem can return the compliment by despising them. Many would rue the day that granted to them the wish of Burns—

“Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us.”

No, indeed, we desire nothing of the kind, for more wretched and forsaken beings than some of us would appear, it would be difficult to find. Let us be fools and blind, but let us at least think that we are wise.

What a ridiculous appearance self-conceit often gives to people! Did any one ever think how much amusement we derive from this same quality that doubtless has often deeply offended us? Have you never felt a sort of admiration for one whose assurance nothing can daunt, and who Dogberry like insists upon being “writ down an ass?” We can recall such people to recollection, whose pomposity has afforded abundant merriment, and whose self-esteem sometimes enabled them to attain heights of impudence almost sublime.

In humorous literature conceit plays an important part. We do not now think of a single characteristic of human nature so prominent in those amusing types that have been and are the delight of mankind. What a comical old fellow is this same Dogberry for instance, and how inimitable the complacency with which he apologizes for his friend Verges:

“An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!”

Take Falstaff, Don Quixote, Hudibras, any of the well known amusing characters of literature, and how large a component part of what is entertaining in their dispositions, is their self-esteem. It could not well be otherwise since it is so prominent a characteristic in the ridiculous personages of real life. The “Bottom” of fiction, that “compound of profound ignorance and omnivorous conceit,” has his numerous living counterparts.

We have not attempted a profound disquisition upon this subject, but simply to call attention to it as one eminently worthy of serious consideration. Conceit, though often annoying to others, as a general thing is harmless to all but its possessor. But to him it is the source of the greatest evils, since it tends to prevent the labor necessary to

the full development of the natural powers. Nothing is so hostile to growth in all the manly virtues, as a feeling of satisfaction with ourselves. Those only can perform well the highest and the noblest duties of life, who are constantly yearning after something better than they have as yet been able to attain. It is a fault that can be avoided and a fault that can be cured. For when we think of it, how little is there in any of us in which to take pride. A just estimate of ourselves, poor, weak mortals that we are, ought at least to make us modest, if indeed, it should not plunge us into the depths of humiliation. How great a fault conceit is, let the words of King Solomon answer: "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool than of him."

H. V. F.

Remembrance.

A RIVER flowing to the sea,
Leaves little pools that stay and stay
In fond regret to break away
From shores that hold them tenderly,
And hide their touch in clefts moss-grown;
Clear pools within whose depths there lie
Embosom'd clouds and soft blue sky,
And blades of grass, that hanging down,
Point upward;

In the loosened stone,
Or ripple-mark, we, stooping, find
The memory it left behind,
While wand'ring on to deeps unknown.

A life that craves all human sympathy,
And feels the lack as something worse than pain,
Is often left alone, and only finds
At times the rarer friends that satisfy
The soul. To these it clings with hold which years
Can never part.

The gaps that other men
Look into and call void, it trusts that some
May see are but the open trceries
That let God's clearer sun-light thro', and form
The pictured shadow of his love.

A while,
A little while, I will not ask for long;
But even as the dew that lingers still
After the sun is risen.

DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION AND TOWNSEND ESSAY.

The Value of the Moral as compared with the Intellectual Element in Greatness.

BY ISBON THADDEUS BECKWITH, OLD LYME, CONN.

ANALYSIS.

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 (1st.) Great Ideas; (2d.) Great Passion; (3d.) Great Character.
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A MYSTERIOUS spirit, begotten of the unbegotten Deity, appears in Time, wends its noiseless way through a short lapse of years, and then glides off into an untried eternity, to be forever forgotten. Such is the whole history of man's mortal life. Yet here and there throughout the "long train of ages," there are great souls, whose power wins the homage of their generation, and whose lives outlive Death. There are Aristotles and Napoleons and Shakespeares and Newtons, whom men will ever call great;—and whence is it? Greatness is the high attribute of those who, gifted with a striking endowment of the talents and as well the nobler emotions and passions common to humanity, have come into some near relation to men by affecting their interest, by promoting their happiness, or by adding to their knowledge. Greatness, then, is not the mere possession of *passive* attributes of mind or heart, however noble; but the possession of those attributes so joined with energy and purpose, that some great result shall follow.

On the other hand it is to be distinguished from notoriety. By the power of brute strength, or through the favor of circumstances, men without genius, without high moral sentiments, and without noble aims, may accomplish mighty deeds, which gave their names on the monuments of history—in rude letters, however, pleasing to only the unskilled eye. Theirs is not the reward of greatness.

If, now, greatness has been rightly defined, it must evidently involve the activity of the entire being. The richest gift of genius

without aim and will to direct it—like the noblest sentiment without skill and insight—can never render its possessor worthy to be called great. The great man is the growth of many mutually animating and controlling influences. The music of the spheres is maintained only amid the ceaseless blending of many inter-playing harmonies.

But grouping the various powers of our spiritual being into the two general classes—the moral and the intellectual—I propose to consider the value of the former, as compared with that of the latter, in the constitution and attainment of greatness. Under the Intellectual element are to be included the various operations of the Intellect—such as perception, imagination, and all the forms of thought proper; while the Moral element includes, not simply the moral faculty proper, but all those capacities and powers of the soul, which philosophers arrange under *feeling* and *will*.

With this view of what greatness is, and of the broad but distinctive meaning of the terms Moral and Intellectual, I proceed to notice the two elements, first in the field of truth; since we may do much toward determining the relative position of any class of powers in our spiritual constitution, by considering the truths with which they are concerned.

It is the moral element of our being—our affections and other capacities of feeling, and our power of will—that affords the conditions and explanation of moral truth. The intellect may analyze the whole compass of existence within its reach, tracing out the relation of the subjective to the objective, and may find within *itself* the first conditions of all the laws of intelligence. And again it may search out the great system of moral facts that runs throughout the whole realm of truth to solve the meaning of existence, yet when it asks whence *these* arise it must find their origin in an element altogether exterior to itself. Thus the principle of design, which in the works of an intelligent Creator must attend the notion of causality, has its origin in the *Moral* character of the Deity. And the truth that has its roots in this element of our being is the highest of all truth. How solitary and inert would be our existence, if the powers of the *intellect* formed the only bond of relation between us and all that is external to us; if it were the only or even the highest capacity of the soul to simply cognize truth whether spiritual or material? Where could be found the motive to action? Where even the joy of existence? How would the universe of God, the course of Divine Providence, and the fact of human society lose their significance, if conceived of only in the light of intellectual truths, if the moral element contained

in them—the grand relations man sustains to God and his fellow man—were not recognized? It is moral truth alone that unfolds the deepest mysteries of our being; that lifts the finite up into a living union with the Infinite; that gives character to life; that crowns the last analysis of science, both physical and metaphysical; and that clothes the Deity himself with his sublimest glories. In power also it is superior to intellectual truth. It appeals, not alone to reason, but to the strongest motive energies of our being. Through the unnumbered avenues that lie along all our desires, affections and interests, it penetrates into the inner fortress of the will, and stirs the soul to its intensest activity. It forms the very life of patriotism, philanthropy and religion.

Having now seen the superior value of the moral element in the realm of abstract truth, I pass to a more concrete manifestation of the same principle in individual greatness. The great man becomes such only through a process of development. A peculiar endowment of talents and capacities there may be, yet those great powers and those exalted sentiments which render him renowned among men, are but the result of mighty forces working within and around him, and unfolding the *original* principles of his being. Hence, in comparing the moral and intellectual elements in greatness, we may with propriety notice first their comparative power in the development of great men. The history of great men involves the development of *great ideas, great passion, and great character.*

Every grand vital idea has its origin in feeling. Far down in the deep untraversed labyrinth of the soul, where the human almost fades away into the divine, are the beginnings of those vague tendencies and desires, which, rising into consciousness, first gain the mastery of the affections and the will, and in the end, become a mighty force pervading the entire soul, driving on and directing all the energies of the intellect, and forming the very life of all great ideas. Thus from a nature craving liberty of thought and conscience, there grew up in a Luther these sublime sentiments, and from those sentiments those mighty ideas, which shook the Christian world to its center and changed the whole course of modern civilization. And thus in a Michael Angelo, the first yearnings for art formed the germ, that, nurtured by stern will and enthusiasm, unfolded into those magnificent conceptions, which the canvass and the marble have rendered immortal. From the just glory of the intellect let nothing indeed be detracted; yet may it not be forgotten that it is in the moral element that the grandest ideas take their rise, and mainly by the moral ele-

ment that they are developed. The highest ideas are but the highest activities of the heart, expressing themselves through the highest processes of the mind. In the writings of a much-read essayist, I have met this remark, "could we take the mightiest thinker that ever awed and controlled the world, and unravel his powers and return their constituent particles to the multitudinous objects whence they were derived, the last probe of our analysis would touch that unquenchable fiery atom of personality which has organized round itself such a colossal body of mind." But what is it that constitutes this personality? Is it not much more than intellect? Is it not very largely the moral element—the will and affections and desires? It is through those sympathies and capacities by which the soul is linked to facts external to itself, that it brings such facts into our being and assimilates them into moral and intellectual character. Before any part of the great universe of ideas can be introduced into and made a positive element of intellectual life, it must be seized by the appetent as well as the perceptive powers of our nature, and wrought over in the crucible of feeling amid the fervid glow of all the energies of the soul.

And this leads me to notice more particularly another point, which I have already to some extent anticipated—the development of great passion. The term passion I use in the broad sense of intense feeling. "All the progressive springs of humanity," says a Scottish philosopher, "take their rise in our emotional being. In virtue of it alone do we own the spur of a happiness, which is never satisfied and of a glory that is still distant." A necessary element of every great man's constitution is some all-pervading feeling, as some high love of friends or countrymen or mankind, some thirst for truth, or some love of glory, some unquenchable hope, or some passion for art. Passion calls into existence the first feeble activities of his genius; passion is the deeply animating force which urges him on to triumph over difficulties, dangers, and death itself; and passion raises him up to behold truths unseen by other mortals and brings him into a vivid realization of the yet far-off object of his aim and aspiration. Reason must guide, restrain, and ennoble passion, while passion itself is the soul of all great action.

And this earnest feeling springs from an impulse hidden in the unsounded depths of the emotional nature; then strengthened by its own activity, and sustained and intensified by the power of will, it develops into this grand controlling force.

Again, I notice the development of great *character*. And by character I mean that individuality of which energy, persistence and decision are the principal elements. Whether in the region of practical or ideal life, energy and persistence rather than extraordinary brilliancy are the most generally marked attributes of great men. It was this persistent energy that sustained Milton amid incalculable difficulties, and through many dark years of the world's cold charity, to the end of his matchless epic. It was the same power that enabled Kepler, though encumbered with the manifold evils of his unphilosophic method, to arrive at his sublime discoveries. And of equal importance with such persistent energy is *decision* of character. It is this quality that brings all the powers of mind and heart into immediate action to surmount the many obstacles besetting every path to greatness. It allows no energy or passion to be wasted in doubtings or fluctuation. It says to reluctant nature, *act, now*, and in thy might. Thus character is the forming and vitalizing principle of greatness. Character develops great passions into great ideas, and great ideas into great activities. And character *combines* great passions and great ideas and great activities into one grand individual force.

And in the growth of character, how largely, again, does the moral element predominate over the intellectual? It is true that a persistent decisive character involves a reliable reason and an exalted understanding; yet it is the power of will and feeling that clothes reason and understanding with positive life. It is the power of will and feeling that gathers round the intellect those energies which develop into rational persistency, and render character an efficient causative force.

Taking now the minds and characters of great men in their complete development, I proceed to compare the moral and intellectual elements in some of their *specific powers* and most prominent achievements. I notice first the power of insight. Perhaps the boldest of all the lines that define true genius is that clear vision which seems almost a "faculty divine." It is that in great men which penetrates into the inner nature of men and things; which detects the secret laws of being, both spiritual and material; which reads, as from an open book, the characters and destinies of nations and individuals. A superior insight into the phenomena of the soul and the laws of the material world, made a Des Cartes in speculative and natural philosophy. Superior insight into the nature of constitutional government, and the rights and necessities of a free people, made a Burke in poli-

ties. And superior insight into his own resources and the obstacles opposed to him, as well as the deeper principles of military science, made a Cæsar in war. And this is the seat where intellect sits supreme. No power of our moral part, however great, can so search into the deep mysteries of hidden things. Yet who can say how much of the moral element is involved in attaining to such power of insight? How much of patient persistence, how much energy of feeling and purpose, how much of that continuous attention, which is made up of consciousness and *will*?

Dependent on the power of insight is that of Creation. I use the term creation in the sense of *combining* thoughts or objects under new laws and into new forms. If true greatness, as I maintained in the outset, consists in bringing the highest attributes of mind and heart into some active relation to the feelings or interests of mankind, this creative power must necessarily form an element of every great man's genius; for these attributes can be brought into such relation only through some new conception formed or some high purpose accomplished; and this purpose can be accomplished only through the *combination* of thoughts with activities and external facts into new modes of action. He, therefore, who would win the glory of greatness, must *create*, either in the world of action, or of taste, or of intellectual truth. And here again no *moral* power can exert other than an indirect influence. It is the high office of the intellect alone to create. But does not a closer view reveal, as the life-giving force of this creating agent, the tender sensibilities in all the more delicate creations, and strong passion in all the bolder and sterner conceptions? Is it not the ardor and strength of the moral part, that give vividness and weight to the conceptions of the mind?

Again in a third prominent characteristic of the great—their *power over men*—how largely does the moral element once more predominate over the intellectual? It is true that high intellectual capacity is requisite in the leader of great opinions and great movements. A high degree of intellectual skill is demanded to convince men of unfamiliar truths, and to secure their confidence in untried theories of action. Yet there is a power that wields a far stronger influence over the minds and feelings of others—it is the power of character. He who throws all the force of his being, all the energy of passion and determination into the realization of some great idea, gains control of a hidden but mighty power within the breasts of his fellow men. Who can say how deep and far-reaching was the moral influence exerted by a Chatham, through his steady vigorous patriotism and

resolute devotion to justice? Who can estimate that vast moral power over Christian character, stretching down through all time, which has been exerted by the love, the zeal and the fidelity of a Paul.

Turn now to some of the *achievements* of great men. And first in politics and war—to what shall we ascribe all the grand theories devised in the interests of liberty and right, and to what the might with which they have been maintained? To what the triumphant songs that have gone up from a Bannockburn and a Marathon? Is it not to the wisdom and skill and strength of the intellect that they are to be ascribed? Yes, to the powers of the intellect indeed, if you wish so to speak, but to those powers only as the subordinate instruments of a higher and more mighty power. The very soul of all these achievements is motive; and that motive is some feeling—some all-animating love to mankind, some noble attachment to right, or often some selfish passion. And the first auxilliary of great motive is intense energy of will, then resolute persistence, and patience, and fortitude. And it is this combination that seizes upon intellect, dragging it into its service, and goading it to the most efficient activity.

Again in Literature,—are the writings of Homer and Milton and Goethe chiefly the work of the intellectual powers—of reason and the imagination? Marvellous indeed are the achievements of those powers in the *Illiad*, in *Paradise Lost*, *Faust* and the like; yet there is another and deeper element involved both in the production of such works, and in the subtile hold they gain upon our inner nature. It is by the power of intense emotion and persistent energy that such authors live solely within their subject, having their entire soul pervaded with its spirit. And it is through the intellect as a *means* that they force out into vivid forms the truths which they have, within themselves, wrought over into living realities. "Every character," says Ruskin, "that is so much as touched by men like *Æschylus*, *Homer*, *Dante*, or *Shakespeare*, is by them held by the heart; and every sentence, as it has been thought out from the heart, opens a way down to the heart, leads us to the center, and there leaves us to gather what more we may; it is the open sesame of a huge, obscure, endless cave, with inexhaustible treasures of pure gold scattered in it."

And so again in Art,—the skill, the divine sense of fitness, and the imagination displayed, are not all that we admire in the Grecian *Parthenon*, in the "*Lord's Supper*" of *Leonardo*, or in the "*Idomeneo*" of *Mozart*—there is something that makes all these only a cold gleam—something which like the soul in man beams forth from every feature, lighting up what would otherwise be but dead perfection, and

penetrating into the inmost recesses of our being. What is it that most distinguishes the work of an inferior artist from that of a great master? Is it not that the one, though strictly conformed to the rules of art, is destitute of that freedom of passion, that life and determination of character which mark the other? An eminent art critic has enumerated as the characteristics of great art, the choice of noble subjects, involving the conditions of right moral choice, the love of beauty, sincerity and imagination. If this analysis be just, must not the love of art become to the great artist almost what it was to the ancient Greek, with whom it is often said to have been a *religion*?

Thus in the powers and achievements of great men, in their development, and in the relations of abstract truth, I have endeavored to estimate the value of the moral element, as compared with the intellectual. And if the several conclusions which have been drawn in the course of the argument, are correct, I infer that the totality of true greatness must be originally and chiefly due to the moral nature; and that, however magnificent may be the powers of the intellect, any analysis is incomplete which fails to recognize in the moral part the grandest and most efficient agent of our being. What nobler activity, then, can there be in man than to guard and nurture this moral part, and so to bring the spirit into a nearer union with that great Spirit in whom infinite mind is most gloriously crowned with infinite love and infinite will? And what greater achievement can there be than a *true life*—a life in which all the powers of the soul are in harmony with each other and with the Divine will—a life radiant with the purest devotion to humanity—a life intense with energy and high purpose? Such a life in its richest perfection we have once seen—that of the Man Christ in whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead.

Sleep.

SOFT shutting of the weary eyes
That woo the darkness as a friend;
Dim shadows out of light arise,
And mingling with the dream-tones end.
O, sleep! thy restful breathing seems
Like distant sobbing of the sea,
Like murmurings of quiet streams,
Soft hushed in soothest melody.
The faintest echo from the farthest shore
Has died away in night, and comes no more.

Miss Ravenel's Conversion.*

For many years we have been watching and waiting for the "Great American Novel." Many of our friends rolling their eyes in a fine frenzy, and distractedly running their fingers through their hair, causing each individual one to stand erect 'like quills of the fretful porcupine,'—many of our friends, we repeat, have enthusiastically cried "I will write the 'Great American Novel,' and give such a faithful portraiture that every native will take it for his own! I'll be the nation's benefactor yet." For all that, we do not see that the long promised is likely to appear, and we begin to fear that our long cherished hope is never to be realized in full perfection, for it is now rumored that the reign of the novel is drawing to a close. Not that the novel will cease to exist, for until the end of time there will be stories to be told and people delighted to hear them; but that its supremacy is going to be disputed. Most persons seem to think that we are too young to afford good materials for novels, that we have not lived poetically enough; and novels, you know, must be made of something else than mere commonplaces! So our own home authors have culled in foreign lands the materials for their structures, or if they chose to illustrate American life, it was purely a phase, so completely localized as to fall far short of a faithful likeness of American life and manners. And we say with an esteemed friend, what interest can Southerners and Westerners, and even New Yorkers have in "Yankee cameos?" We are truly "a nation of provinces, and each province claims to be court." A contemporary says: "This task of painting the American soul within the framework of a novel has seldom been attempted, and has never been accomplished further than very partially,—in the production of a few outlines." Witness for instance, Bayard Taylor's "Hannah Thurston," which is a satire upon true womanhood; Holmes' "Guardian Angel," and "Elsie Venner;" Beecher's "Norwood," which, it has been said, as a novel a man is to blame for liking: and others ad infinitum. Then there is a class of novels, most pernicious in their influence, of which "St. Elmo" is a fair sample. We must confess to considerable astonishment that a woman should make a hero of such a man as St. Elmo! Yet he is the man, unscrupulous, repulsive, implacable, unkind even to brutality, cynical, dissipated, a *roué* and a murderer, who is held up for our

* "Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty." By J. W. DeForest.

admiration, dressed out in fascinations that none can resist, inspiring with the grand passion the heart of a young, innocent, enthusiastic girl, whom we should suppose would turn from him with loathing. It is well known that,

" While the torch holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return ;"

and we would not be understood to deny repentance to this bad man. But when we see him exchange his code of dueling for that of the Christian, and putting on the priestly robes, we turn away in disgust. And to finish our criticism, we wish to remark, that if this is a specimen of the Sir Charles Grandison of the nineteenth century, for school-girls to sniffle over, and sigh after " in secret, in silence, and in tears," suspecting every swarthy, mustachioed man to be a subject for her reforming power, why then we say, it is high time that honest men like ourselves look to it that the minds of our future wives are not poisoned by such pernicious trash, or else take a vow of celibacy.

In the book before us we do not claim a realization of the ideal American novel, or that it is free from faults ; but we do claim for it a nearer approach to that " painting of the American soul." It gives very good, and what is more, very recognizable pictures of classes of life in our own country. It is not confined in its characterization to the north, but draws three of its most interesting studies from the south. Our civil war has been an abundant source for numerous stories, all in various degrees trashy ; till we have come to consider the subject hackneyed, and have set our eyes and hearts to wait until years have added dignity to the past exciting hours, and enable us to look with calmness upon our great struggle. But there is a freshness and a life in the writing of this story, a vividness of description, and a fidelity to details, that proclaims the experience of the author, and will appeal to the memory of every one who has been a soldier in the army of the republic, as it did to ours.

To those who are acquainted in the " Elm City," the book will have a significant interest, for it is evident that the " little Yankee State of Barataria " is the one that claims *New Haven* for its capital city, which last figures in the story under the alias of " New Boston."

The story is briefly this : Dr. Ravenel, a northerner by birth, but for many years a resident of Louisiana, shortly after the " capitulation of loyal Fort Sumter to rebellious South Carolina," sacrificed profession, home, and property, rather than in any way aid or abet the rebellion. He is a widower with one child, Miss Ravenel, who is the

heroine of our story. We make their acquaintance at the "New Boston House," where they sought temporary refuge from the storm at the south. Dr. Ravenel is no friend to the peculiar institutions of his southern home, but a thorough loyalist. He is a physician and mineralogist, a genial, courteous man, dividing his heart and mind between his charming daughter, his beloved country, and his adored Brownites, Robinsonites, &c. Miss Ravenel is an impetuous, passionate, prejudiced southerner, blindly attached to Louisiana as the best place under heaven. She does not sympathize with her father either in his anti-slavery or loyal sentiments. She thinks the south is abused and oppressed by the north, and prays daily for the success of the Confederate arms. Her father's arguments are of no avail with her. She could not "under any provocation quarrel with her father, but she could perseveringly and energetically disagree with his opinions." Being motherless she is her father's constant companion, who endeavors to fill the place of both.

The hero of the story is a New Bostonian, son of an old classmate of Dr. Ravenel, both of whom claim "Winslow University," as their Alma Mater. By a plausible accident he meets the Ravensels soon after their arrival, and in consequence ensues an acquaintance, very pleasant and friendly between our hero and heroine. He is just beginning the practice of law,—“a smattering of it, just enough to have an office and do notary work.” He is a young man of culture, and of more than usual ability,—has an enthusiastic and honest manly nature. He does not at first appear very striking, for his powers are then latent. They show themselves in time of trial, when ordinary natures would have refused the test, and been less noble and less manly than his. Not that our author makes him such a superlatively good man, for he is only what all young men ought to be, and can be—kind, consistent, generous, brave, and principled. Quiet in his determinations, but resolute in their fulfillment. He is like many other young men and soldiers who did brave service, not only as officers but as privates; and he is not the only one either a paltry Gazaway has overridden! Modest and unassuming, he does not assert himself as he ought to many times, and thus loses, or rather does not gain, the respect due to his manly principles.

Now we contemplate a different character, but a very fair representative of the class he belongs to—Colonel Carter of the regular army. He is a Virginian of "high degree," belonging to the chivalric race which has so distinguished itself of late years, and considered himself a gentleman, his conduct to the contrary notwithstanding

In addition, he was a graduate of West Point, and carried himself like a true military Brahmin. He is dissipated and heartless, unprincipled, yet capable at times of generous action. Our several friends meet at a dinner given by Professor Whitewood, of "Winslow University," and then follows a decidedly spicy description of New Boston society, which is sufficiently truthful to be recognized by all inhabitants thereof. For it is indubitably true that the professors, their families, and a few friends, constitute the "cap-sheaf in the social pyramid" in this same city of cliques and coteries. And society generally is pretty severe towards us poor students, "slender and beardless undergraduates," for it assigns us no place in society, and practically allows us none. The picnic is the cause of more lively writing. But we beg leave to say, that we do not think the author does the race of students justice. They are not usually modest, over-given to blushing, if they have lived through the hazing of the freshies! On the contrary, in College parlance, they have too much "cheek!" They rarely lack self-assertion, and, judging from our own experience, do not need the encouraging patronage of maidens of doubtful age to smooth the thorny paths of society. We consider that, an especially unkind hit at the extremely youthful appearance of some of our greatest geniuses, when Col. Carter asks this same generic lady, if she allows *her son* to drink champagne! Oh! Hercules—as if students never drank champagne!

Colburne, of course, improves his time by falling in love with Miss Ravenel, and we can scarcely blame him for so doing. Given a young lady, pretty, fresh, and lovable, and a young man of excellent mind, character, and heart, what is to prevent either the one or the other, or both, from falling a prey to Cupid's flames? So he displayed his good sense, and unwillingness to do differently from the generality of mankind by loving her heartily. But not seeing sufficient encouragement in her manner towards him to warrant an avowal, he most prudently deferred until he was more certain of her answer. However, he was hopeful, and thought time would accomplish what he most ardently desired. Such was the state of affairs with him, when, after the bloody defeat of Bull Run, his mother having recently died, he became a Captain in Col. Carter's regiment. Miss Ravenel admired Captain Colburne, but he lacked the fascination of the Colonel, whose imperious nature pleased her, and whose air of authority both piqued her and excited a pleasurable sense of rebellion. As for him, he bestowed on her only this reflection in parting,—that if the Doctor recovered his property, his heiress might be an eligible match for a Virginian

gentleman! The Doctor has an idea that he likes not this Colonel, whose dark, rich complexion "made one think of pipes of sherry wine, as well as of years of sun-burnt adventure," and he tries to inculcate this distrust in his daughter. But men are bunglers in these things, and as is usually the case, he ended by making affairs much worse! So he was infinitely relieved when he saw the last of him, and ceased tormenting himself by trying to analyze the cause of his uneasiness; and as he was in a place of studious habits, he gave himself up to the delightful contemplation of his beloved Brownites and Robinsonites. Lillie's consolation consisted in Colburne's letters, which we must say are written in an unusually interesting and brilliant style for epistolary efforts.

The scene now changes, and we find all our friends in New Orleans; the Colonel and the Captain taking part in humbling that proud city, and keeping it in subjection, and Dr. Ravenel and his daughter seeking to establish themselves in their desolate home. Lillie's heart beats high to return to her native city, but her spirit is excited by the coolness of her friends, whom she expected would meet her with open arms. Instead, they view her with suspicion, as if she brought contagion from a brief sojourn with the Yankees; and pass from slight nods to entire unconsciousness of her existence. This is very galling to her, and she feels it to be especially unjust so long as her sympathies are still with them. But one evening her father was stabbed by a cowardly rebel, and this was the climax to her disgust. She began to see on which side her sympathies belonged. I should think the fair sex would rebel a little, against this imputation that they are so "terribly illogical"—so guided by their feelings, irrespective of mind, to say nothing of right or wrong. The author wisely says, that a three week's argument with Seward, would not have had the persuasive influence with her that the blow upon her father's head had. She then saw that "secession was indefensible, and that the American Union ought to be preserved." She is now partially converted, not utterly—as you might say, under conviction, "slightly unionized, not abolitionized."

Madame Larue, an aunt of Lillie's, is an interesting study, and reminds us vividly of a person we ourselves once knew, and whom we presume many persons will recognize, as the type of a class of ladies more frequently met with at the south than at the north. They are subtle as they are fascinating, and one has usually a heavy experience before he is wise enough to elude their blandishments. With regard to them, "Experience is the best of schoolmasters, only

the school fees are heavy." We are disgusted with her machinations to throw the Colonel and Lillie together, and confess to not understanding why she dislikes Colburne so heartily. Though, probably the author intended us to find the cause in his indifference to her charms. She succeeds but too well in her designs, and in an unguarded moment the Colonel forgets himself, and avows his passion! He wrings a tardy and hesitating consent from the Doctor, and we will accord him the praise of acting very commendably during his engagement, dispensing with the pretty "French Boudoir" so slyly hinted at by the maudlin Van Zandt. There is true pathos in young Colburne's life now. He has not overcome his love for Miss Ravenel; on the contrary, it has strengthened, and "grown with what it fed on," though he begins to realize its hopelessness. He thoroughly understands Carter's nature, and knows the sort of life he has led in New Orleans, to say nothing of his previous career; and he shudders to think of the unsuspecting Lillie loving this man, and making him her husband. Not that he is selfish and would obtain her at any cost,—he is a generous lover, and would willingly see her the bride of another, were he worthy. But in his eyes the Colonel's *blasé* air and hauteur appeared just what they were; while to Lillie, accustomed to see like manners in gentlemen who were favorites in society in her native city, they appeared to be marks of mature manhood; and Colburn seemed *boyish* to her for the want of them. There is generosity in Colburne's conduct at this phase, notwithstanding the bitterness of his lessoning. The great German sage has taught us, that "earthly fortune is in no instance so sweet and smooth, but sooner or later it teaches the great doctrine of Renunciation, by which alone can the real entrance on life be properly said to begin." The marriage was consummated, and their married life was rounded by a few days of felicity, when the Colonel had to return to his regiment. Government gives the Doctor a plantation, where he takes the opportunity to put a pet scheme into execution,—to reorganize southern labor among the freedmen. He was quite surprised to find that liberty had not destroyed their laziness with their slavery, there were still some "rotten specks in the social fruit" which the Doctor was trying to raise. Lillie accompanies her father, and her anxiety for her husband's safety, is beguiled with many pleasant and amusing experiences among the darker humanity. Colburne, on sick leave, spends a month with the Ravenel's, and is able by his soldierly precaution to save their lives, and also to become the hero of the "Fort Winthrop" fight. The description of the attack and defense is a very excellent

bit of word-painting, and we do not know whether to be most entertained with the poltroonery of Gazaway, the laughable ignorance of the patriotic Doctor, or the skill with which the young Captain used his handful of men.

Lillie now tries life in the army. She is petted and caressed, quite "*La Fille du Regiment*," the queen, the goddess of the La Fourche Interieur, and though separated from her father, she is happy, for every beloved object is the center of a Paradise. While Colburne was a trusted friend, and a daily witness of their happiness, he did not allow himself to grow bitter and saturnine, but tried to make noble and generous acts the "balsam of his memory," as Sir Thomas Browne quaintly observes.

Now comes the dark shading of our picture. The Colonel takes a sea-voyage, on which, unfortunately for his domestic happiness, his travelling companion is none other than Madame Larue. He knows his own nature, and curses the chance that has cast him helpless into the power of this unprincipled woman. He combats her attractions with all the strength he can master, and makes resolutions that are broken in half an hour. For this solitary companionship is too much for him, her toils are too complete, and he falls at last a victim, and drifts with the tide of her desires. He shudders when he thinks of his innocent wife, but tries to console himself with the reflection that he is powerless to resist his fate. We do not know whether to despise him most for his weakness,—his indecision of character, so especially despicable in men, or Madame Larue for her cold-blooded heartlessness. We cannot imagine anything more hideous, than this woman deliberately setting to work, to destroy the peace of a relative, who ought to be beloved, and who would probably never have formed the connection she has, without her previous interference. The Colonel appropriately establishes Madame in a clergyman's family, where she plays the rôle of southern loyalist, and penitent sinner to perfection. And when he returns to New Orleans again, his fair friend, with her *sainte passion de l'amour*, bears him company. Not many days pass before, through the agency of our friend Van Zandt, who is still loquacious, and still protesting that he is a Knickerbocker, and a graduate of Columbia College, the Doctor becomes apprised of the Colonel's *amour* with Madame Larue. In vain he tries to keep his discovery from Lillie. She feels that she can never see the Colonel again, even the father of her infant son; for her womanly and wifely pride is stung in its tenderest place. And we quickly find Dr. Ravenel and daughter again seeking in New Boston a refuge from

trouble and sorrow. Here Lillie regains her cheerfulness, and the Doctor is quite relieved from anxiety as to how the terrible blow would affect her.

In the meantime the Colonel, now Gen. Carter, is doing gallant service, and on the eve before battle receives a note from his father-in-law, apprising him of their discovery and consequent departure for the north. The following day the General fought most desperately, and by his impetuous charges secured the victory, though at the cost of his own life. His death was in perfect keeping with his life, and we are not at all surprised that he did not wish to be bothered with Jesus Christ in his last moments.

Of course, we do not *know* how women usually act under such affliction as has now come upon Lillie. But it does seem to our masculine mind, that his death would have unsealed the fountains of her heart, which his unfaithfulness had frozen, and that his memory would have been hallowed by a tenderness, which would have been jealous of a reproachful thought. To our minds she was too easily consoled. Not that we think she ought to have loved him in the first place, for we were displeased with her ill-advised choice; but having so passionately loved him once, it seems strange that the memory of their great happiness did not sanctify her affliction. She seems almost unwomanly. It may be that the author intended to illustrate the native purity of woman's nature; but we have daily examples of wives who cling to their husbands through evil as well as good report. Their affection is not proportioned to the worth of the beloved object, but is rather a gauge of their own merit. As our loved Mentor has said—"The purifying effects of frustrated hope and affection, which in this world will ever be homeless, do not depend on the worth and loveliness of its objects, but on that of the heart which cherishes it, and draws mild wisdom from so stern a disappointment."

The war closes, and Colburne returns to his home, worn out with privation and sickness, and takes up his abode in the "New Boston House," where he finds himself again in the society of the Ravenels. The consequence is to be foreseen. Lillie now appreciates him, and his patient waiting is rewarded by the coveted possession of her heart. His paternal mansion is opened and refitted, and they settle down in peace and prosperity after their stirring campaigns. The good Doctor's heart is at rest now, for his dearest hopes are realized; his country is saved, his daughter is happy, and he feels delighted that he shall never more suffer distraction in the contemplation of his beloved Brownites, Robinsonites, etc.

Of Colburne, we must say a word in parting, for we have rather neglected him of late. His manly enthusiasm in the beginning enlisted our sympathy and esteem which the earnest maturity of manhood only deepened. His character was consistent and noble, sufficiently redeemed from the common-place without being put beyond the range of human probability. And if he is practicing law at the bar of this city, we should be happy to make his acquaintance, and should entreat for him the especial benediction of our revered Alma Mater.

Decline of Wit.

WALKING the street a few days since, a flaming placard met my eye, whereon were set forth, with a wreath of adjectives, the various attractions of a New York Circus. Most prominent among these appeared to be the famous clown, who was represented at full length in his professional costume, for the absurdity of which, not even its ancient and venerable parentage could sufficiently atone. In the act of perpetrating one of those stupendous jokes of the modern circus, his hand was resting familiarly upon a bust of great Shakespeare, as if appealing to him to sanction and dignify the occupation. The incident was trivial, but started me upon a course of thought and reading which has been pleasant and profitable.

Wit—how this sharp little monosyllable by its very form vouches for the truth of the old adage, which declares brevity to be its soul. And what a part it has played in all the great controversies between men of letters, sometimes accomplishing in a few quick piercing strokes, what the most able discussions, the most elaborate efforts have failed to do. And what transformations it has undergone, appearing now in one garb, and performing its mission in one generation, then descending to the next, as almost a new power, with new methods of operations, new channels of influences, new votaries, yet still fundamentally the same saucy, ruthless, bubble-pricking wit. Go back to the years of Elizabeth and James, not to find the beginning of its influence by any means, but because we are familiar with that period of political restlessness and convulsions, and we find it a common weapon in the hands of all writers of eminence, and the clergy even, depending upon the keenest and most ridiculous satire, to drive reprobate sinners from their strongholds. Of course we see no propriety in this

last, but our object is to show how wit has degenerated, by showing the eminence it once occupied. Perhaps nothing tended so much to inflame and exasperate the English people against the encroachments of royalty, as the political lampoons and anonymous tracts, which were so freely yet mysteriously circulated by the whig press,

But while wit and wits were thus performing the most valuable services in the cause of freedom, a class of men had arisen, and were rapidly increasing, who were exceedingly ambitious to rank among so popular and influential a body of writers, but who possessed not even the germs of true wit. The country through succeeding years was flooded with lame attempts at humor, and weak imitations of the ancient satirists. Striplings, in years and knowledge, lashed the town after the manner of Juvenal, or archly ridiculed it like Horace. This we take care to say, was not the first appearance of this false wit, but now after years of increase and influence, it has begun rapidly to undermine and vitiate the tastes of the people, and to substitute for sparkling humour, artificial and vapid nonsense. Noble satire gave place entirely to anagrams, epigrams, acrostics, all sorts of metrical devices, and even puns. Yes, inveterate college punster, your odious habit was then both acceptable and highly fashionable. Both the pulpit and the bar, resounded with the most trivial and often indelicate puns. The powers of the language were overtasked, to furnish materials with which to satisfy the popular demand. Nor were illustrious examples wanting to this new, or rather false order of wits. They cited in support of themselves, Plato, Isocrates, Demosthenes and Cicero, and probably enjoyed what are now considered blemishes in these writers, more than all their excellencies. I remember that while reading a lesson in Demosthenes on the Crown, I found a genuine, and what appeared to be a very poor pun, and at once tried to imagine the comfort and satisfaction which a certain execrable punster in the class would derive from that passage.

But to return, this race of false wits increasing far more rapidly than the true, literally overwhelmed them, and their patron God, disgusted with the treatment of himself and followers, departed the land. He was indeed induced to return for a season by Swift, and this gloomy genius stemmed bravely the tide of loose and worthless jesting, raillery and browbeating insolence, which too readily passed in this time for wit. But when the sorrowful fate against which this English Cervantes had so long battled, at last overtook him, and his pen ceased to give expression to that severe contempt for the trashy witticisms in vogue, the triumph of imposters was complete. Addi-

son did indeed lift a warning voice, and with his characteristic discrimination and nicety, pointed out the difference between true and false wit, and lamented the universal tendency to accept the latter in place of the former, because more abundant. But for reform in this direction, a firmness and energy were needed, which Addison did not possess, and alas for the English language, there neither then existed, nor has yet arisen a great genius so endowed. But not to make a tedious chronological history of this paper, turn for a moment to the state of wit in our own time. Listen to the innumerable slang phrases in such common use. Read them in journals which affect to be literary. See them even creeping into the religious literature of the day, into sermons and tracts. Mark the immense pleasure and the hearty laughter they seem everywhere to produce. A sally of genuine old wit, is hardly appreciated now-a-days, and never very much encouraged. Amid all the men of culture and taste, who have arisen in this country, there are none pre eminent for their power in witty and re-formative satire. In short we have not in the country one who really deserves the name of wit, as it was employed three centuries since. Great numbers of people, it is true, have split their sides (metaphorically,) over the silly narrations of an Artemas Ward, and because his book has had an extensive sale, it is inferred that he must have been a wit. But no cultivated person will be willing to dignify by that title, one whose chief excellence consisted in a telling use of the slang phrases and uncouth jargon which abound in the the lowest quarters of our cities. Some exception may, and perhaps should be made in the case of the invincible Opheus C. Kerr, whose political satires frequently have the smack of original and genuine wit about them, and have unquestionably been of more avail in political campaigns, than whole volumes of able leaders, or stump orations.

But no one will claim for them any very lofty motives or ideas, and they too are objectionable by reason of a superabundance of slang, tolerable and intolerable. Who then is to furnish us with polite wit? Other departments of literature are full to overflowing, as we are told. More books are published than we need, much less desire. And still we have no distinct and able works of wit. In the conversation of many cultivated men, sparks and scintillations of the original material are with joy discovered, but these are few and far between, and confined for the most part to the club-room, or the parlor. Who shall be our educated wits?

The Country Church.

BENEATH the brown crest of a hill,
Whence gently slope the meadow lands,
Close bordering on a laughing rill,
Its ancient pride preserving still,
An antiquated school-house stands.

An aged maid this school-house seems,
A spouse denied by cruel fate,
Till wandering on by banks and streams—
Attracted by his sunny beams—
She took the hill-side for her mate.

The bloom has faded from her cheek,
Her bowing frame is failing fast,
And yet she seems too proud to speak
Of her sad state, or even seek
Protection from the chilling blast.

The hill behind uplifts his crest,
And spreads his shoulders broad and large;
Receives the storm upon his breast,
And boldly checks its fury, lest
Some ill betide his humble charge.

Here, from the country round about,
The playful children sometimes meet
To wear a tedious session out,
And greet its close with merry shout,
When homeward turn their willing feet.

But when the Sabbath wheels around,
Some wand'ring shepherd comes to preach
To one small flock that e'er is found
Within those walls, to hear the sound
Of gospel truths that he may teach.

Toward this old house, on Sabbath morn,
One glorious September day,
O'er hills of hay crops lately shorn,
Through waving fields of wheat and corn,
My listless footsteps chanced to stray.

To find a farmer in his bed
At this late hour in vain you'd search;
Long since his stock was amply fed,
His aged horse to water led,
And he has dressed himself for church.

For when the bright sun rises clear,
And tints the east with roseate glows,
When sunbeams o'er the hill-tops peer—
Awakened by his chanticleer—
The farmer to his duties goes.

He first awakes the trundling cot
With ancient saw so often heard,
That when they're to their senses brought,
Each thinks himself the "worm" that's caught
By some remorseless "early bird."

The morning meal, fresh from the fire,
With many thanks is eaten next;
The husband and the wife retire
To dress them in their best attire,
To listen to the sacred text.

The old horse, to the wagon bound,
Most patiently receives his load,
Then slowly turns him half around,
And lowers his head close toward the ground,
As if in waiting for the sound
Which bids him move along the road.

No lurid glare, or beaten track,
Like Pegasus, behind he flings;
But takes the lash upon his back,
And listens to its merry crack,
But seems especially to lack
The locomotion of his wings.

But some there are compelled to walk
O'er beaten path so often trod,
Each swelling mound and jagged rock
Appears familiar to the flock,
And seems to understand their talk,
While tending toward the house of God.

The rustic crowd, by walk or ride,
Has reached at length its destination;
The horses driven side by side
To rugged posts are firmly tied,
The farmers all unite outside
In mutual congratulation.

The aged preacher joins the band,
And for a moment kindly stops,
And while his hearers round him stand,
He, warmly takes each friendly hand,
Inquires his health, the state of land,
And prospects of the autumn crops.

Within he most devoutly prays,
And speaks to them in accents rude,
Holds to their eyes the blessed ways
Of peace, and reverently displays
The word of God with uncouth phrase,
And roughly drawn similitude.

Some aged mothers hither led,
Now burst their hearts in sympathy;
So deeply moved by what is said,
Their ready tears profusely shed,
With quivering lip and drooping head,
Like ancient, tearful Niobe.

He closes now the sacred book,
The congregation outward come;
The house assumes the saddened look
Its happy features always took,
Whene'er her friends her walls forsook,
And quietly departed home.

Oh! that all sects by symbols tied,
From this small flock would wisdom learn;
O'er hypocrites would boldly ride,
Strip from the wolf his sheepish hide,
On worldly pomp and worldly pride
Their faces would austere turn.

Would that each eye in upward flight—
When closing for its final rest—
Were lit by hues as pure and bright
As those that fall with cadence light—
Commingling with the shades of night—
About the sleep-locked farmer's breast.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAY.

The War in the Netherlands in its relation to Civil and Religious Liberty.

BY WILLIAM ALLISON MCKINNEY, BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.

ANALYSIS.

English Civil Liberty came from the Reformation.
 But the Reformation had been stifled,
 A blow somewhere was needed;
 The blow struck by the Netherlands developed.
 1. Religious Liberty. 2. A Permanent Confederacy. 3. A Sovereign Republic.
 These ideas new to history,
 They were new to philosophy.
 They came only successively to the Netherlands.
 Effect of these results.
 on Europe.
 on England.
 1. Revolution of 1688.
 2. Puritan Emigration.
 Their usefulness to the American colonies.
 1.—in forming a Republican Government.
 2.—in forming the American Confederacy.
 3.—in Establishing Independence.
 Their further development in America.
 Two warnings from the subsequent history of Holland.
 1.—Decentralization. 2.—Aristocracy.
 The late Rebellion came from the latter;
 Ideas in late war;—how related to the Netherlands.
 Conclusion—Future dangers—how averted.

MANY of our civil liberties were won on the soil of England when religion was the battle field. Though the English Reformation seemed at first, hardly more than the substitution of Pope Henry the Eighth, for Pope Paul the Third, yet here was a victory for Anglican Freedom. Look a moment at the Events. The generous reign of Edward gives a moment's breath to the flame of free-thought, unintentionally kindled by his father. Bloody Mary's reign is a withering blast; her early death alone prevented the English Inquisition. Elizabeth's accession brings hope to the exiles of the Marian persecution in foreign lands; but they come only to find the Protestantism of the last Tudor almost as intolerant as the bigotry of the first. The 'Acts of Conformity,' of 'Supremacy'; and the "Court of High Commission," soon gave evidence of the Queen's intention to quench the growing flame. In differing from her Established Church, the dissenters were forced to believe the Monarch wrong in religion; which was a step toward civil liberty. If Elizabeth could err in priestcraft they believed she was not infallible in statecraft; and at their fire-sides,—in the street,—in Parliament,—they advocated national measures so plausible, that the people saw the excellence, even through the fogs of Tudor absolutism. As a party they were everywhere identified with

the nation's interest, and sent to Parliament by scores. Here was a turning-point in English history. The audacity that dared oppose the crown, in a Parliament ready alike to kneel to the monarch, whether she had declared herself a champion of the cross, or priestess of the sun, established principles that are the glory of Anglo-Saxon institutions. Hume, even confesses that the English owe "the whole freedom of their constitution to the Puritans." But the contest was critical. The Tudor blood was aroused to resistance, deep, long and bitter. Whether despotism or liberty was finally to prevail, depended on the fate of the same principles across the channel. Protestantism on the Continent was the source of these movements, and its success or failure was theirs.

But the Reformation on the Continent had been stifled. It had urged the human mind lying beneath an *Ætna* of despotism to struggle for release; but the tottering mountain had not been shaken off, and was now recovering its ground. Loyola had come from the East, with a heart full of holy enthusiasm, and infused new life blood into the veins of the church. Corruption and sloth had everywhere in her ranks, been supplanted by discipline and vigilance. The monasteries had recovered something of their old glory; and "long drawn aisle and fretted vault" lately ringing with festive song, now again echoed solemnly with choral anthem, or Jesuit's sermon. Monarchy was drawn into the ranks of the church, and made to see that free-thought in religion, was free-thought in politics. Charles the Fifth embraced the cause with resources that seemed given solely to defend the cross. Spain, Portugal, Italy, the Netherlands were under his absolute control, and as if to complete his outfit a new world has been found to yield its treasure to the cause. The monarch entered on his work with enthusiasm. At home the axe, the fire, the rack, were stealthily supressing every trace of the new heresy. In France he dictated to a mob that lapped the blood of a thousand Huguenots in a night. In the Netherlands the imperial *Edict* condemned all unrepentant heretics to burial alive; all others to the stake; and Charles died bequeathing the good work to his son Philip. Thus had Rome awakened with a might unknown since Gregory the Seventh.

On the other hand the reformers were everywhere sunk in apathy:—the petty sovereigns of Germany selling their subjects totally un-mindful of their religion; Henry the Huguenot ready to sacrifice his faith for a crown; Elizabeth a Protestant, rather from interest than conviction:—the great truths of Luther and Wickliffe crushed to earth and despairing humanity looking about for a deliverer.

That the Netherlands struck the needed blow is not strange. The stamp of liberty was on the race. Known to Caesar as 'the bravest of the Germans,'—bowing haughtily to Imperial Rome; many of them rejecting feudal system and papal yoke,*—redeeming their very soil from the waves and consecrating it to freedom, they now presented to the envious eyes of the world a picture of political and commercial prosperity. But the same cause that made them prosperous, rendered them valuable to the monarch, for Philip drew from this hands breadth of his dominions the first soldiers of his army, the craftiest ministers of his court, and half the revenue from three Continents; and the heresy which was alienating them called for every effort of a bigoted king. Accordingly he engrafts the inquisition on his father's *Edict*, expecting from it, its Spanish success. The Provinces,—with monstrous disrespect,—murmur under the rod, only convincing Philip of the necessity of deeper severity. At length entreaties fail and a war of resistance is begun, which for half a century thundered at the door of modern history. At last the world, waking from its apathy beheld with doubting eyes, ideas long since arraigned before the courts of experience and theory, and convicted of impossible success.

There,—called up from the dead,—stood Religious Liberty,—a permanent confederacy, and a sovereign republic!

History had condemned them all. Of course when the morning rays of the Gospel shone on a decaying world, the beams fell gently even on Rome's corruption, and Athens' 'superstition.' But centuries had elapsed. The showers of toleration descended now only on the just. The world was now Spanish and believed with Spain, the lesson of her long Moorish wars,—that a heretic was an enemy, and the inquisitors' axe the only bulwark of national safety. Nor were the Popes and the Jesuits the only advocates of such maxims. Calvin burned Servetus at Geneva, and Cranmer, Arians and Anabaptists at Smithfield, and protestants as well as catholics abhorred Religious Liberty.

A successful and permanent confederacy was also a new lesson. The Achaean League was no model. The Hanseatic was better known but it told a story of united selfishness, not of a commonwealth.

But a *republican confederation* of local privileges and central rights was read of only on the tombstone of feudalism. From the pul-

*This was the case at least with Freyland.

pits were pointed out the courses free-republics had always run, through sedition, bloodshed and anarchy; statesmen were bandying about as a by-word—"Greek, Roman and Helvetic Republicanism." The nobility thought it both vulgar and hopeless to entrust a government to advocates, merchants and mechanics.

Philosophy, too, was as desparaging as history. Was the spread of a false religion to be patiently witnessed by armed orthodoxy? Were separated interest to be united to the destruction of all? Could anything but casuistry justify a republic in seizing the reins of government when the king ruled by 'divine right'?

Such problems stood in the path of the Netherlands when they proposed to resist Philip's inquisition; and it was only step by step that they were solved for all future nations. It was necessary for protestant victims of the inquisition and catholic victims of the "Blood Council," to stand together at the stake, and fight shoulder to shoulder in a common cause, before they learned that 'liberty of conscience for all,' was the first lesson of progress in the sixteenth century. But once learned the rest was easy.* Other prejudices sank with bigotry; and on the half fallen remains of aristocracy, and municipal selfishness, Orange constructed a union and cemented it with his blood.

From the union sprang consciousness of power. The petitions to Philip grew more imperious; and his refusal brought on the crisis. Yet twenty-five years were spent by the States in convincing themselves of the right of separation; and even then they seemed to have only the disposal, not the possession of the forfeited sovereignty. It is successively offered to Anjou, to Orange, to Elizabeth; and is finally only retained as a rejected beggar. But lo! the Stranger—when stripped of rags and attired in fitting garments,—is found to be Popular Sovereignty,†—long an outcast among the centuries. But harbored at last it becomes the Mayor of the Palace and its offspring are all Sovereigns!

Thus at length the oppressed colonies of the tyrant Philip found

*What sort of a union could have been formed in 1566, at the time of the first "Antwerp Fary?" Even Lutherans "saw in every Calvinist a murderer and robber; they thirsted for their blood."

Even in 1575, when a union was made between Holland and Zealand Orange was directed to suppress the exercise of the Roman Religion. Such a spirit kept away Freyland and Utrecht. In 1581 when the only provision was—"that inquiries should not be made into any mans' belief or conscience, or that any injury or

themselves an independent republic of Confederate States,—the home of Civil and Religious Liberty, and were baptized “The United States of the Netherlands.” Prosperity reigned; their navigators explored regions of darkness and ice. The Dutch ships obliterated the fiction of a ‘Spanish Lake’; and crowding Spain away from the regions of the East and West, planted Dutch empires. ‘New Holland,’ ‘New Zealand,’ ‘New Netherland,’ indicated well enough the new sun of commerce that had risen on the earth, in whose golden rays superstition was to melt like dew. Henceforth not religion, but human welfare, whether social or civil, was to be the mainspring of politics. These results had been obtained through a terrible struggle; but the deeper dyed in blood were the lessons of the war, the further through the surrounding gloom shown its crimson light as a signal to a struggling party in England, as a beacon for a people needing light in America.

Europe sat watching this struggle, in its chains. The Spanish monarch in the Escorial with guarded windows at midnight, was writing Edicts of murder for all his subjects; and of conquest for all the world. His treachery was terrible; his bigotry was pitiable; his ambition was unbounded. He would have grasped the last island in the ocean, and applied to it the same government by which he was ruining the world. It was simply a terrorism; inactivity its mainstay. The nobility of Spain found sufficient employment in saving their lives; labor was despised; peaceful enterprises abhorred; and the lower classes kept to the ground under the sword. Superstition consecrated sloth. The clergy armed with spiritual terrors, and possessed of the keys of paradise, despised the slaves who knelt to them for absolution. Such was the government. Spain is to-day its monument; that any of Europe escaped its fate seems due chiefly to the war in the Netherlands. Philip held the bit in the mouth of the predominant party in France, and would soon have had the reins of government, if this revolt had not demanded his best troops and

hindrance should be offered to any man on account of his religion,”—these States came into the union, and speedily a Declaration of Independence was made.

“It did not occur to any one to summon the people in their primary assemblies, nor would the people of that day have comprehended the object of such a summons. They were accustomed to the action of the *Estates*, and those bodies represented as large a number of political capacities as could be expected of assemblies chosen *then* upon general principles.”—(Motley.)

After all the *Estates* were chosen directly, from nearly all classes of citizens, at that time, although it was by a self-electing system. Compare Roman Representation when the patrician centuries outnumbered all the others.

attention. England too weak for resistance was, undeniably saved from invasion, only by this event.

Upon such a world burst forth this revolution of the Dutch, with its three ideas. It stood astounded. Monarchy trembled at the revolt of Crown provinces; yet trembled more at Philip's ambition. The Huguenot king, saw Philip tightening his grasp on France, and leagued himself with the patriots; Elizabeth shuddered at Spanish poison and sent her aid to the Low Countries. Thus was absolutism forced into the ranks against itself; to support republican institutions was not its choice, but its necessity. The whole continent saw the results of this war, and rousing itself at the rebuke shook off the tyrant. Leagues were formed against despotism, Republican ideas took root, and sooner or later bore fruit.

But the most prolific yield was in England. That under-current of liberty in Anglo-Saxon veins,—ever ready to ring a charter from the king, or to embody its mind in a great common law,—was in deep sympathy with the war in the Netherlands. The feeling, though cherished by all classes, was most intense with the middling and lower. There they had spent their exile during Mary's persecution. There was the birth place of thousands of fellow artizans, whose skillful industry, encouraged by the crown, now reversed the tide of trade and set the current of silks and wools back from the Thames to the Scheldt. Speedy and constant intercourse between emigrant and fatherland, between tradesman and customer, between hearts that felt and hands that wielded the sword, in a common cause ensued. For every blow in Holland there was a sympathetic beat in England; and the ideas there won lived and grew in England's heart. But too rapidly: it was with premature strength that they strode forth to the Great Rebellion, among the infected rabble of free-thinkers and levelers; and they fell into a sickly fanaticism. Each party at the helm, lost in turn its strength of arm. Yet this was no mortal disease as the Tories thought in their hour of triumph. To them the people seemed tired of Revolution and the rebellion dead; because its course had been so unsuccessful. So flinging to the wind all sail, they espoused the "divine right" of the king. The pulpits were made to ring with Paul's refusal to resist Nero and consequent crime of opposing James! Self deception is a good teacher; and these monstrous notions were actually coming into credit. This was all that Louis the Fourteenth asked. England was his to drive wild over the neck of European liberty if such principles could hold their ground a little longer. But messages of appeal were flying Eastward, and of encouragement Westward,

over the North Sea. The people who had blasted the 'divine right' of Philip were ready to do the same for James. They had forced a monarch into the cause of freedom once: they compelled a time-serving nobility to enlist now. The fall of those dangerous opinions may have been owing to the king's foolish bigotry: but his folly was apparent to the people, only because its dark features were projected on a brighter cloud. In the background was a Holland and a William, prepared to save England a second time from tyranny at home and ambition abroad. The Dutch Stadtholder comes to make the Revolution adopt—what the rebellion had failed through neglecting,—the ideas of the Netherland war. The Religious Liberty of the Provinces becomes the English "Act of Toleration." Republican Freedom blossoms into the "Bill of Rights," to go further in the Revolution, is not permitted to England with her glorious past. Such things must be across the Atlantic.

At the Restoration the Puritans had found themselves rewarded for losing liberty, with insult and injury, and were divided in opinion. One party felt called to keep up the work in England; and noble schoolmasters they were for a succeeding generation! But another, with eyes fixed steadfastly on Holland's Liberty, felt it *their* mission to transfer this low-land plant to new ground. But first they must sit under its shade and receive light from the sun shining through its boughs.

We revere the Mayflower, but next to the noble hearts on board that dear vessel, were the lessons in Self-government, borne out of the harbor of Delft-Haven. Eagerly Holland's institutions were studied by these sturdy colonists; and profitable was the instruction derived. In planting, in America, a new colony exposed constantly to untried dangers, every virtue was to be maintained, and every evil checked; yet they confided, with security, the reins of a strong republican government to a few individuals, from the first. Surrounded by other colonies of different nationalities and opposite interests, it was surely much to know that a confederation could be formed with them in safety. But the example of United Provinces separating from a despotic monarch with success, was of untold value; and here the track of the Netherlands was so closely followed, that the great results of the fifty years' war were obtained in seven.

Thus the institutions imported from Holland by the Mayflower had found a congenial climate: They grew and prospered. The idea budding forth in the bond between four little States on the Zuider Zee, became the idea of the American Union. The Republican government of the United Netherlands became with careful prun-

ing the Federal government of America. But the highest monument of that war was the development of Religious Liberty. The groans of Ireland; her tears only just now healed; her weary pilgrims lifting their eyes toward this Western Mecca,—declare the blessedness of cleaving Church from State.

With such an example for its early years it is not strange that our nation thus outstripped its guide. The two histories separate after our independence. Hollands' had already become a story of Shipwreck. We were drifting toward the same danger. This was when the Congress that had carried us gloriously through the war, was restricted by the "Confederation," till it became a mere starveling in central power. It was indeed a perilous crisis. The union was bursting apart at every joint. New England proposed to abdicate it. Kentucky broke away from Virginia. A fragment of North Carolina declared itself independent. Parties were almost hostile on matters of policy. The people who had fought gallantly for the idea, knew nothing of the institutions securing their blood-bought gem, or of its worth, and sank to selfish aims. Could not Philip Sydney and the Dutch Martyrs rise from their graves and tell the priceless value of their bequest and warn from danger. Yes, through the voice of history, they spoke from the dead. There appeared at this crisis those far-seeing Statesmen,—whose forebodings and prophecies history has so closely verified,—with Hamilton at their head. They perceived that the Netherlands, which a century and a half before had been so able a guide, had now a further lesson,—one of warning. On a lack of central power, and an aristocracy they had foundered. These rocks must be shunned. The voice of Hamilton and Madison cried in every household—'Beware of Local Sovereignty;' 'Beware of Political Inequality!' The paper is perhaps the best of the Federalist. One warning was heeded and the danger escaped. On the other we had at last struck.

This Western Republic had survived for seventy years when came the Gigantic Rebellion. It was attributed to the first danger pointed out by the Federalist; but it was the second. State Sovereignty will stand in history as only the instrument; the cause will be found deeper down in the society of a part of the country. Here was a relapse toward Feudalism; ideas lagging centuries behind the spirit of our institutions, whose corner-stone is equality.

The war came. It was at first regarded with bewilderment. It seem a crime too impious. But when it is found to be a reality, the nation stands a moment in thought. It had always justified resis-

tance; its liberties came through revolution; then seemed something sacred in *any* rebellion. But the pause was only for an instant. The national mind no longer wavers. This crime had no kin with liberty. Its step was backward. It would be impiety to generations who had gained liberty at the Peace of Westphalia and at Yorktown, to halt a moment. Statesmen felt that the results of bloodshed in Holland, England and America, must not fall now. Leaders proclaimed it. The people took up the word. That was the meaning of that war-cry, 'The wickedest rebellion against the best government in history!'

This country stands to-day with a priceless gem in its hand. But the Earth is shaking under foot. There are low murmurings of danger to the Union from gloomy unforgiveness; danger to the Republic from the rapid growth; danger to Religious liberty from Rome. Our nation needs counsel. What better instruction than to see the cost of winning its three bulwarks. Religious Liberty,—the Confederacy and the Republic, inch by inch from despotism. The fiery battle has been sketched, in the full light of free-institutions. The picture is new; and its lessons are needed. Keep it in sight; and while gazing, hear the echoes of the old Puritan's voice.

"Go hand to hand O nation never to be disunited, * * * join your invincible might to do worthy and godlike deeds; and then he that seeks to break *your* Union, a clearing curse be his inheritance to all generations."*

Memorabilia Yalensia.

The Month.

THE month of all the College year has ended. Our record closes with Saturday, the "glorious" Fourth of July, in name, at least, a fitting finale to a week of brilliant achievement and triumphant success. Of weather, too, so remarkably pleasant as to deserve special remark and compliment. Never have the old College and its surroundings looked more attractive than on the day when '68 bid them good-bye for the last time. As a necessary prelude to this,

The Senior Societies

Gave out their elections to '69 on Thursday evening, June 25, and initiated their new members, as usual, on the night of the Spoon Exhibition. Spade and Grave was unable to secure the requisite number of such men as she wanted.

*Milton's Prose Works.

The Sophomore societies deferred their initiations until Wednesday, 24, and the Junior societies initiated Friday, 26, as usual. The Senior elections were given out in a quiet, informal way, but the rabble, assembled in the College yard, amused itself with the usual shrieks and outcries.

The DeForest Orations

Were delivered in the Chapel, on the afternoon of Monday, 29, beginning at a quarter of three. The lower part of the house and the front seats of the galleries were well filled by a fine looking audience, who gave good attention, and, either from his being the last speaker, or from his having the best delivery, favored Mr. Rawson with their particular applause. Among those in attendance we noticed William M. Evarts, of the LIT. Board of '37. Two of the contestants were of the Board of '68. The subjects and speakers were as follows:—"The War in the Netherlands, in its Relation to Civil and Religious Liberty,"—William A. McKinney, Binghamton, N. Y. "The Value of the Moral, as compared with the Intellectual Element in Greatness,"—Elisha W. Miller, Williston, Vt.; Isbon T. Beckwith, Old Lyme, Conn. "Pope and Cowper Compared,"—Anson P. Tinker, Old Lyme, Conn. "The Causes of the French Revolution,"—George H. Lewis, New Britain, Conn.; Edward K. Rawson, Albany, N. Y. Upon the other subject, "The History of a Nation the Principal Cause of its Unity," no essays, at least no successful ones, were written. The speaking closed at half-past four, and while the boys awaited the result, the G. A. T. harangued them from the Chapel steps. The Faculty was nearly an hour in making up its mind, and finally decided upon a tie, naming Beckwith and Lewis as the successful men. As the "medal," however, cannot be split, (for which, great Zeus, our thanks!) lots were drawn, and ISBON THADDEUS BECKWITH declared to be the De Forest Man of 1868. A similar proceeding was gone through with in 1857; and in 1865 it was announced that though the medal was awarded Bent, Ewell deserved half of it, could it have been divided. There is naturally some grumbling about this method of deciding an award. It seems to us that in the present, as well as in almost every possible case, the prize could have been awarded on its merits; but if this was, and in any case is, impracticable, the trusting of the matter to fate, should not have been, and in no case should be, made public to those interested.

But the die is cast; the great oratorical contest is decided; and, throwing aside the mantle of Minerva for the muslin of Terpsichore, all College wends its way to the

Wooden Spoon Promenade,

At Music Hall, held under the auspices of the Coochleureati of '69. We are pained to observe that some newspaper correspondent calls this the "Junior ball." "Balls," dear correspondent, were long ago abolished, here at Yale, and if our "promenades" do in a measure take their places, why—well, in this case, it is certain that a rose under another name does *not* smell as sweet. But how can we describe the show this year? Would that some lady friend were present to supply the adjectives! To say that Dodworth's Band furnished the music, is to assert its perfection. And then the audience! The "promenaders" on the floor, the spectators in the galleries, the manly forms in bird-tail coats of luxurious blackness, the trim figures and pretty faces of the ladies, the costumes and the—well,

every thing, combined together to make ours the most completely successful Spoon Promenade on record. Indeed, we presume we should be justified in saying that it fairly surpassed in attractiveness any gathering of similar character ever yet assembled in America. We cannot conceive of any thing more successful, and we are sure that we express the sentiment of every man in the Class and College, when we say to the Committee, "Good!" It was towards morning, we believe, when the last lancers were duly lanced, and the last hackman dismissed; but by the middle of the afternoon all were stirring again, and moving down towards the water, to witness the

Harbor Races

For the champion flags, between the different class crews which comprise the navy. Half-past four was the time appointed, and by five we should judge that more than a thousand people were assembled to witness the sport, but owing to the inevitable, though inexcusable delays, the word, "Go!" was not given to the gig crews until a quarter of six. 'Sixty-Nine drew the inside, 'Seventy the middle, and 'Sixty-Eight the outside position, and the former won the race in 17m. 52s. The '71 gig crew did not contend. More than half of the spectators had departed when, at half-past six, the shell crews took their position, 'Sixty-Eight drawing the inside. 'Seventy, which would again have had the middle place, was unable, at the last moment, to get its crew together, and so did not contend. 'Sixty-Nine was again victorious, in 18m. 38s., the Senior shell swamping before reaching the buoy. A foul was claimed by some of the Senior crew, on the following day, but not allowed. The course rowed over was two and a half miles in length, and the high wind that prevailed explains the poorness of the "time." Besides the champion flags offered by the Commodore, a silver cup was given the winning shell crew by A. C. Walworth, of '66; and a pair of golden oars to each member of the gig crew by C. M. Heald, of '70. The crews were made up as follows:—

'SIXTY-EIGHT—*Shell*—Bingham, (stroke,) Page, DeKay, Coffin, Fowler, Parsons, (bow.)

Gig—McKinney, (stroke,) Morse, Tweedy, Boardman, DeForest, Rice, (bow.)

'SIXTY-NINE—*Shell*—A. J. Copp, (stroke,) Joy, Richardson, Coy, Warren, Smith, (bow.)

Gig—DeGrove, (stroke,) Hillhouse, Sperry, Hutchinson, Scott, F. Terry, (bow.)

'SEVENTY—*Gig*—Cate, (stroke,) Reeve, Martin, C. Phelps, Carpenter, Palmer, (bow.)

In spite of the unusual number of spectators present, no great enthusiasm was manifested over the result of the race, perhaps because all were anxious to get up town again, "fix up," and claim "those seats" at the

Wooden Spoon Exhibition,

In season to witness the "opening load." The title of the "load" this year was the "Innate Gentleman," with the motto, "*E novem unus.*" The rising curtain disclosed the eight cocks drawn up about an immense figure "eight," upon the opening of which, John C. Eno, of New York, the spoon man of '69, stepped forth and saluted the audience. Though the joke was a trifle far-fetched, it deserved a

better appreciation than the audience stolidly accorded it. Then came the "Latin Salutatory," by W. Shannon Bissell, of Buffalo, which was perfect in its way, well written and well delivered. Perhaps the sentence, "quam rosi, et loveli, et snabbi," as applied to the "virgines," was the most original phrase of all, as it certainly was the best received. The "Presentation Address," by William H. Hinkle, of Cincinnati, was somewhat different from that of former years. The "Reception Speech," by the spoon man, was much better than usual, and about as good as, from its nature, it ever can be, unless, perhaps, the idea of the *Mail* be followed, and fun rather than sentiment be aimed at. The "Spoon Song" was very well sung and appreciated. Then came the most pretentious part of the programme, the "College Tragedy," entitled "Letters of Mark," the "plot" of which was as follows:—Mr. Doosenburg, a wealthy Wall street financier, debates with his agent, Sharp, as to what part he shall take in the Drew-Vanderbilt railroad fight. By the advice of the latter, he "centres his hopes on the Central," out of regard for the interests of his children; Jake, a Yale Junior, and Jenny, who is secretly engaged to Sharp. Has great admiration for his son, and thinks him perfection; but discovers a lot of "letters home," kept back by Jenny, and in a rage starts off for Yale, to have an explanation. Arriving, is greatly pleased with the singing, hears Jake well spoken of by his classmates, finds that sitting on the fence to sing, was the "religious and literary exercises" for which Jake was "marked," and so gladly forgives him. Afterwards finds out, with alarm, the little affair between Sharp and his daughter, but when Jake comes home with the spoon, in his pride and joy at his son's success, he promises to grant him any thing, whereupon Jake asks his consent to the match, and thus repays his sister for her kindness, the old gentleman perforce pronounces his blessing, and all ends happily.

The play was apparently "well received" by the audience, and has been "favorably mentioned," as well as A. Lardner Brown, of Philadelphia, who sustained the leading part; but our "excessive modesty," as McArone used to say, forbids us making any comments of our own. The "Yale Lit." was certainly a bright idea, and we compliment the getter up thereof. Like most of the hits, however, it could not be appreciated by those outside of College. The "Inner Scenes of College Life" were excellent. The first represented a crowd in a college room, just before recitation; one hard at work, the others copying off skinning papers, playing cards, calculating chances, etc. Old Matches, Candy Sam, Ajax and Hannibal were introduced into this scene, and the speech of the latter fairly brought down the house. The second scene is the recitation room, where the hard student flunks and the skimmers succeed. The part of "professor" in this case was admirably played by W. L. McLane, of New York, the only prominent actor outside of the Cochs, and the horrid days of Puckle sufficiently exaggerated to seem more ludicrous than mournful. The final tableau of "Freshman Initiation" was good enough, perhaps, but dragged too much, and the curtain did not fall promptly enough, which fault was several times noticeable. The music by Dodworth's Band, and the singing of College Songs, with which the exercises were enlivened, were both good, though we think the latter would have been improved by several additions; while the introduction (and abduction) of Gen. Pratt deserves all praise. Of course the hall was crowded to its utmost, and by as brilliant and stylish an audience as ever assembled in New Haven; of course there were grumblings in regard to seats; of course there were mistakes and delays; but, all in all, we

think it is generally agreed that the Spoon Exhibition of June, 1868, was a grand success, and that the Cochleareati of '69 have done credit to themselves, and the Class they represent.

The entertainment closed a little before midnight, and ten hours later the multitude were assembling at the Chapel, to listen to the

Poem and Oration,

Delivered before the Class of '68. The exercises were in every way superior to those of last year. The audience was larger, gave better attention, and its applause was genuine. William A. Linn, of Deckertown, N. J., was the poet, and Chauncey B. Brewster, of Mount Carmel, Conn., the orator. The poem, pleasantly written in a variety of metres, was closely listened to throughout. The two latter of the four lines we quote finely expresses the old idea:—

“Riches dazzling may allure us,—noble object rightly sought,—
Quickly turned to golden fetters, if with honor they are bought.
For they're but a gilded halyard made to hoist a nobler sail;
He who thinks the rope sufficient, must succumb before the gale.”

The closing words, too, if not real poetry, are at least a nearer approach to it than any undergraduate verse that has ever chanced in our way:—

“Home of the Elm Tree, sad must our parting be,
Wave us a long adieu with thy green leaves,
Sob with thy moaning breast, sigh with each glittering crest,
That in thy harbor bright evermore heaves.
Let every rock and fount,
River and woody mount,
Let every shady dell
Bid us farewell.

Sob the winds among the trees,
Sob the waves along the shore,
Sob the blades of grass beneath,
Sob, Farewell forever more.”

The subject of the oration was “The Supreme End of Education properly Power, rather than Acquisition.” The speaker knew what he was talking about, and uttered many sensible and manly thoughts in a pointed and eloquent way, that secured the interest of all. His closing addresses to the Faculty, President, College, and the Class, were also appropriate and in perfect good taste. After the announcement of prizes, and the singing of the Parting Ode, written by S. T. Viele, of Buffalo, the Class ate the customary dinner in Alumni Hall, and at about two in the afternoon, assembled to hear the

Class Histories

Of the three divisions, prepared and read by Brewster, Linn and Welles; the merit of each being in the order named, though the third followed the second by a very long interval. Outside the ring in which the Seniors sat, the raised seats were

arranged in the form of a triangle, and were mostly occupied by ladies, who, if they couldn't understand the jokes, laughed when the rest did, and doubtless enjoyed themselves. It was about six when the Class Ivy was planted and the Ivy Song sung; then the buildings were marched through and cheered, the President called upon, and the last good-bye said in front of Alumni Hall, at a little before eight. And so another class has gone, and our turn, alas! must come next. But to look from the future to the present, the

Examinations

Are among most the absorbing topic just now; the Juniors going in to their first on Tuesday afternoon, July 7, and finishing on the morning of Wednesday, 15. For the last three weeks of the term, Logic, under Tutor Wright, gave place to Chemistry, under Prof. Silliman, and the Astronomy recitation was held in the Philosophical chamber, where—that equal and exact justice might be done to all, we presume—the previous order of seats was exactly reversed. The Sophomore examinations begin on the 8, and end on the 15 of July; and the corresponding dates for the Freshmen are July 9 and 16; upon which latter day, by the way, comes off their “Annual” supper, or rather suppers, since, owing to a political wrangle, in which the societies of the first three years are mixed up in some inexplicable manner, the class is about evenly divided, and separate committees have been appointed for each of the factions, one of which goes to Branford Point, and the other to Savin Rock. The historians, named in the order of the divisions, being in the one case Auchincloss, Howe, Owen and Whittlesey; and in the other, Baldwin, Elliot, Maynard and Sperry. The Seniors went in to their last examination Friday, June 26, and the

Appointments for Commencement

Stand as follows:—the names in each case ranking, we believe, in the order given, and those who are to speak being indicated by italics:—**VALEDICTORY**—*H. P. Wright*; **SALUTATORY**—*W. C. Wood*; **PHILOSOPHICAL ORATIONS**—*Biddle, J. Lewis, Tinker, Miller*; **HIGH ORATIONS**—*Davenport, Harger, Pierce, Lawrence, Coffin, Brewster, Beckwith, G. Lewis*; **ORATIONS**—*Hume, Thacher, Varick, DeForest, Robbins, Russell*; **DISSERTATIONS**—*Tweedy, Wilson, Parry, Woodruff, Farnam, Du Bois, Watson, Eastburn, Newell*; **FIRST DISPUTES**—*Greene, Wentworth, Means, F. Lewis, Phillips, Searles, R. Williams, Esty, Ferry*; **SECOND DISPUTES**—*Moore, Cooper, Stowell, Berry, Hill, Welch, Swayne, McKinney, Bradford, Thomas*; **COLLOQUIES**—*Linn, Morse, Page, Bailey, Hall, Wells, Coats, Washburn, J. Wood, Bingham, Yates, Fowler, Hamilton, Parsons, Rawson, Cowell, Durant, Trimble*; **APPOINTMENTS NOT YET DECIDED**—*Chapman, Seagraves, Webster, Mead, Abbott, Rice, Boardman, Ingersoll*. Nearly three-fourths of the Class are thus shown to have appointments of some kind, and the “stands” of the valedictorian (3.71) and salutatorian (3.67) are the highest ever yet attained. Last year's valedictorian, who also surpassed all of his predecessors, had the rank of 3.62. This suggests to us the

Prizes

Awarded in the Chapel on Presentation Day, which were as follows:—*For Classical Essay*—Junior Class, Edward P. Wilder. *For Composition*—Sophomore Class,

First Division, 1, Edward P. Clark and Jotham H. Cummings; 2, John E. Curran; 3, George L. Beardsley. Second Division, 1, William C. Gulliver; 2, Dwight W. Learned and Henry B. Mason; 3, Walter S. Hull. Third Division, 1, Edward B. Stearns and Thomas J. Tilney; 2, Charles E. Shepard and Charles H. Strong; 3, Randall Spaulding. *For Mathematical Problems*—Senior Class, Elisha W. Miller; Sophomore Class, 1, Norman W. Cary and Orlando Cope; 2, John S. Chandler; 3, Neville B. Craig; Freshman Class, 1, James H. Hoffecker; 2, Frank Johnson. *For Scholarship*—Freshman Class, 1, Wilbert W. Perry; 2, Alwin E. Todd; 3, Nathan H. Whittlesey and Robert E. Williams; 4, Charles H. Clark. The classical, composition, and mathematical prizes are awarded from the Clark fund; the scholarships are named from their founders, respectively, the Woolsey, Hurlbut, Runk and Clark. We observe that no Sophomore poet was able to sing acceptably of "Yale," and claim therefor the prize; perhaps because so many of the class are busy defending the name on the field of

Base Ball,

Four games of which have been played by the University Club, since the closing of our last record:—With the Lowells, Saturday, June 13, when Yale was even at the end of the ninth innings, but defeated on the tenth, 13 to 16; with the Libertys, of Norwalk, Wednesday, June 25, when Yale was victorious, 20 to 5; with the Princetons, on the following day, when Yale again conquered, 30 to 23; and with the Stars, of Brooklyn, on the morning of the Fourth of July, when Yale again won, 31 to 14. After this satisfactory work, the Club will go to its hard fight at Worcester in good spirits, and with the best wishes of all. It may possibly play a game or two at New York before that time. The prize bat offered for the best score in the match with the Lowells, was won by Edward G. Selden, of '70.

The College Courant

Began its fourth volume with the issue for July 1, which appeared on the following day, and aroused considerable hard feeling about College, by its remarks concerning the Spoon Exhibition, etc., of which we have elsewhere spoken. The paper is now enlarged to sixteen pages, will appear fifty times a year, and the annual subscription is four dollars. The publisher has judiciously employed Frank H. Hamlin, George D. Miller, and Frank A. Scott, of '69, to attend to the Undergraduate Department during the ensuing year. Inasmuch as the *Courant* is in no way controlled by the College, has lately devoted little attention to the undergraduates, and is gradually becoming a general newspaper of literature and educational information, it would be perhaps well for its proprietor, to substitute "New Haven" for "Yale College" in every case, as more truthfully indicating the locality of publication. We recommend the paper to all college-bred men, and assure them it is worth the subscription price at which it is published.

The Town Shows

Of the month have been few and unimportant. In the way of minstrelsy, Pettin-gill's entertainment, on June 13, was very good, and Duprez & Benedict's, on July 4, not particularly so. Lingard, the mimic and humorist, returned on July 1, and met with a hearty reception from his old friends and many new ones. Besides

this, Professor Fowler has repeatedly lectured about his favorite "science," and a True Irish Patriot, fresh from the loathsome dungeons of despotic Britain, has harangued the Fenians to his heart's content. And then the addresses of Daniel Pratt, the impetuous but irresistible, whom for a month we have had always with us, if not worth in a strict sense, "thousands of dollars to each" of us, have at least furnished some amusement, and perhaps a few valuable thoughts on the vanity of human "greatness."

Brevities.

On June 17, a Memorial Dial was erected at Olinton, in front of the home lot of the Rev. Abraham Pierson, the first Rector of Yale, to indicate the spot where for seven years the Senior Classes were instructed. We believe that Prof. Gilman originated the idea of the monument, which was paid for by several New Haven gentlemen. A special train took out the party from this city, which contained most of the members of the Faculty, but few students.

By their elections of officers, we see that the Beethoven, the Missionary, and the Temperance Societies, still live, and we wish them "the success that they deserve." The newly elected officers of the Missionary Society are as follows: President, F. A. Scott, '69; Vice President, E. S. Hume, '70; Secretary and Librarian, J. S. Chandler, '70; Treasurer, T. P. Vaille, '70. Those of the Temperance Society are: President, H. V. Freeman, '69; Vice President, J. G. K. McClure, '70; Secretary, A. E. Todd, '71. H. N. Whittlesey has been chosen a member of the Church Committee for '71, in place of H. G. Talcott, who has left College.

The Class Pictures of '68 have been so satisfactory, that the committee have voluntarily published for Mr. Warren's benefit, a "first rate notice." The Class have elected R. A. Hume as their secretary, with C. B. Brewster and W. C. Wood, as assistant committee, and so are ready for the future which awaits them.

Editorial Notes.

THE students of Washington College, Virginia, of which Gen. Lee is President, have—according to the New York Evening Mail—established a Magazine. We have not seen a specimen number, but shall be glad to welcome this new aspirant for literary honors, and hereby extend to its conductors the right hand of fellowship. The following extract expresses the sentiments of its editors:

"Let the Northern people know that we will *never* submit to negro rule, and most certainly will that revolution in public opinion come which is to give us back our liberties."

The Washington Intelligencer thereupon remarks as follows: "It is on the whole superior to the YALE LIT. MAGAZINE, both in an intellectual and mechanical point of view, except in the matter of paper, in which the latter is the better."

Hoping ourselves to secure a compliment from the Intelligencer, we make this statement of opinion.

The south, smarting under the iron heel of a military despotism, lies bleeding at the oppressor's feet. The blood of her martyred sons cries to heaven for vengeance

upon the hiring hordes of the servile north. Let the northern people know that the gentlemen of the south *will* have back their slaves and rule, as of old in the National Councils. Then, and not until then shall we have peace.

Lest, however, we lose credit with the Republican papers, we hasten to say: The acquittal of Andrew Johnson by the votes of nineteen corrupted and perjured Senators, will be regarded by posterity as the most startling example of political depravity that history records. And while the names of the seven recreant Senators will sink into oblivion, those of Butler and his associates will grow brighter and brighter until time shall be no more.

We are great admirers of politeness, and we know of few places so excellent for observation of that and the kindred components of good manners as the College Reading Room. We are always pleased with the uproar of a rough and tumble scuffle; we like to find places cut out of the middle of an interesting article; we rejoice to have smoke puffed in our eyes while we are reading, and are fond of whistling close to our ears. But what delights us most is to have an individual thrust himself between us and our paper, lean his arm on the desk, and poke his hat brim in our eyes. It is so provokingly cool,—done with such unconsciousness of common decency. Persons capable of such unbounded impudence and effrontery, attract our hearty admiration whenever we see them. There are others whose so called “cheek” we admire comparatively, but theirs superlatively.

The account of the Wooden Spoon Exhibition that appeared in the *Courant* of July 1st, has excited a very general, and we regret to say, just indignation among the members of the Class of '69. The exhibition has been universally acknowledged by the Press of this and other cities, as having been one of the best, if not the best, that has been given for years. We have heard, and we venture to say that the *Courant* editor has heard nothing but commendation of it from all sides. And yet he says “the audience was not as brilliant as usual;” “there was an absence of floral beauty, indicating the interest of the fair sex of the city,” and goes on to criticise the exhibition in the same spirit. We have no intention of replying to the details of an article written as the editor acknowledged to some members of the Class who called on him for an explanation, to express his ill feeling toward the committee, because they were unable at the late hour in which he applied to them, to furnish him some of the best seats in the house. The statements quoted above, however, are entirely untrue. As to the audience, it contained the same ladies and gentlemen and a great many more equally attractive, whose presence at the Promenade the evening before, made it the most brilliant assemblage ever gathered in Music Hall on such an occasion. As to the taste of the decorations, we leave that point to our lady friends who were present. And at the same time can but express our regret that the many ladies who contributed from the wealth of their green houses to grace this jolliest of all festive occasions, should be told by the *Courant* that they failed to show any interest. With regard to the quarrel between the editor and the “Cochs,” we have only to say, that if they were wrong in the distribution of tickets, they should be censured wherein they were wrong. That this matter was not properly arranged is very possible. If it had been entirely satisfactory to all, it would have been the first time since the Wooden Spoon has become celebrated. But it is unjust to the committee, and insulting to the Class whose exhibition it was, and to all College students, who have a right to expect an account at least truthful of an event in which so much interest centers, to publish

such a caricature as the article in question. To resent a personal slight in this way, is surely unworthy a paper of such pretensions as the *Courant*.

The *Courant* of July 1st, announces the names of F. H. Hamlin, G. D. Miller and F. A. Scott, of the Class of '69, as its new undergraduate editors. We heartily congratulate the *Courant* upon securing the services of these gentlemen, and feel confident that it will not be their fault if the paper does not meet the fullest success during the coming year. We hope its editor in its enlargement, has not undertaken a work beyond his strength. This remains to be seen; and meanwhile the new editors have our very best wishes for their success.

The members of the Junior Class are indebted to the kindness of Prof. Loomis, for some interesting optical experiments outside of the regular course, as well as for the opportunity of observing the moon's disc through the telescope at the Scientific School.

"The Senior Class in Harvard numbers one hundred, in Yale seventy-nine."—*Racine College Mercury*.

A slight mistake, friend. The Senior Class of Yale numbers one hundred and seven.

While in general we have nothing but commendation to bestow upon Prof. L.'s excellent work on Astronomy, we yet feel it our duty to remark, as guardians of the public taste, that it is jesting in a manner unworthy a treatise upon a grave scientific subject, to say, speaking of occultations, "the disappearance of a star is very startling."

We are glad to welcome the *Beloit Monthly*, a magazine in which we feel an especial interest, coming as it does from a College that we hope is destined to become the leading institution of the North West. The present number does not seem to us to reach the standard of former years, when we were more familiar with its pages. Its leading article, "Logical Curiosities," ought scarcely to be called original, we think. Its material is all contained in the Appendix to Atwater's *Logic*, and the explanations of the puzzles do not strike us as entirely new. We presume that the Editors, like ourselves, are in the midst of their Annual, which probably accounts for any seeming deficiencies.

Our Exchanges.

The following exchanges have been duly received since our last issue:—The *New Englander*, *Atlantic Monthly* for July, *The Nation*, *Littell's Living Age* for June, *The Sabbath at Home*, *Amherst Student*, *College Courier*, *University Chronicle*, *Hamilton Campus*, *College Mercury*, *The Western Collegian*, *Eureka College Vidette*, *Hamilton Literary Monthly*, *The American Literary Gazette* and *Publishers' Circular*, *Williams College Vidette*, *The College Echo*, *The Williams Quarterly*, *Harvard Advocate*, *The Nassau Lit. Mag.*, *The Griswold Collegian*, *College Standard*, *Northampton Free Press*, *The Collegian*, *The Dartmouth*, *Beloit College Monthly*, *The Brunonian*.

The *New Haven Register* kindly notices our last number, but objects to a single remark with regard to itself. We presume the assertion, "Surely Lippincott's fortune is made," because the *Register* had said of their Magazine, "It has no superior," was not seriously intended.

The College Echo comes to us from Oakland, Cal., and we are decidedly pleased with its appearance.

We are glad to welcome among our exchanges "The Sabbath at Home," an illustrated religious magazine, which it seems to us must supply a public want. Subscription price \$2.00 a year. Address James Watson, 28 Cornhill, Boston.

Among the best of our College newspaper exchanges is the Amherst Student, of which many others might profitably learn. It is always welcome.

The Nation, of June 11th, thus replies to its critics:—"The Boston Transcript frankly and fairly retracts the charge of 'ignorance' it made against the Nation last week, with reference to Our remarks on Professor Stowe's article on the Talmud, in the last Atlantic Monthly. We cannot help saying one word, however, of protest against the manner in which the charge was made, which was exceedingly improper. If the Nation were to criticise an article on any such subject as the Talmud without knowing well what it was talking about, it would be guilty of gross imposture, to use no stronger term."

The New Englander, for April, lies on our table. Those of our readers who wish to understand the differences between the New Haven and Princeton systems of Theology, and to learn exactly what Dr. Taylor's system was, will do well to read Prof. Fisher's article, than which we venture to say none abler or more interesting has lately fallen under their observation.

"Linda Tressel," by the author of "Nina Balatka," Boston; Little & Jay. Price 38 cents. This story, first issued in America in "Littell's Living Age," is thought by the "Nation" to be from the pen of Mr. Anthony Trollope. "Mr. Trollope's style is as little to be mistaken as it is to be imitated, and we find it in this anonymous tale in all its purity,—with its flatness and simpleness, its half quaint ponderosity and verbosity, and all its round-about graces." The story will amply repay perusal.

"All For Greed." By the Baroness Blaze De Bury. This is a novel issued by the same publishers, and at the same price as the above. It has its hero and its heroine, its villain and his tool, its worldly father and heartless daughter. The interest in part turns on a mysterious murder, and the discovery of the criminals does not occur until near the end of the volume. The tale is certainly well told, and will interest any one who has a leisure hour to spare. We ourselves have fallen in love with Vévette, and should certainly like to make the acquaintance of such a lovable little lady in real life.

We have received too late for a more extended notice, which these works richly deserve, the following new books from Lee & Shepard, Boston:

"From the Oak to the Olive; a plain record of a pleasant journey. By Julia Ward Howe." We can only say most decidedly, from a rapid examination, that it will pay to read it. The others are "The Cruise of the Dashaway," "Dotty Dimple at Home," an entertaining children's book; "Upside down," "Farm Talk," and "Nurses and Nursing." The last contains extremely valuable suggestions, and is worthy of being thoughtfully read by all who may be liable to have the care of the sick. Its author is Dr. R. H. Storer.

We are indebted to Mr. Bagg for the Memorabilia of this number, which will be found full and interesting.

Editor's Table.

OUR Exchanges during the last month have been full of poetical as well as prosaic effusions, in praise of the glorious sunshine, the bright beauty and rich luxuriance of the merry month of June. In verses good, tolerable and execrable, in prose of all sorts, the changes upon the theme have been rung through the numerous College publications, with such moving melody or equally moving tediousness, that many times, looking out upon our own anything but sunny June, we have wished that we knew the Post Office address of the Clerk of the Weather, that we might send him some of these productions. We are sure his conscience would reproach him for depriving Yale poets of the usual opportunity of celebrating the praises of what ought to be the merry month. Or in case his obdurate disposition was not thus easily touched, at least he might be wearied into yielding, by the continual receipt of such effusions as have lately greeted our weary vision when we glanced, compelled by stern duty, over our exchanges. However, we are glad that others have been favored with the pleasant June weather that has been denied us. We have none of the spirit of the dog in the manger. In fact it has been a relief to us when we didn't even see a rainbow for days together, to hear that a view of the sun was not an uncommon spectacle in other parts of our country. It quieted our apprehensions about the deluge, and we did not study with so much interest the passages in the Old Testament, where it speaks about the building of the Ark. Really, there was ground for apprehension hereabouts. We vainly glanced at the vane on the Chapel steeple for indications of a change of wind. But stern and inexorable as the decrees of fate, it continually pointed East and North-east. We looked at it in the morning as soon as we arose, and during the long and watery day we looked again and again, and when the shades of evening settled over us we cast a long lingering glance up through the gathering gloom, and went to our studies in despair. Our rooms were musty, our books and our clothing moulded, and still the remorseless clouds shut out the sunlight and the clouds still returned after the rain.

But there came an end to all this just before the close of the month, and the Infant Summer ceased its weeping and commenced to smile through its tears. (This idea came from one of the afore mentioned poets.) Just in season for the long expected festivities of Junior year, and the closing exercises that usher the Seniors from out the College portals, came days of brightness and beauty worthy the traditional glories of the month. Finer weather, better appreciated perhaps by reason of the gloom which it dispelled,—could scarcely have been desired, than that which attended Presentation week. Of the exercises of that time our veracious historian has given a full account in the Memorabilia of this number. We have all felt how hard it was to return to our studies, to renew our "cramming," and give place to the labors and anxieties attending the "Annual bores," after a few days of rest and enjoyment. Thoughts of the ladies fair, whose presence graced the Promenade and the Presentation, strains of sweet music, the tones of gentle voices lingering in the memory, we venture to say have interfered with study in the case of many a student. And no wonder, for seldom have we looked upon a more pleasing scene, than was presented in Music Hall on the night of the Promenade Concert. It was particularly brilliant, when the "Lanciers" or the

"Quadrille" were in progress. The dancers were so numerous that they covered every foot of available space, without being uncomfortably crowded; and as they glided through the figures, all moving in unison to the strains of music that floated through the hall, the dresses of the ladies rustling against each other with a sound like that of a gentle breeze amid the tree tops, it seemed to a looker on that the "poetry of motion" was there fully exemplified. We saw none but bright faces and happy looks, and have yet to learn of any occurrence to mar the general pleasure. We heard no complaint even, except that not enough "engagement cards" were provided, or some few selfish individuals had contrived to secure more than they needed. In every other respect all went smoothly and merrily, to the great credit of the Spoon Committee, who have covered themselves with glory.

But the merry week was not without its alloy of sadness. Wednesday, the 1st of July, severed the connection of the Class of '68 with College life. Upon us—the members of '69—have now devolved the dignities and responsibilities of Seniors. We have become somewhat accustomed already to making the usual bow to our honored President, as he passes down the aisle after prayers, and our performances in that line are said to be improving. "How quickly the last three years have passed," is a very common remark. In fact we cannot fully realize that our College course is so nearly ended. Engaged in our duties and amusements, perhaps in schemes for our own advancement, we have scarcely noted the swift flight of the years, and now some of us are startled to find so many of them gone. May the lesson teach us to be more watchful of the future time, lest old age shall steal on us in the same manner, and before we know it we find our youth and manhood gone forever.

We turned away with a sympathetic sadness on the night of Presentation day, from the grass plot in front of Alumni Hall, where the Class of '68 said their farewells. Hallowed ground it will be to some recollections, we doubt not, through the future years. We are sorry to part with them, and memory recalls many scenes of Freshman and Sophomore days in which they and we were chief actors. Some of us remember, doubtless, their Sophomore pomposity, and the terror which the sound of their heavy tramp and "bangers" ringing on the sidewalk, used to inspire, in the otherwise silent midnight hours. And we shall long derive amusement from the recollection. But not alone or chiefly in such connection, shall we remember the Class of '68. They have a better title to remembrance in the friendships that have sprung up between many of them, and many of us, and in the respect due to the men of manly character and sterling ability.

Meanwhile there is a vacant space in the Chapel soon to be filled by a new Class, for whom await the same labors and experiences, and perchance the same vain regrets that others have met before them. Would that for their sakes, we might unveil before them a vision of their future, that they might discover in season to avoid the perils that will encompass them. There is one thing especially that ought to be impressed on each youth about to enter College; and that is the duty and necessity of labor. He need not dig for the highest standing in scholarship perhaps, but let him take care that he works in some way. We hear young men say that they "don't care for stand:" and the influence of that "don't care" extends to all their College duties, and when the end draws near they look back with vain regrets upon misspent time and neglected opportunities. There is much to be said upon this subject, but out of consideration for our readers we forbear.

May success attend you, O, reader, in all your examinations. May no "fizzles" disturb your dreams or "flunks" cause you to graduate prematurely. May your vacation be the pleasantest season of the whole year that has past. May your lady-love be propitious, if you have one, and if you have not, may you get one as soon as possible; and when the vacation has ended, may you return with earnest purpose to improve the time here, and with money in your pocket ready to pay your subscription to the next volume of the LIT.

This number closes the thirty-third volume of our Magazine. For thirty-three years it has regularly greeted the successive Classes who have entered and departed from our honored Alma Mater. In that time, what changes have occurred within as well as without her walls.

Other College publications, since the day of its birth, have risen, struggled for a while and perished, but the LIT. has kept on the even tenor of its way, unmoved by the political convulsions of the College or outside world. We confess to some feeling of pride in our duties as conductors of a magazine, the oldest, with we think one exception, in the country. We do not hope to rival the early efforts or later success of some of its former editors, among whom we find the names of such men as William M. Evarts and Donald G. Mitchell, but we do bespeak your indulgence for our shortcomings, and the hearty support of all Collegians, who should be interested equally with ourselves in its continued success. We ask your aid not so much pecuniarily and in the way of subscriptions, for these we know we shall have, but in the way of contributions to our pages. And, dear friends, do not send us your crude and immature productions, but give to us and through us to our fellow students, the best fruits of your thought. Do not scribble for us, but work, and be assured the labor will bring its own exceeding great reward.

Now, O satirical friend, point not to our own humble efforts, and tell us to apply our words to ourselves. Wait until you have earned the right to criticise, by your own labors, and try to supply our deficiencies. Volume XXXIV invites your assistance.

YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

SUPPLEMENT TO]

May, 1868.

[NO. 292.

The Yale Literary Magazine prints an edition of five hundred copies, which circulate almost exclusively among Students, and it thus affords a very desirable medium for city advertisements, a limited number of which will be inserted in this Supplement at the following rates :—

Full Page,.....	\$5.00
Half Page,.....	3.00
Quarter Page,.....	2.00

Special terms will be made for yearly advertisements and for Notices, subject to Editorial supervision, upon the first two pages of the Supplement. But no business notices or advertisements of any kind, will be allowed in the body or upon the cover of the Magazine, under any circumstances.

WITH the present number the price of our Magazine is advanced to \$3.00 per annum and 35 cents per single copy. As the original subscription price was \$2.00 thirty years ago, the present advance, even, does not make up for the depreciation of the currency. Of course the change does not affect the subscribers for the current volume.

ANYONE knowing the present addresses of B. G. Brown, W. S. McKee, J. Munn, or D. T. Noyes, of the Lrr. Board of '47, will confer a favor by communicating with the present editors.

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YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

SUPPLEMENT TO] **June, 1868.**

[NO. 293.

Rates of Advertising.

Full Page,.....	\$5.00
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Quarter Page,.....	2.00

WE generally receive our books through Judd & White, H. H. Peck, or T. H. Pease, and hope our publishers will not overlook "the oldest college magazine," in making out their lists of complimentary copies. All books and periodicals received are duly acknowledged and noticed from month to month.

IMMEDIATELY upon the issue of this number, each member of the three lower classes will be called upon by our editors, and his subscription solicited in behalf of the LIT. for the next year. We hope no one will refuse his support to the XXXIVth Volume of our venerable periodical, the maintenance of which is a matter of interest to all. With a large subscription list, we shall be able to add considerably to its size, and curtail or perhaps do away altogether with the advertisements. Subscriptions will be payable at the beginning of next term, when we hope promptly to collect them. In the future all money for subscriptions *must be paid directly to the editors*, though single copies will still be kept on sale at the College Book Store and at Pease's. Members of '68, who may care to receive the Magazine next year, can have it regularly mailed to their addresses by giving us notice, and paying the subscription on receipt of the first number issued.

AT the time of soliciting subscriptions for the next volume, we shall also give all an opportunity to contribute toward putting in print our General Index to the first 33 volumes of the LIT., which was referred to in our last issue. The estimated expense of the project is

one hundred dollars, which can be met by the sale of 200 copies at fifty cents each, and with this number sold in advance, we should be willing to put it in practice. It seems to us certain that enough will be found willing to contribute such a trifle for the accomplishment of so desirable a result, even though having little personal interest in the matter. Every subscriber to the current volume who preserves the numbers, will need it to bind in with them at its close, and simply as a record in itself of thirty years of college labors, it will interest nearly every one, though of course its great value lies in its rendering accessible the many good things left us by a generation of college writers, which are now hidden in the libraries, for want of an index like the present. It is certain that the volumes of the *LIT.* furnish the best, because the only history of the College for the past thirty-three years, and would at once become full of interest to all on that account, were their contents only made accessible.

Our index comprises three complete alphabets, one for "prose," another for "verse," a third for "memorabilia;" also alphabetical lists of the editors, the Townsend, the DeForest, and the *Lit.* Medal men, whose productions have appeared in the Magazine; volume and page being denoted in each instance. At a rough estimate it contains 4,000 titles, and 6,000 or 7,000 references; many of the titles are twice repeated, some of them three or four times; and, in a word, it is complete in every way. The courteous reader will perceive that this result has not been attained without labor, though he can hardly appreciate the full extent of it. It is estimated that the work will fill 32 pages of the size of the *LIT.*, closely printed in double columns, and be issued by the 15th July, in case the college public previously affords the requisite support, which, with these arguments, we respectfully ask from it.

WE intend to make an inventory of the back numbers of our Magazine lying in the library, in anticipation of the calls for particular copies that may result from the publication of our Index. A complete set of these volumes is now an impossibility, but the majority of the numbers after Vol. X can be procured without much difficulty. For numbers previous to the current volume, our price in general will be:—10 cents per single copy, 75 cents per volume.

YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

SUPPLEMENT TO] **July, 1868.**

[NO. 294.

Rates of Advertising.

Full Page,.....	\$5.00
Half Page,.....	3.00
Quarter Page,.....	2.00

To Undergraduates.

In accordance with annual custom, the Board of Editors offer for competition the Yale Literary Prize consisting of a gold medal, valued at twenty-five dollars. Each contestant must be a member of the Academical Department, and a subscriber to the "Lit." His essay must be a prose article, not exceeding in length ten pages in the Magazine. It must be signed by an assumed name, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name of the writer; and it must be sent to the undersigned on or before Saturday, Oct. 13. The Committee of Award will consist of two resident graduates and the Chairman of the Board, who will keep secret the names of the competitors until the prize has been awarded.

E. G. COY.

Chairman Board of Editors.

The American Literary Bureau, whose advertisement the reader will do well to cut out for future reference, was established in 1865, by Col. E. G. Parker, of '47, and since his death has been under the direction of Mr. James K. Medberry, well known in Literary circles as a contributor to the *Atlantic*, *Nation*, *Round Table*, etc. It has fairly supplied an existing want among literary men, and from knowing the honorable character of the conductors, we can recommend it to those in College and elsewhere in need of the assistance which it declares its readiness to afford.

Yale Lit. Advertiser.

The advertisement of the *Nation*, also, we hope every one will carefully read. It is certainly the most creditable paper every published in America, and every man of culture ought to feel a sort of personal pride in its success. For such, it is really almost a duty to support publications like the *Nation* and *Round Table*; and though we are greatly interested in both of these, if one must be preferred, we, of course, recommend the former.

Though we have failed in procuring the necessary subscribers to our Index to insure its being a financial success, we have yet decided to print it, and rely upon subsequent sales to help us through. It will be issued on Wednesday next, July 15, when we hope that subscribers will promptly call for the copies at the College Bookstore. We likewise trust that, when the work is issued, and its importance and labors more fully appreciated, all who have hitherto neglected or refused to subscribe, will give their support. The price of the Index is, Fifty Cents, and at least 200 copies must be sold to insure the compiler from loss.

The next Number of the Magazine will be ready on Saturday, Oct. 1, at which time we shall expect every subscription for the next Vol. to be paid. Subscriptions must be paid *directly to the editors*, and a receipt will in each case be given; in this way, mistakes about the payment of subscriptions cannot arise. We have to thank College for their promise of support next year; we will thank them a second time when that support is actually paid in to us.

M. White & Co., can accommodate the weary and worn out, with boats for a sail during the hot days. Read their advertisement.

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